

HASKELL'S
WIVES OF PRESIDENTS
WASHINGTON SERMONS

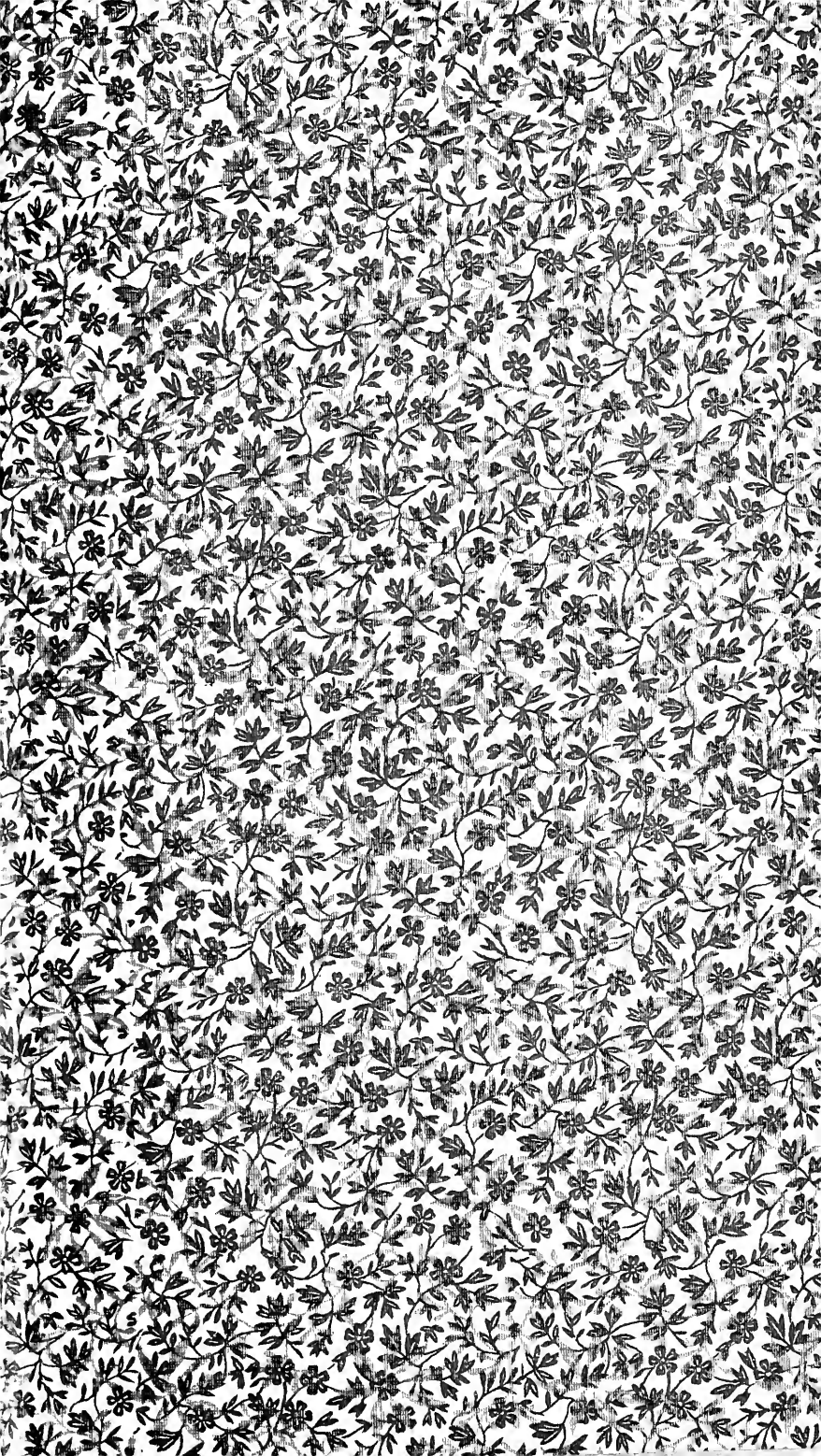
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To My Friend Judge Liddell
with great respect and
best wishes,

Thos. Nelson Haskell,

OUR PRESIDENTS' MOTHERS, WIVES AND DAUGHTERS

SOME WASHINGTON SERMONS

AND (MAYHAP)

"YOUNG KONKAPUT, KING OF UTES,"
AND "OCCASIONAL POEMS."

—0—

BY

REV. THOMAS NELSON HASKELL, A. M., L. H. D.

||

Author of Various Literary, Civil and
Religious Works, Former Pastor
in Washington and Boston.

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Special Correspondence.

DENVER, COLO., June 30, 1900.

REV. DR. HASKELL.

Dear Professor:—At a recent meeting of "The Colorado Poets and Authors' Club" a committee was appointed to wait upon you with the request that you publish your new books, especially the epic on the Race Problem, entitled, "THE DARK SECRET," under our auspices. The manuscript read before us was ornate, eloquent and instructive, and we greatly desire its early gift to the reading public. Hoping you will accede to our earnest wishes in this regard, I am,

Very respectfully,

IDA L. GREGORY,
President Poets and Authors' Club.

To the honored President and Committee of the Poets and Authors' Club, Denver.

Dear Friends:—Your united oral and written request has my grateful regard. My book on the Race Question, however, should not be published till the South African war is over; I therefore submit now for your patronage my small rhythmic manual on "The Mothers, Wives and Daughters of Our Presidents," devoting a compact page to each. Their half toned likenesses have been copied chiefly from Mrs. Holloway's excellent work on the "Women of the White House," and will be useful to all concerned.

With great respect,

T. N. HASKELL, L. H. D.
Denver, July 4, A. D. 1900.

Post Script.

The foregoing "Correspondence" holds the "Club" responsible for only my rhythmic words about our "Presidents' Wives." I, however, wished to enlarge the book by adding from my "Echoes of Inspired Ages for Daily Reading," the "Sketches of Bible Women," to whom the Wives of our Presidents have to this time belonged. But my binder tells me the thousand folded copies have been wantonly destroyed by men who knew not what they did. So I publish, as apropos, some of my WASHINGTON SERMONS, which were desired for publication, but reserved till now for pulpit use.

My first edition of Presidential Sketches ended with Mrs. Harrison and her daughter, surmounted by a tribute to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, a good top-sheaf to the garner. Now Mrs. McKinley's life and love shall cap the climax, and for the present close the list.

There is perhaps enough of poetry in these Presidential Women to justify the use of both rhyme and rhythm in their behalf, though forced to compact the pages into the *multum in parvo* form.

Some copies may contain my "Konkaput and Occasional Poems"—(unrevised for want of time.) My readers may rejoice to have them just as I first gave them to the press, which has praised them, far more, I feel, than they deserve.

T. N. H.

Our Presidents' Mothers

By their Maiden Names

Mother of George Washington	Mary Ball
Mother of John Adams	Susanna Boylston
Mother of Thomas Jefferson	Jane Randolph
Mother of James Madison	Nellie Conway
Mother of James Monroe	Eliza Jones
Mother of John Quincy Adams	Abigail Smith
Mother of Andrew Jackson	Elizabeth Hutchinson
Mother of Martin Van Buren	Maria Hoes
Mother of Wm. H. Harrison	Elizabeth Bassett
Mother of John Tyler	Mary Armistead
Mother of James K. Polk	Jane Knox
Mother of Zachary Taylor	Sarah Strother
Mother of Millard Fillmore	Phoebe Millard
Mother of Franklin Pierce	Anna Kendrick
Mother of James Buchanan	Elizabeth Speer
Mother of Abraham Lincoln	Nancy Hanks
Mother of Andrew Johnson	Mary McDonough
Mother of Ulyses S. Grant	Hannah Simpson
Mother of Rutherford B. Hayes	Sophia Burchard
Mother of James A. Garfield	Eliza Ballou
Mother of Chester A. Arthur	Malvina Stone
Mother of Grover Cleveland	Anna Neil
Mother of Benjamin Harrison	Elizabeth Irwin
Mother of Wm. McKinley	Nancy Campbell Allison





PREST. GARFIELD'S MOTHER.

OUR PRESIDENTS' WIVES,
MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

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1892

PREFATORY NOTICE.

Our Presidents' Wives, Mothers and Daughters have (save one) been Bible-reading women, from their youth up; and so their excellence and strength of character have been superior and uniform. In portraying them in *verse* (to avoid imitating others) I have conformed the pages to my book on "Bible Women," and written for both common and cultivated people, trying to teach alike ethic truth and esthetic taste, so as to entertain, instruct and elevate the diversity of readers.

In politics the book is absolutely impartial; in religion it is unsectarian, in all things fair. It goes forth now in the hope to help make American home-life happier, purer, nobler, because of the notable examples it gives at the head of the Nation, and the humble habitations whence they emerged into usefulness and honor. While the "poetical exaggerations" may be considered too eulogistic generally, the tendency of these sketches will be to awaken a wider sympathy of society for the women providentially exalted to high stations from among us and to increase our respect for all our own Christian people, especially if they be poor yet pious and patriotic. Mary Washington was hoeing in her garden in homespun, with a straw hat on, when LaFayette called to bid her farewell, and she received him without changing her raiment. Nancy Lincoln and Eliza Garfield were peers in poverty, piety and virtue, and the number of widows' children elevated to Presidential office is indeed wonderful. As the Signers of "The Declaration of Independence," the "Framers of the American Constitution," and the men so far chosen as our Chief Magistrates, have been remarkably providential, so have their wives been divinely ordained and worthy; and if my readers will study their long line of succession as reverently as I have, I am sure they will arise from their reading the richer in personal ambition to be useful and resigned to the wise purposes of the world's Overruler.

All women can't be Wives of Presidents; but they can fill some sphere—as humble yet as great as that of the Widow Garfield in her cabin at the edge of her little cornfield. Then let no poor widow, or sorely-oppressed woman give up to despair in this day of great from small things. Remember how poor was the earth's infant Redeemer, and let the Mothers, Wives and Daughters of the great American Presidents inspire you henceforth to thank God and take courage. Our Christian people are kings and priests unto God. There are none wiser or greater the world over. God bless the Christian Mothers, Wives and Daughters of America.

T. N. H.

DENVER, April, 1892.



MRS. PREST. WASHINGTON.

“MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.”

[Washington's Mother may well lead the long list of Bible-reading women who have, so far, borne and married our American Presidents. She, as Mary Ball, was born in 1706, married widower Augustine Washington in 1730, and in 1743 was left a widow with six children. The oldest of these was George, a lad of twelve years, who read to her the Bible and "Sir Matthew Hale's Moral and Divine Contemplations." She followed her son with her daily prayers until he became President, when she died of cancer, in 1789.] (Read Ps. cxlvi, 9; Prov. xv, 25.)

As "MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON"—
The epitaph upon her tomb—
Derives its signal from her son,
Who was held "sacred from her womb,"
And rose defender of the right,
Till all mankind's his monument,
We look with reverent delight
Upon her teaching his intent.

The Mother of the Father of America
Was left a widow; George, her oldest child,
Was so well bred to her safe will obey
Great Britain's grandeur ne'er the boy beguiled.
He sat beside her, bearing in his hand
A proud commission—the "midshipman's" pride—
Which would have borne him where his native land
Could never get his good, calm hand to guide.

America, or England to prefer?—
His Mother views this vast emergency,
As if the widow's God was guiding her,
To see and feel some future destiny.
Maternal wisdom weighs his motives well,
With head-and-heart-work of Sir Matthew Hale,
Till sweet ambitions his obedience swell,
And the "command with promise" doth prevail.
(Eph. vi, 2.)

Their fervent piety—hers fed by prayer,
His by her love—forever saved this land!
Whence let these always live thus everywhere;
For the United States still on them stand.
This nation lives by virtue of that law
Of Faith, and Prayer, and Filial Piety.
Th' endurance of old China had to draw
Life from this law's longevity;
So MARY WASHINGTON the world hath taught
To "teach youth sacred Truth, and sell it not!"

MARTHA, WIFE OF WASHINGTON.

[The young widow, Martha Custis, married George Washington in 1759, in her 29th year, and died in 1801. She, like his mother, was a Bible reading woman. A late notice says: "The Family Bible of Martha Washington! Price, \$5,000. The volume is a thick quarto, bound in plain calf and covered with strong un-bleached linen of home manufacture. Her autograph appears in three places: Martha Washington, her book, 1789,"—received apparently from his dying mother, according to date.] (Read of Mary and Martha, Luke x, John xi.)

"Jesus loved Mary! *Martha*, too;"

And so these names now handed down,
Are found in nations not a few,
And often grown to great renown.
The Bible names, that thus have been,
Selected for earth's famous seats,
Suggest how often it is seen,
That history itself repeats.

But more—Behold these Bible Madames both,
With their home-Bible handsome and well bound,
And holding even their household, age and troth,
And daily read, indeed, all years around!
Mark well those women, in the wilderness,
And watching, day and night o'er distant war;
In their deep hearts of helpful tenderness,
Both fancy *battles* booming fierce and far!

What can support in war a constant wife
But Christ, who cured the sword's keen cruel wound,
Before he, loving, went to lay down life,
Amid such dreadful darkness so profound,
The sun in Heaven in sorrow hid his face,
And all the earth groaned in its agony,
At his great grief, that gave to us his grace,
And our Republic all prosperity?

Well, MARTHA WASHINGTON *Christ's* hostess was;
She welcomed him unto her wounded heart;
When there came peril to her country's cause,
She read and plead till he did help impart—
Now, lo! "America's Immanuel's land!"

Here, every day, where praying households are,
Maternal council moves at his command,
And prospered life proceeds, led on by prayer—
But here is something hard to understand:
How Congress moved to ask at Martha's hand
Her husband's *grave*! and she grants their demand!



MRS. PREST. JOHN ADAMS.

ABIGAIL ADAMS, WIFE OF THE SECOND PRESIDENT.

[Abigail (Smith) Adams, a descendant of John Quincy, and daughter and granddaughter of Congregational ministers, was born in Weymouth, Mass., in 1744; married John Adams in 1764; was the first Lady of the White House 1800-1; was honored as a model Bible woman of the first order, and so adored by her heirs, that her son John Quincy said near his death: "I've prayed my infant prayer every night till now." She died in 1818, having been, as her name implies, "*her father's joy*;" her husband's aid and her country's pride.] (Read Ps. xxiii and I. Samuel, xxv.)

See that young dame, near Dorchester!
She's watching Washington bombard
The town of Boston! Look at her!
She's worthy of a world's regard.
 Could you but stand where "Abby" stood,
 Recounting there the canon's roar,
 You would thank God for sounds so good,
 And mind that music evermore.

For when the Britons fled that Boston town,
 HOWE rung above the happy bells of heaven;
 His hand our *Christian Liberty* did crown,
 And left, to work in all the world, her leaven.
 Thence "ABBY ADAMS"—in her healthy veins
 Flowing both Quincy and quite sacred blood—
 Surveyed her Country's sacramental plains,
 And in God's name pronounced the prospect good.

At home, abroad, happy was she, and brave;
 'Twas *Christian* courage breathed within her breast;
 She sought, in all her life, our liberty to save,
 And, blending faith with hope, was highly blest.
 The pride of the proud "Second President,"
 Who consecrates the White House with his care,
 She is renowned as its first resident,
 And daily practiced there their household prayer.

Her sons she taught: "I lay me down to sleep!"
 'Twas said so warmly while they were so young,
 That one, when President, prayed still: "Lord keep
 My soul!"—with reverential word and tongue.
 "The old man eloquent" ne'er entered bed
 Till, with a tender grace, he talked with God,
 And the son's infant words in faith were said.

We bring with this that Mother's words abroad,
 And say: "This woman had a Webster's heart and head"
 Whose faithful words and deeds will be forever read!

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.

[Mrs. Martha (Wayles) Skelton was born in Virginia, 1749, second marriage to Thomas Jefferson, 1772, died 1782. Of her five children, two, Martha and Mary, aided their father in the White House. The younger Mary (Eppes) died in 1804 and Martha (Randolph) died in 1836. These daughters were educated in a French Convent, and though Martha wished at one time to be a nun, she afterwards wrote against celibacy and transubstantiation, and the three lived and died devout Episcopalians and derived comfort from the fact that President Jefferson when afflicted was found with the Bible in his hands.] (Read Psalm XLVI, and John v. 39)

Of our Third President, the wife,
 Who loved him like idolatry,
 And to his labors toned her life,
 Bore him five children tenderly.
 Of these, two daughters seemed divine;
 So we've two sisters and the saint
 That bore them, all benign,
 And called from earth without complaint.

Two MARTHAS and one MARY mark the page;
 Three women buoyant, beautiful and wise,
 Imbued with the best ideas of their age,
 Raised high in rank as women e'er could rise.
 To these three Bible women's beauteous lives
 We're pleased to pay warm tribute in its place,
 Because they three became those thrifty wives
 That grow to ripeness in redeeming grace.
 Two passed from earth to endless Paradise
 Before the Sire and President had left the scene;
 Hence, when to God he did himself demise,
 He left his "*Martha*" to his countrymen.
 So "*MARTHA RANDOLPH*" soon was made the theme
 Of his dear country's thankful, kindest thought;
 Yet not so good 'twould seem as GOD Supreme,
 Nor have her heirs been honored as they ought.
 Lo! this coincidence let us affix:

When Jefferson and Adams joined decree,
 On July fourth of seventeen seventy-six,
 That the United States be thenceforth free,
 They hardly thought just half a century,
 On eighteen twenty six's natal day,
 They'd pass together to eternity—

But so it was; both wise men passed away!
 One said: "I give myself to God!" and died;
 "Let Independence live!" the other cried;
 Then ADAMS passed t' his patriot brother's side!



PREST, JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER, MARTHA.
(MRS. RANDOLPH)



MRS. PREST. JAMES MADISON.

MRS. PRESIDENT JAMES MADISON.

[Mrs. Dorothy (Payne) Madison, was born of anti-slavery Quaker parents in North Carolina in 1767. She was educated in Philadelphia, married John Todd, in 1786, and as his widow became Mrs. Madison in 1794. She accompanied her husband into the White House, in her 34th year, and showed great fortitude when the President was a fugitive and the White House and Capitol were in flames. She was then the most popular person in America. Her only sorrow was her dissolute son! She died in 1849.] (Read Absalom and Prodigal Son, Luke xv., and II Samuel, xviii, 33.)

This model, MADAME MADISON,
 Americans have much admired,
 As if by Mesdames Washington
 And Adams, both, she'd been inspired.
 In her tried character and true,
 There's something that is so unique,
 So hearty and so handsome, too,
 Spontaneously itself doth speak.

How rolisome and rubicund she was
 With all the children whom she chanced to meet!
 Respectful to those making speeches, laws,
 And letters sent to foreign monarchs' seat.
 How more than happy she made potentates,
 And gave to each grand welcome as her guests,
 And won renown in our United States,
 And every land where our diploma rests!
 'Twas wonderful, her wise ability—
 —*Adaptability's* the better word—
 Her duties were of such diversity,
 And some of which herself had never heard!
 How quenchless piety and quickening power
 Sustained her supreme equanimity,
 That hated, hot, humiliating hour
 Her "Mansion" burned with British enmity!
 Still what a blending of all excellence
 In rites religious which her life regards;
 A woman pious, yet without pretense,
 Allowing that this Earth is all the Lord's.
 She worshiped with a warm and sharing heart,
 With all true lovers of her wondrous Lord,
 In whose atonement she professed a part,
 And reverent waited on his righteous Word!
 Yet all life long she wept her wayward son,
 As David over Absalom had done!
 (Would God I'd died for thee, my son! my son!)

MRS. PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE.

[It was in 1789 Miss Eliza Cortright married in New York, Senator James Monroe, of Virginia, and afterward attended him to the greatest number of important public offices at home and abroad, ever awarded an American citizen. She was a worthy wife of such a man, and mother of his children, Eliza and Maria, who married well and were also modest and faithful mothers. She died in 1830 and her husband July 4, 1831. Her most distinguishing deed was the deliverance from death of Marchioness de La Fayette, and, as a consequence, liberating La Fayette himself, who thence lived and came to this country last in 1825.] (Read: "I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me." Matt. xxv.)

America's Ambassadors

Seems sent across the sea in time
To blend our thoughts and thanks to bless
Those crushed with chains but without crime.
In Europe had a crisis risen;
There La Fayette in dungeon lay;
In Paris was his wife in prison,
Expecting *death* on any day!

The livery of our Minister there led one morn
The woman from the Western world and free
Whom Marchioness de La Fayette forlorn
Would sooner than all other women see;
For, through her kindness, life for death there came;
Then our Ambassadors The Marquis, too, unbound
And La Fayette's noble, defeated name
Was raised from fetters to respect profound!
Here's joy enough, to have been judged of Heaven,
The harbinger of such a help and hope,
When France to frenzy and despair was driven
By the *great* "Corporal" and "gracious Pope."
And such this holocaustic Heroine,
Whose husband ministered at highest courts,
Declared her mission seemed almost divine;
And so the *people* thought from such reports.
MADAME MONROE the MASTER thus obeyed;
She, as He prompted, to the pris'ners came;
And doubtless other deeds if all arrayed,
Would lend still fuller lustre to her fame.
Her daughters twain, ELIZA and MARIA,
Were wives and mothers modelled after her,
And, like the Mission of their Lord Messiah,
They professed faiths that would wise deeds prefer;
And in the White House what all did was wise;
Their parts well acted; there the honor lies!



MRS. PREST. JAMES MONROE.



MRS. PREST. JOHN Q. ADAMS.

MRS. PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[This Bible Woman born of American parents, in London, 1775, as Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson, married the American Minister, John Quincy Adams in 1797. She wrote his father: "The systems of the ancients have been quite out of my reach excepting Plato's Dialogues, which I have read attentively. With modern philosophers I have become more familiar; but *I have never seen anything* that would compare with the chaste and exquisitely simple doctrines of Christianity." She gave her husband three sons and a daughter and was Mistress in the Executive Mansion when LaFayette was for two weeks their guest. She died in 1852.] (Read cxv. Psalm.)

When LAFAYETTE became the guest
 At the proud home of Presidents,
 The Mistress who had been most blest
 With means to watch wise men's intents,
 There welcomed him, with heart so warm,
 And ways so gen'rous and so just,
 As both our Champion to charm
 And toward his wrongs turn deep disgust.

'Twas our fifth President's high privilege
 To welcome LaFayette thus to the land
 Which he had helped to save from hostile siege;
 And these two statesmen there before us stand:
 "With love surpassing that of women," they
 Embrace and weep, in wise yet broken words;
 When time hath come for them to part, they say:
 "Let all acknowledge: *'Nations are the LORDS!'* "

I wonder that no limner ever laid
 Before the world this scene of that Farewell,
 When LaFayette profoundest tribute paid
 For days there spent where our Chief rulers dwell!
 Lo! as they stand, the Lord's own angel stood
 In person of the Mistress President,
 With face so godly, in effect so good,
 Her very *soul* seemed as a vision sent.

In all her varied life her virtues shone,
 Whether in White House, or at Foreign Court,
 Her noble culture was confessed and known,
 But as with Sheba's Queen, it past report.

'Twas MISTRESS ADAMS' main ambition then
 To use her knowledge of nations and things
 To make more potent all true public men,
 And crown the CHRIST alone as King of Kings!
 But there have often in that Mansion been
 Such scenes more sacred than are elsewhere seen?

MRS. RACHEL JACKSON, WIFE OF OUR VI. PRESIDENT.

[Mrs. President Jackson, *nee* Miss Rachel Donelson, was born in Virginia, 1767; removed at 12 to Tennessee, where she married her second husband, Col. Jackson, in 1794; accompanied him as first Governor of Florida, where she secured the observance of the Sabbath and regular public worship, and to Washington as Senator, but between Jackson's election and inauguration as President, she overheard some remarks about a long-ago duel which so shocked her sensibility that she died soon after; and her niece, Mrs. Emily Donelson, was mistress of the White House in her stead. She died Dec. 22, 1828.] (Her funeral text: "The Righteous shall be in Everlasting Remembrance." Ps.cxii,6)

Those who've wandered down a river,
 Gathering wild flowers on its bank,
 Where the water-cresses quiver,
 And wild deer so lately drank,
 Can appreciate perfect nature
 That inspired the pioneers,
 And will fancy every feature
 Fitted to cast out their fears.

So it was not *all* in native courage;
 But the God of Nature gave to know
 They might freely in his forests forage,
 And himself had sometimes taught them how.
 With this spirit sped the winsome maiden,
 Down the rivers to the forest region,
 On a flat-boat, full of bounties laden—

Yet the priceless thing was their religion!
 —(Her father's Journal read: "A voyage by God's permission.")

Through afflictions, like a furnace heated,
 She became the helpmeet of "*Old Hick'ry*,"
 And beside him with affection seated,
 Viewed well-pleased applaudits of his vict'ry;
 Then, in sight the Presidential Mansion,
 She heard words so wanton and so cruel,
 They surpassed ambition's safe expansion,
 And she fell, like "Dickinson" in duel!

Then the mighty, joyless man and "Gen'ral,"
 Chastened as one stript of wife and children,
 Hastened from her sad and famous fun'ral
 To preside o'er a protesting cauldron,
 Cheered no little by her niece and nephew,
 Who, as Clerk and Mistress in that Mansion,
 Help't the Ruler in his "Public Review,"
 Soothed and softened oft his sore intention,
 And with him, through faith in "RACHEL'S SAVIOR"
 Passed at last to GOD, The FATHER'S favor!



MRS. PREST. ANDREW JACKSON.



MRS. PREST MARTIN VAN BUREN.

MRS HANNAH (HOES) VAN BUREN.

[Mrs. Van Buren, *nee* Miss Hannah Goes (Hoes,) was born in Kinderhook, N. Y., 1782, was school mate of Martin Van Buren whom she married in 1807. She died in 1819, leaving her devoted husband to enter the White House—like General Jackson—as a widower. She was a deeply pious, Bible reading mother of five children. Her accomplished daughter-in-law, Angelica (Singleton) VanBuren, was cousin of the renowned Mrs. Madison, and through her became mistress of the White House, honored and loved, at home and abroad.] (Read the xc. Psalm.)

The name of "Hoes" is Kinderhook's
 (Or "Goes" around that "*gud alt*" town)
 It hath been found in household books,
 As upright and of pure renown.
 There Hannah Hoes, a handsome lass,
 Was the loved belle of all the ville;
 In school she headed every class,—
 Save one indomitable will!

That overmatching will was "Martin Van,"
 Whose galantry she loved as kind and good,
 And when he passed to be a public man,
 In chairs of state, his chosen bride she stood.
 So happy were they in their hearts and home,
 Their bliss was unto all that knew them blest;
 For those who could unto their presence come
 Have never tired their home-life to attest.

There "MISTRESS VAN" had most majestic views
 Of God and duty on each given day;
 And so befitting did her Bible use,
 She bade her children read it and obey!
 She early seemed not long to live on earth,
 Her conversation had caught up to heaven;
 So when she went away, so real her worth,
 Van Buren wept and said: "*Sire, we are seven!*"
(Wordsworth.)

He never looked for her dear like again!
 However wiley may have been his ways,
 Whatever burdens bore upon his brain,
 He loved "DEAR HANNAH" all his living days!
 And now that picture needs this added part:
 His Son's pure wife, worthy a second place.
 Came to the White House, and so near his heart
 She granted her exquisite courtly grace
 To his high office with her ornate, helpful art—
 Her Cousin, Mistress Madison, "Calling the start!"

MRS. PRESIDENT WM. HENRY HARRISON.

[Mrs. Anna (Symms) Harrison was born in New Jersey, 1775; moved to Ohio, 1794; married Capt. Harrison, 1795; accompanied him to Congress, and to the Governor's seat, but not to "*the Executive Mansion*." She had borne so many children and burdens for them; had shared so many pioneer and polemic hardships, that in Feb., 1841, she was not able to go to Washington. She was in every way a model woman, and her numerous progeny will ever praise her memory. She died in 1864, selecting for her funeral text: Ps. xlv., 10: "Be still and know that I am God."]]

Here MISTRESS HARRISON appears
Both model, and a beau ideal;
From early youth for eighty years,
Religious life with her was real.
In form and fact she's beautiful;
And her affiances are fit;
A hero true—no traitor Hull—
I'oth won her hand, and worshiped it.

Of all the Bible Women in the West—
And there are noble millions of them now,—
That brave old Chieftain's wife was of the best,
And her religion wreathed his upright brow.
Taught by her Bible and by nature both,
So never once her wisdom seemed to cease;
With Christian truth and faith she'd kept her troth;
In all his periods of war and peace.

The wondrous wilds in the deep western woods,
Blending the scenes of bloody savage strife,
With wastes by famine, forest-fires and floods,
Intensified the factors of their life,
Till character, when "Christ is formed within"
In such associations as they sought,
Became God's baricade against all sin
And built *a conscience that could not be bought!*

There's something that's sublimely sweet
In "Mother Harrison's" own modest home!
There, she like Mary sat at Jesus' feet,
And yet, like Martha, served all guests that come;
And in her patience, when in grief and pain,
She felt affliction's hand upon her pressed,
She was, though widowed, willing to remain
Till Heaven's time come to call her home to rest;
There's not in her life's story the least stain;
Nor quite her equal among *queens* that reign!



PREST. VAN BUREN'S DAUGHTER IN LAW
(NEE MISS SINGLETON)



MRS. PREST. JOHN TYLER.

MRS. PRESIDENT JOHN TYLER.

[Mrs. Letitia (Christian) Tyler, a lover of music and other fine arts, was born in Cedar Grove, Va., 1779; married John Tyler, 1813; was mother of seven children, one of which says: "My first memory is that she taught me my letters from the family Bible." She died in the White House, September, 1842. In June, 1844, her husband took young Miss Julia Gardner, late from a convent in New York, to serve as wife and mistress in the White House. The only one who seems not to have been through life, a sincere Bible-reader. She died July 10, 1889.] (Read the lxxvi. Psalm.)

There's music in the march of years;
 There's music in the moving seas;
 There's music of the mighty spheres,
 And breaths of music in the breeze;
 There's music in our fights and fears,
 And music of mellifluous bees;
 There's music in the drop of tears,
 And music by the birds in trees;

But rhythm of loving, rounded, beauteous lives
 Of matron heads of model families,
 All way as maidens, women, mothers, wives,
 Hath music here of *heaven's* sweet melodies.
 MADAME LETITIA TYLER'S mother-love,
 From early life until her death at last,
 Her practical and pious home-life prove;
 Her "*Christian*," name was in her nature cast.
 Her social labors, so much loved and sought,
 Her love-born character, so biblical,
 Her Bible teaching as one Bible-taught,
 Made her whole mission here seem musical.
 Her death—where HARRISON had lately died!—
 In contrast with the "Gun Catastrophe,"
 And bringing in of dancing and a bride,
 Have put her name high up in history!
 Whatever hath been spoken of her spouse,
 So honored and selected to high place,
 Whatever, after, was in the White House,
This Mistress Tyler's grandest mead was grace.
 This Christly daughter of a "*Christian*" man,
 Most beautiful in body and in mind,
 Whose life like rhythmical love sonnets ran,
 Whose memory will honor woman kind,
 A very sweet and lovely "*psalm of life*,"
 Will be "*John Tyler's beautiful first wife*;"
 Nor for her place let school girls enter strife!

MRS. PRESIDENT JAMES KNOX POLK.

[Mrs Sarah (Childress) Polk was born near Murphreysborough, Tenn., in 1803, and lived and died childless. She was educated in a N. C. Moravian Seminary; married Mr. Polk in 1822; and with him entered the White House in 1845, where she filled her office of President's wife with equal felicity and fidelity. She sympathized with her husband's devotion to the Union and with the South's endeavor to destroy it. She received G. A. R. and other conventions delightfully, just before her death in 1891.] (Read Job xxviii., 12-28.)

Perhaps no person ever was
 More truly *an American*,
 Than MISTRESS POLK, in every cause
 That might first help her fellow man.
 She was well balanced, wise and brave,
 Made up of dignity divine
 And sympathy that seeks to save,
 And helps the Heavenly sun to shine.
 Queenly in person, quiet, self possessed,
 With elegance and equipoise, and grace,
 She gave each guest at once to feel at rest;
 For a fair beam of light's about her face!
 She stood like "Emma Donelson" in state,
 A cultured *Tennessean*, kind and true,
 Whom nothing ever seems to so elate,
 She did not know "exactly" what to do.
 She played, always, a wise and prudent part,
 With no propensity to put on airs;
 For the world's history she knew by heart,
 And was familiar with modern affairs.
 In company she could her powers command;
 No diplomat said what she seemed to doubt;
 No statesman's words but she would understand,
 And be mistress of all they talked about.
 And when she left the White House for her home,
 Her courteous hospitality, still kind,
 With Christian spirit spoke to such as come,
 In friendly dignity no less refined.
 And during all that wicked dreadful war,
 While her warm sympathies were with her "South,"
 She never made a sign one's sense to mar,
 And no irrev'rent mood rushed from her mouth.
 When Fed'ral Educators from afar
 Stood near, they saw still bright her evening star,
 And Heaven's dear "Beulah Land" seemed beck'ning
 her!



MRS. PREST, JAMES K. POLK.

MRS. PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR.

[Mrs. Margaret (Smith) Taylor was a Maryland farmer's daughter, distinguished for her Christian simplicity of character and common sense. She married Captain Taylor in 1810, and showed a wonderful devotion to her wifely duties, until her husband's death in the Executive Mansion, July 9th, 1850. Her daughter "Bessie," Mrs. Elizabeth Bliss, did for her most of the duties of "Lady of the White House." Mrs. Taylor died in August, 1852, possessed of the same kindly, Bible-loving spirit she had borne from early life.] (Read Proverbs, xxxi.)

The loved simplicity of life,
And marvelous sincerity
Of "Rough and Ready's" royal wife,
Should pass to our posterity,
To teach a lesson long to last,
Like a perpetual legacy,
That never yet hath been surpassed,
And possibly will never be.

When she first left her shantied, live-stock farm,
In her melodious, happy Maryland,
Her child-like ways were full of healthy charm,
And "Captain Taylor" captured heart and hand.
Their hearts and hands were held thence close and warm
Until his death into The White House came;
And first to last, she did her part perform
Without a thought of future wealth or fame.

The sweet unselfishness that swayed her soul,
When suff'ring soldiers felt her sympathy,
Where cruel savages had kept control,
Till her "old Indian Fighter's" victory,
Or coming filled with wounds from foreign wars,
Was like her Savior's hand with healing touch;
And how she honored "honorable scars,"
Because our bravest men "had borne so much!"

And where she swooned at touch of the death-sweat
Upon her husband's broad and massy brow,
A faithful country cannot soon forget,
Although too little thought of, even now.
But as she aided others to adore
The God of battles and of good behest,
Let MARGARET TAYLOR live forever more;
For blessing many be her memory blest!
And "BESSY TAYLOR"! what a "*Bliss*" was she;
Most happy model, in *her* ministry!

MRS. PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE.

[Mrs. Fillmore—*nee* Miss Abigail Powers, was born in Stillwater, N. Y., in 1798. Her father was a distinguished Baptist minister, but died in her first year, leaving her to the joint care of her mother and the widow's God. This however secured to her even a better education than her illustrious husband's, who had the superhuman benefits of her Bible-nurtured society, from their marriage in 1826, till her death soon after leaving the White House, March, 1853. She left with him one son and daughter and a vast sympathetic populace to mourn her loss.] (Read Deuteronomy x, 18; xiv, 29; xvi, 11; xxiv, 19-21.)

Another "ABIGAIL" appears;
 Another widow's child we have,
 To show how those who sow in tears
 Beside a parent's parting grave,
 May yet fulfill their "father's joy,"
 And with rejoicing may return
 Where they were once a girl or boy,
 And life renew, review and learn.

For so, the Fillmore family are found
 To take us back to poverty and pain;
 Thence to behold what benefits abound
 Where there was born the wealth of heart and brain.
 The pious thirst of "Abby Powers" for thought,
 Her thorough knowledge of earth's noble things
 Which she obtained, and unto others taught,
 Would fit a Christian to consort with kings.

The ways she helped her husband to achieve,
 The honors which they two so aptly won,
 Were beneficial fully to believe,
 That we do well as all the wise have done.
 Like Mistress Adams, first in the White House,
 Here MADAME FILLMORE of majestic form,
 With righteous indignations that arouse,
 Had a wise head, and heart as wise as warm.

Then, to her daughter MARY, she might turn
 In any time of need for hostess aid;
 For she was learn'd, as well as apt to learn,
 America's own model of a maid!
 'Twas so equipt, The Fillmore's, side by side,
 With their distinguished daughter, entered in,
 Where ZACHARY TAYLOR had so lately died,
 And well united did new honors win;
 To bare apartments suited books supplied,
 And lived a beauteous *home-life*, beside!



MRS. PREST. FILMORE.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S DAUGHTER.

[Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore was born in Buffalo in 1832 and died of Cholera, 1854. She was teaching public school when called by the President to act at 22 as lady of the White House. A local paper says; "She was always governed by a sense of religious duty and her relations to her Creator and Savior were constantly in her thoughts; and young as she was, she did much to lay the foundation of a mode of social life more kind, cultured and genuine. As her beaming intelligence rises before us, it suggests only How good! how Kind! and she is gone!"] (See xc, PS. 12.)

Pause here, O American maiden!

And study this model in State;

Whose beautiful life was so laden

With fortune soon severed by fate.

Stand by her, in casket there sleeping,

Mid mates of her modest young years,

Where the States are all standing round weeping

And the Nation is now shedding tears!

Look back o'er that life in its beauty—

A mirror in which see thy face—

All radiant with devotion to duty,

Adorned with both learning and grace.

What heights 'neath the halo of fame,

She gilded with goodness and skill,

And left there *filled full* as her name—

The story of her excellence still!

While going thence forth to her grave,

Remember her wisdom and worth;

How bright was her spirit and brave,

How lowly her ancestral birth!

Her life was like *thine*, how'er lowly;

Let *thine* be like her's at its best;

Then dying—or quickly—or slowly,

Thy mem'ry like her's may be blest!

All the world! look ye on this loved picture

Of life-fruit in this land of the free;

Of crowned heads who inherit no stricture

But the best of free beings to be!

What a contrast if none could be queen,

But a scion of some dame and sire,

Whose seedy successions are seen,

And to which but *their heir* may aspire,

No matter how hateful and mean

Their character and conduct have been!

MRS. PRESIDENT FRANK PIERCE.

[Mrs. Jane Means Pierce, who resembled Jonathan Edwards, was the daughter of President Appleton, D. D., of Bowdoin College, Me., and born March 12, 1806. She married Mr. Pierce, 1834, and with him entered the White House in March, 1853. As one has well said: "It is no disparagement to others to claim for her there unsurpassed dignity and grace, delicacy and purity in all that pertains to public life. There was a Christian home, quietly and constantly maintained in the Executive Mansion while she was its mistress." She died in Andover, Mass., in 1863, saying among her last words: "JESUS, Lover of my Soul, let me to thy bosom fly."'] (See Rev. xiv. 13.)

America's best mother-mind,
 Most ethical and most ornate,
 Most feminine and most refined,
 Most studious of her moral state,
 Most helpful to her husband's heart,
 Most flexile in afflictions fierce,—
 Until she panted to depart—
 That "Mother-Mind" was MADAME PIERCE!

Not that she was *all* mind-ethereal;
 Though intellectual, she lived to love,
 With model form of fine material,
 And beaming eyes, like Edward's, lit above.
 And yet those eyes had shed full shares of tears;
 From infancy she'd often been bereft,
 Had buried children in their budding years,
 Till loving "Bennie's" all that they have left.
 And when at last, they to the White House went,
 They had yet this one treasure more to yield,
 To fit Frank Pierce in full for President—
 They laid "fond Bennie" in the buried field!
 The people gave them the best gift they had,
 But coming to it caused this keenest grief,
 It took the life of that as loving lad
 As e'er was born of sanctified belief.
 Hence Pierce's bold Inaugural began
 By speaking of this "bitter sorrow" borne
 When on their way to this last gift of man—
 Full many tears there fell with them to mourn.
 'Twas in such sorrow—not a soul could know—
 When MRS. PIERCE made her appearance where
 Some souls had lately suffered nearly so—
 'Twas thus she came and served her country there!
 Through wearisome ordeals this woman went,
 The Peerless Wife of a proud President!



PRESIDENT JAMES BUCHANAN'S NIECE
(MISS HARRIET LANE)

MISS HARRIET LANE, BUCHANAN'S NIECE, AND LADY OF THE
WHITE HOUSE.

[President Buchanan left the White House a bachelor; the first celibate Executive, and we hope the last one. His favorite niece, Miss Lane, whom he had educated from early orphanage, was called to serve as the President's lady assistant. Like Mrs. Pierce, she entered the White House in sorrow and went through her duties with unseen weeping. Her brother and sister had been suddenly buried. She received thanks from Victoria and Albert Edward for her hospitable service to him in 1860. In 1866 she became Mrs. Johnson, and since bore him a son named James Buchanan.] (Read xlv Psalm.)

Born in a praying home,
Of Presbyterian stock,
Where saints were wont to come,
And pastors of the flock,
Young "Hattie's" yearning heart
Heaved many a sigh for heaven,
And for that "better part"
Which was to Mary given.

But 'ere she'd read her Bible through,
The heart of love on which she leaned,
That trained her taste for what is true,
Was from this world so fully weaned,
Her mother moved to homes on high,
And gave to God her orphaned child,—
Whose sire was also soon to die,
And leave the child in sorrow's wild.
Her mother's brother met her case;
Adopting, as a daughter, her,
He trained her youth in truth and grace
That she Heaven's precepts should prefer.
His sympathy was her support;
His thought her ample, pleasing thanks;
And when he dwelt at foreign court,
She rose into the highest ranks.

Hence, in the "House of Uncle Sam,"
There's scarce an equal to her skill;
In ev'n a "Presidential jam"
She's mistress of the masses still.
With Mary Fillmore's flexile ease,
With Madame Pierce's pensive mind,
She doth the public serve and please
With royal courtesies and kind—
While secret traitors tried to seize
The President by deep surprize,
And "pulled their wool over his eyes!"

MRS. MARY TODD LINCOLN.

[Hon. Ward H. Lamon says: "Lincoln had from boyhood a presentiment that he would be President and die by violence. Mrs. L. too had the same belief as to the Presidency. She is quoted as saying, soon after their marriage: 'He is going to be President, and that's the reason I married him, for you know he is not pretty.'" She bore Mr. Lincoln five children, four of whom died before her own demise in an insane asylum, July 16, 1882. Her life of rational enjoyment really ended when Booth's bullet entered her husband's massy and benignant brain.] (Read Isaiah liii.)

I've heard it said that "Martin Van,"
 When playing with his well pleased mates,
 Would say: "See here! When I'm a man,
 I'll rule o'er The United States!"
 I've read in print that MARY TODD
 So hoped The White House would be hers,
 And when she gave herself to God,
 That prophesy she still prefers.

Yet Mary Todd would not "Steve Douglas" wed,
 For bees, found in her bonnet, seemed to say:
 "I hear a something singing in my head,
 'Abe Lincoln will be President some day!'"
 Presentiments of many public men
 Have been like heralds from the bounds of heaven;
 Both good and bad forebodings there have been;
 For seers the "*traitor*" saw with "the eleven."

But here, both "Abraham" and "Mary" felt
 Rare futures were before them in real fact;
 So Lincoln's noble heart on heaven knelt,
 And her expectance hailed his every act.
 With his presentiments, hers, too, would share;
 And when he left his people, to preside,
 And prayed them give to him their guiding prayer,
 She, wifelike, loving, waited at his side.

And when he watched through all that wicked war,
 She wrote a note requesting men to pray
 That peace and freedom be not put afar;
 And with a **patriot's* pen, repeated: "PRAY!"
 When prophecies of both had been fulfilled,
 And Booth had pierced The Nation's noble head,
 The widow cried: "THE PRESIDENT IS KILLED!"
 Her shattered mind by such a mighty shock
 Could simply leave behind: "CHRIST IS MY ROCK!"

*She wrote this note to me at Governor Andrew's, Boston.



MRS. PREST. A. LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

[Mrs. Nancy (Hanks) Lincoln was born in Virginia, but raised in Kentucky. In 1806 she married illiterate, honest Thomas Lincoln, and moved to Indiana, giving birth to a daughter and the one son Abraham, whom she taught to fear God and read the Bible, so that he afterwards said: "All I am or hope to be, I owe to my Angel Mother! Blessings on her memory." She died when he was 9 years old, and soon his father married widow Sarah Johnson, with three children, whom he loved, and who were also fond of "Abe" as an obliging, honest boy.] (Read Ps. I and xxv, 10.)

A child of nature and of God,
 Raised up in rude simplicity,
 Where many an Indian maid had trod
 Filled with wild felicity;
 Young Nancy Hanks's unknown youth
 With sparse companionships was spent;
 But there she learned and loved the truth
 Of God in Christ; this gave content!

Thus by the Bible "born of God again,"
 That holy book seems all her cabins own,
 Save Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress printed plain;
 So these she used to read and taught her son,
 Till with delight he learned to read them loud.
 Thus, by fire light, he lit his "lamp of life."
 And with his progress made his parents proud,
 As for it well "Tom Lincoln" praised his wife.

So by that Bible, Sire and son were blessed,
 And NANCY LINCOLN'S house had needful peace,
 Till in her son's tenth year she sank to rest,
 And from her rough, hard lot had fit release.
 Her kind successor, Sarah Johnson came,
 Viewing that Bible, very best of books,
 She helped boy ABRAHAM bear up his name
 Till truth and trials traced even his looks.

Hence "*Honest Abe*" has been his honored name;
 Though Weems's (well lent) Life of Washington
 And Bunyan's Pilgrim *helped* beget his fame,
 'Twas NANCY LINCOLN'S *Bible* named her son.—
 Thou dear departed shade! that doth now shine
 In Heaven's salubrious, happy, unseen spheres!
 Dost thou not look from days and lands divine,
 Back to thy cabin's tears and burdened years,
 Where past and future could by faith combine,
 And say: GLAD, GLORIOUS MOTHERHOOD WAS MINE!

MRS. ELIZA MC CARDLE JOHNSON.

[After Lincoln's death, President and Mrs Andrew Johnson entered the White House. They were half-orphans of pious widows, and were married in his 21st year. He was an illiterate tailor, and she became his evening teacher; was a very beautiful woman, and was at Washington inspiring his ablest Senate speech against secession, Jan., 1861. She returned to Tenn., and lost her health by her persecutions within the Confederate lines, so that she was unable afterwards to *officiate* in the White House, but received her guests around her chair. She had two daughters, Martha and Mary, who did the honors well. She died in 1876, and on their monument is carved an open Bible!] (Read Psalm cxix, 97-112.)

How honored is a poor man's *home* !
 Here God says : "Give this house to me ;
 And if calamity shall come,
 Your orphan children mine shall be ;
 My covenant with them I'll keep,
 The widow's God and guide I'll be ;
 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap
 The harvests of prosperity."

Two minors, of two widows, met in need !
 ELIZA one, a blond, a beauty brave ;
 Dark ANDREW he, and able scarce to read ;
 But both did Christian culture need and crave :
 These wed, and thenceforth work their upward way.
 At home she helps him into Congress halls ;
 Indeed, they help each other night and day,
 Up in the world, within The White House walls !
 Trace back their lot ! See "Andrew" at the feet
 Of his "Eliza" learn to read and write,
 Till (ne'er in school a day) he can compete
 With learn-ed men of legislative might !
 That cabin view is of earth's very best—
 Eliza teaching that young tailor there—
 Till to ev'n traitors, she's of truth the test.
 And fills his life all full of fervent prayer.
 Aye, view again ! A Christian cavalcade
 Is driven beyond the long deep rebel lines ;
 And she who leads, betrayed but least afraid,
 Is that shy woman—how her face there shines !
 Good, hopeful, patient, haggard, pale,
 How rebels half confess her rights and cause ;
 And feel her principles will hence prevail—
 This woman seems as wise as ever was !
 Let children's children rally round her chair ;
 The White House walls echo her winged prayer ;
 Her Bible on her tomb be carved with care !



MRS. PREST, ANDREW JOHNSON.



PREST. JOHNSON'S DAUGHTER MARTHA.
(MRS. PATTERSON.)

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S DAUGHTERS, MARTHA AND MARY.

[Martha Johnson Patterson officiated in the White House chiefly for her parents. She was like her father, dark and efficient. Her husband was U. S. Senator. She was partially assisted by Mrs. Stover, her sister Mary, who was a blond like their mother, and had with her three children, which with Mrs. Patterson's two, and invited ones of the town, made a plenty of fun even when their Grandpa was being pulverized under a vain impeachment. The daughters suffered like their father and mother in war time.] (Read Ps. cxxxvii, and lxxxiii, 5.)

'Tis hard to realize to day
 The tides of sorrow in the South;
 How the Secessionists had sway,
 By cruel sword and cannon's mouth;
 And harder yet to understand
 How Eastern Tennesseans held
 Their love so firm for father-land,
 Where every shelter might be "shelled."

So wicked were the scenes of wasting war!
 There MARY STOVER 'mid the sufferers stood,
 For all on earth she felt worth living for
 Had fled before the hungry, fiery flood.
 The father of her children chose to serve
 Our humane cause, and called from home,
 He prayed that *Providence* would then preserve
 His Christian house till he could hither come.

Still Mary Stover soon a widow stood!
 Her children sad are cherished by her Sire
 (Who risked his person for the public good)
 And in his White House have their heart's desire.
 They're all more blest than any body knows!
 The Nation's safe! and so successful now,
 Ev'n Grandma's gratitude, too, overflows,
 As all before the Heavenly Father bow.

While MARTHA PATTERSON, most patient still,
 Serving her country with excessive care.
 With hardly time to wish the heavenly will,
 Or practice leisurely her love of prayer,
 Does honor as "First Lady of the Land."
 She says: "We're from the hills of Tennessee;
 We always could *ourselves* quite well command,
 And more than this they must not ask of me."
 Behold *herself* command that White House band!
 Ev'n when arraigned their Nation's Chief doth stand,
 Her happy children cheer on every hand!

MRS. PRESIDENT U. S. GRANT

[Mrs. Julia (Dent) Grant was married at her birth-place in Missouri, Aug. 22, 1848, and went with her husband onto a farm, which he called "Hardscrabble." She bore him three sons and one daughter. In sickness and health, in want and in wealth, she encouraged and aided him, often caring for others in distress. She was a prudent woman, and a proud and praying wife and mother. Passing from poverty up to the White House, her domestic administration was admirable. Her bearing in public and private life from infancy to age, was beautiful as May, and harmonious as music.] (Read Proverbs xiv, 1-34.)

The woman of the greatest worth;
 Against whom nothing can be said;
 Whose name is honored o'er the earth,
 In realms where it is heard and read;
 Who more than kept her marriage vow,
 Whate'er her husband's wants or wealth,
 To love him truly, high or low,
 In good or ill, sickness or health—
Her loyal brow wears laurels now!

So much that's beautiful, that's sweet, that's brave
 Is in this wifely woman's will and way,
 Which saved her husband to his country save,
 We fain would set her worth in full array.
 But there's no language that can laud too much
 Her patient service, when he was so poor,
 His bootless toil had the "Hardscrabble" touch,
 And dismal want was waiting at the door.

O, what a model for all wives of men
 Who work by day to win home's daily bread,
 And sometimes sink beneath such burdens then
 That they indeed half wish themselves were dead!
 And what a lesson is her later life,
 So womanly in all that wicked war,
 So straight and simple in the scenes of strife;
 And in the White House which they waited for!

No woman there had greater wisdom shown,
 Or shared more kindly its domestic cares,
 And made her husband's honor mold her own;
 In practice of her prudence and her prayers,
 She made the White House what it should be—HOME!—
 And typic of our country and our time.
 And when around *the world* they while and roam,
 Courted by queens and kings in their best prime,
 And to our coasts they hast'ning, happy come,
 Of woman's excellence *she* seems the sum!



MRS. PREST, U. S. GRANT.



PREST. GRANT'S DAUGHTER NELLIE.
(MRS. SARTORIS)

A PET OF THE NATION WAS PRESIDENT GRANT'S "NELLIE."

[President and Mrs. Grant gave a suitable wedding to their only daughter, Nellie, in the famous East Room of the White House, May 21, 1874. She married an educated, well-attired Englishman, Algernon Sartoris, who wished the ægis of her name, but made her lot a lesson on international weddings for the young ladies of every land, and offended the pride of the American people, who will prize his loyal wife to the last.] (Read II Cor. vi, 14.)

An Anglomaniacal mood
 Had moved upon the public mind,
 Till countless girls counted it good
 Toward foreign "class" to feel inclined;
 And not a lesson in our land
 Were needed more, than now, to teach
 Girls' hearts here how to give their hand
 And not, as brides, have heartless breach.

Women here faucy foreign *wedlock* well,
 And really feel they've reached both fame and rank,
 Yet soon have trials no true heart can tell,
 And think at last they've *self* alone to thank.
 True beauteous daughters have been oft betrayed
 By boughten titles, or babels of tongues,
 Till no dear kindred can do equal aid,
 And right the rashness, or redress the wrongs.

No ladies now in the United States
 Have nobler graces than had NELLIE GRANT;
 Full many a suitor for the maiden waits,
 Men wise and willing to meet every want.
 Yet not her Mother nor Majestic Sire
 Could change the passion of their petted child
 To vow "*obedience*" to his bold desire
 Who had her goodness to himself beguiled.

If Nellie 'd known he chiefly loved her *name*—
 Like those who marry women for their *wealth*—
 She might have found one fitted to her fame,
 With here a Home of happiness and health;
 But now this famous NELLIE GRANT affair
 Will self possession o'er the world enforce,
 And from this Presidential case prepare
 All virtuous damsels to avoid divorce;
 For this bride says: "To my firm bond I bow;
 I must forever keep my marriage vow!" [now!
 So yet, "The Nation's pet," is Grant's dear "Nellie"]

MRS. PRESIDENT RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

[Mrs. Lucy (Webb) Hayes was perhaps the most beautiful type of a practical Bible Woman that ever led the society of Washington. She was born in Ohio, but of New England and Va. ancestry, was educated with her brothers by their widowed mother, at the "Wesleyan University" and "Seminary." She married Mr. Hayes in 1852, and his progress in war and peace was largely due to her popularity and *lucid* piety. She died of apoplexy in 1889. Her life-size portrait is in the Presidential Mansion and should hold an honored place.] (Read the II Epistle of John and Gen v, 8.)

Lo ! There she stands as large as life !

Her wisdom speaketh from the wall,

The patriot warrior's pious wife,

Whose life's a lesson for us all !

At work, in camp, in peace and war,

Her life was perfect with her Lord ;

Whom she loved, lived and waited for,

Till welcomed to her last reward !

"THE ELECT LADY" of the loving JOHN,

That he in vision, even then, foresaw,

As by the painter in that picture drawn,

Embodies gospel and God's beaming law.

That product, both of Bible precepts born

And master art, in form and heart and mind

Doth well the White House wall and Home adorn ;

A welcome keepsake for all woman kind.

But not the *portrait* in that public place,

By gifted art, observers best engage,

Speaking refinement from an inspired face ;

But her *example*, here, bears on each age ;

Helps virtuous character in every case ;

Urges all cowards their convictions own,

And raises woman in her world and race,

To learn God's law, that ' man's not good alone !'

Then let that likeness there forever last,

Among the portraits of the Presidents ;

That passers-by may thus behold the past,

And realize how much it represents ;

For here have women helped, as well as men,

To make Home-Life have moral-loving hope,

To teach the future by what here hath been,

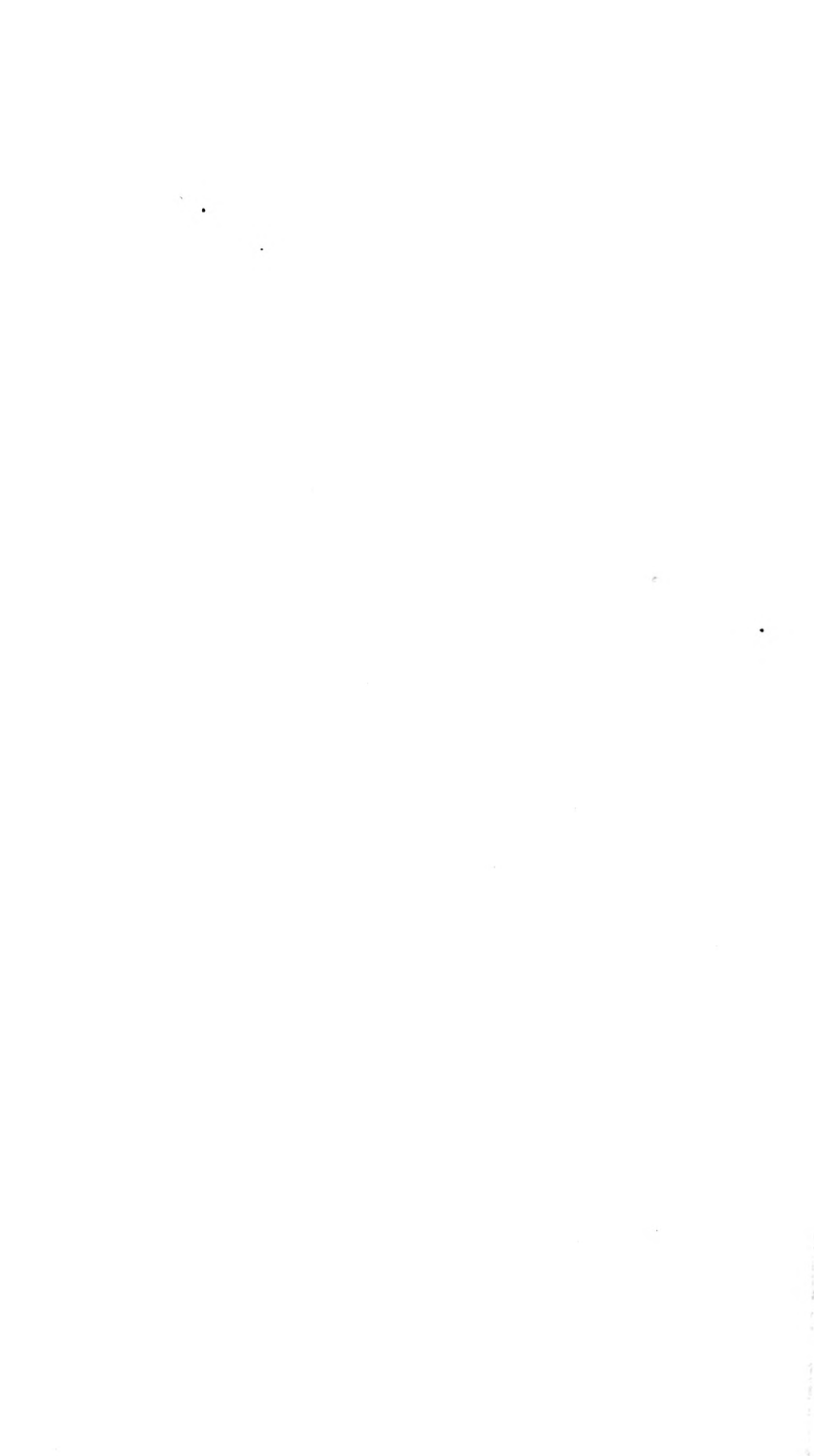
To scan earth's brightness by its broad'ning scope,

And make more keen the Nation's moral ken,

Then LUCY HAYES shall win, if not till then !



MRS. PREST. R. B. HAYES.



PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S MOTHER ELIZA BALLOU.

[Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield was born in 1802 and died 1888. She was 78 years old when her son went with her and his wife into the White House. Like Mary Washington, she had been "the making" of her orphan boy's character and consequent career. Her husband when dying said: "Eliza, I have planted four saplings in the woods, I leave them to your care." How she cared for them the sequel shows. Her picture is taken pondering over her open Bible.] (Read I Samuel 1, 27.)

The autumn sun is setting now,
And passing down a perfect day;
A halo bright is on its brow;
I love to watch it launch away!
'Twas somewhat so I used to see
This aged woman, years ago,
Seem like that setting sun to me,
Moving serene, majestic, slow,
Toward the deep eternity.

That MOTHER OF OUR MARTYRED MAGISTRATE,
Was left a widow in his infancy,
So poor she planted what her orphans ate,
And harvesting the ears, did count to see
What number could be spared for *her* supply;
She working, weak and widowed as she was,
The woodman's strokes with all her strength did try,
Yet kept the *hope* that every Christain has.

She was of Gallic and blue Yankee blood,
New England Puritan's ideas and type;
So, gladly met her "glorious motherhood"
And kept home's fruitage, holy, fresh and ripe!
A mother so mature seems more than *made*,
Whose children are so chastened ere their birth
They rise to excellence, as without aid,
And win renown with their own natal worth.

Her "Baby Boy" went battling for the right,
Borne off on war's most bounding tidal wave;
She watched her Savior walking in his sight
And said: "The Christ my soldier son can save!"
And when to Congress and the White House grown,
She looks upon him there with laurel crowned,
"All things are for the best," her faith doth own,
Her gratitude hath grown beyond all bounds;
But when she cried: "They've killed my Baby Boy!"
Her grief soon hushed in heavenly greeting's joy!

PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD'S WIFE.

[Mrs. Lucretia (Rudolph) Garfield, like her husband, was born in "Western Reserve," Ohio, and "kept school and boarded round." She also had classes in drawing and painting and helped prepare their boys for college. She married Garfield in 1858, and bore him seven children. Near his death he said: "My wife is so prudent I've not been diverted once from my work to explain away any mistake of hers. When there is most public clamor, she is most cool. She is perfectly unstampedable."'] (Read Acts iv, 14.)

This model Christian mother is
 Completely an American,
 Whose husband knew her wholly his,
 Fit helpmeet for her famous man !
 A teacher, too, of truth and taste,
 Her conduct has a complete whole ;
 With changeless will and wisdom chaste,
 She stood quite "*unstampedable* !"

We see her waiting through our wicked war ;
 Her buoyant faith bends o'er each battle-field,
 Till final peace arrives that she's prayed for,
 And Heaven's hands the wounds have touched and
 Then, when in "States United" he doth stand, [healed,
 A legislator in high courts of law,
 She now, as helpmeet, nerves his mighty hand,
 A safe adviser as earth ever saw.

From first to last, in learning and in life,
 She was a consort of the wisest kind ;
 Well given to Garfield as his Godly wife,
 Endowed most fully with a faithful mind ;
 The prudent mate of that wise President,
 She honored us, and we should honor her,
 And let our women—with their lot content—
 Conform to her's their Christian character.

Perhaps no President e'er was more proud
 Of what he called his "better half," than hers ;
 For she shrank from no fate, until his shroud
 Encompassed him ; and thence, all that occurs
 To hold her guileless heart to human gaze,
 And have all nations know and laud her name,
 Her prudence above princesses to praise—
 'Twas *then* she seemed to fear to *share* his fame ;
 Yet, where mankind his monument doth raise
 Her sad delight whiles her declining days !



MRS. PREST. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S WIFE AND SISTER.

[Vice President Chester A. Arthur followed Garfield to pre-
side in the White House. His wife, the mother of his two beau-
tiful children, and daughter of the distinguished Lieut. Herndon,
who sank with his ship in the Mexican sea, was recently dead,
and Arthur himself seemed submerged in a sea of sorrow. Her
likeness he kept in his room wreathed daily with roses, and
placed her memorial window in the church where he worshiped.
He called his sister, Mrs. McElroy, daughter of Rev. Dr. Arthur,
to his aid. Also Mrs. Carlisle, and ladies of his Cabinet, were
kindly attentive.] (Read Psalm cvii, 23-43.)

Its nice to have a Sister now,
Like saintly MADAME MCELROY,
When to bereavement nations bow
And grief o'ershadows ARTHUR'S joy.
"His Excellency" can, too, enlist
Dames of his Cabinet to come,
And Madame Carlisle, to assist
And make the White House more like "Home."

But there's one woman waiting on the wall,
The President's own privacy adorns;
A smiling lady, neither large nor small,
Whose face 's so winning it from folly warns.
Her memory is matchless as a wife;
Her influence her offspring e'er have felt;
This loving consort hath so kept his life,
She now seemed with him when each night he knelt!

This was no fiction, but a worthy fact,
That Arthur, and Van Buren, from his State,
For no new consorts ever could contract;
As loyal widowers they loved to wait,
Though person and position gave them power
To mate with partners most appropriate
To act as hostess many a high-toned hour,
And stand as aid in all the scenes of State.

ARTHUR'S devotion to his honored dead—
His children's mother he hath cherished so,
No lady would he as his life-mate wed;
Nor sought the Nation his secrets to know.
This new example hath ennobling power;
Helps purify our hurrying populace;
It sanctifies the faith, in sorrow's hour,
Through this republic, and throughout the race;
For such fond, conjugal fidelity
Shameth all shades of sensuality.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S YOUNG WIFE.

[Mrs. Frances (Folsom) Cleveland, born in Buffalo, July 21, 1862, was the first President's wife married in his own Executive Mansion (1886.) At her wedding dinner and other times she declined intoxicants. January 26, 1887, the W. C. T. U. of Va., "*Resolved*, That our heartfelt thanks are hereby tendered to Mrs. Frances F. Cleveland, for the position she has taken in the chief social circles of the Nation, as a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and, we pray God's blessing on her young life, and on her *home*, believing that history will applaud her action as all sincere minds even now, approve her motives."'] (Habakuk ii, 15.)

That White House still 's the "*Nations Home!*"

It's bright young house-wife is a bride,

The country's guests have hither come,

To share the Presidential pride.

The wisdom, fashion, and the wealth

Commingle round the social board,

And here and there, "They're drinking health"—

The Hostess' glass hath *water* poured!

There's divine beauty in so bold a deed:

There's moral courage matchless in the case;

So frank and happy, it hath friendly heed,

More pleasing, too, for both its time and place.

Aye, this young hostess other crowns hath won;

On other subjects and in every scene,

Never a damsel, nor a dame hath done [queen.

More Christly things that might have crowned a

She with a person perfect, well possessed,

A prudent life; pious, loving and pure,

With blooming health of soul and body blessed,

With sentiments so well settled and sure,

This young loved hostess of the "Land's White

Reveals again the gift of valient grace, [House"

Inspiring her, as Presidential spouse,

To reach her hand of ruth to help the race.

With thanks to God for giving "Adam's ale,"

This brave, yet beautiful, young far-famed bride,

With self possession, neither flushed nor pale,

Here gives her course as our whole country's guide;

That married women and wise maidens, too,

Might all at at once, and will forever more,

Eschew bad drinks, as all good Christians do,

And drive the wolf from every woman's door.

Then, like the homebred, Heaven born LUCY HAYES

Let coming days, too, FRANCES CLEVELAND praise!



MRS. PREST, GROVER CLEVELAND.

MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

[Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the President's sister, officiated as hostess in the Executive Mansion until his marriage in '86. She is the daughter of a distinguished Presbyterian divine, and herself in every way a most estimable woman. The following is from her pen: "There is a majesty of right, a royalty of truth, which, in manifold forms, claims allegiance and argues its claim. God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and baffled mother, sister, wife, His own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages, the suppression, root and branch, of the rum traffic, and in that cry He makes His argument to men."—E. C.'S REPLY TO HOWARD CROSBY.] (Read Prov. xx, 1.)

Maiden Mistress of "Our Mansion!"

"I should smile!" and shall I meet her?

I'd expect a pulse expansion—

No: of pleasure none's completer;

She's the honest soul of honor;

So delights in sense of duty,

That as people look upon her

They believe "she is a beauty!"

She is moral forces filled with mental,

Commonsensible, and kind, and solid,

With a conscience wise—not accidental—

And her views and virtues are all valid.

A true woman, she's "a temp'rance worker;"

And her sisters' claims she sees so clear

That of duty she dares be no shirker,

For *Heaven* heeds each home-made mother's tear!

Such a person—safe in pure example,

Prime in presence, prime in sense to see what's proper,

Well may keep America's Home Temple,

Nothing can stampede and nothing stop her

In her care here to conserve her country;

Prompting true sense of propriety,

She is just the one to welcome gentry

And secure true sanction of society.

So completely fit seemed fair ROSE CLEVELAND,

A symmetrical, high-minded hostess,

One can look at like a clean-cut headland,

Saying: *Such "Our Mansion's Maiden Mistress!"*

O how many *such*, this side of heaven,

Sooner maidens than be wives of mad men,

And by Providence, it's best have proven

To be no man's bride than brides of bad men;

But to have such beauteous behavior

They'll espouse and love their Lord and Savior!

MRS. PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON.

[Mrs. Carrie (Scott) Harrison is the daughter of Professor Thomas Scott, D. D., of Oxford, Ohio, where she met in 1850 and married in 1852 her distinguished husband. They were Bible teachers when selected for the high Presidential office, and none of our Chief Executive people have possessed more decidedly biblical characters. Indeed, to her we may say in this regard: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."] (Prov. xxxi, 29.)

'Twas in a social wedding scene,
That God-Incarnate gave them water;
Pure drink brought to the bridal daughter
Made known what marriage now doth mean—
That virtue in the nuptial vow
Stamps temp'rance on each time and station;
Compels, indeed, this commendation,
"But thou hast kept the best till now!"

By this we boast not that these now are best
Of all incumbents that have ever been;
That HOST and MADAME HARRISON here mean
Their White House taste more than what's been to test;
But seems it boasting, as by some, to say:
This Mistress of that Mansion has maintained
The place so pleasing not a soul's complained?
She's stampt impressions that shall more than stay.

She *has* laid plans to help enlarge the place;
Her modes of change high architects commend;
Her practiced life helps real progress lend,
Adding a grandeur and enduring grace.
Her House is still a standard "*Christain Home*,"
Embosoms, yet, both aged and the young;
And not a word from wicked pen or tongue,
Of lisp't complaint hath to deponent come!

From "Abby Adams," down to "Francis C—"
There's found no excellence assigned to fame,
That hath not nourished this new Hostess' name:
Nor will the future's best more faithful be!
But though some turned about their haughty backs
Upon our valiant, browned, and vet'ran braves,
She o'er them grieves; with tears waters their graves,
And could with comforts fill their old napsacks—
Who lisps a line this last Chief Lady lacks!



MRS. PREST. BENJAMIN HARRISON.



PREST. BENJ. HARRISON'S DAUGHTER MARY.
(MRS. MCKEE.)

HARRISON'S DAUGHTER AND HER "BABY MCKEE."

[The family group of age, middle age, early manhood and infancy, from venerable Dr. Scott to the Shoe-dealer's "Baby Boy," from great grand sire to great grandson, must close our White House Sketches now. The following impromptu narrative by one who met the Presidential party at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, in 1891, will perhaps help the readers to feel still more at home with the families in our Federal Mansion whom we choose to be models before the eyes of God and men.] (Read Luke xii, 1-12.)

I never saw that "*Baby*" yet!
 Its MOTHER I have merely seen;
 Her friendly face I can't forget,
 Nor what must mean kind eyes so keen!
 I met her in a motly host,
 With Rocky Mountains waiting round,
 Yet I admired *her manner* most;
 It had a *fitness* so profound.

As we exchanged a chosen word or two,
 While trending slowly through the whirling train,
 I was surprised to hear: "I've heard of you,
 And shall be pleased, if we shall meet again!"
 This is a sample of the pleasing soul,
 Expressing from her very Princess' face,
 The culture of such Christian self-control
 As lends a grandeur to a lady's grace.

When such a white, calm soul is seen, even where
 The populace will push each one his way,
 There is a something so suggestive there
 It seems like sunshine of a lovely day.
 'Tis like her Mother's most enlight'ning mood,
 That moves serene amidst emergencies,
 With God's own impulses supremely good,
 And holding hands of faith fondly in His.

But, I would see the President's grandson!
 Whose sire doth buy and sell good boots and shoes,
 Like Roger Sherman, loved of Washington,
 And not ashamed of what all men shall use;
 Indeed, I want to see "Baby McKee!"
 For if he lives till I have left the stage,
 He'll have to bear "Grand-Pa's big hat," may be,
 And look like "Uncle Sam" our nation's sage!
 God grant the sons and daughters all to see
 And hear our Lord say: "Love and follow Me!"

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Harriet Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, and married Professor Colvin E. Stowe, of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, in 1836. She wrote many entertaining and useful works. The best of which she named "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It illustrated the evils of Slavery and so inspired the love of liberty, that, more than any other one cause, it roused the Rebellion, freed the Slaves and saved the Republic.] (Read The Triumphal Song of Debora in Judges v.)

Of all New England's noted towns,
 Whose women have their worth enhanced,
 And o'er the world earned wide renowns,
 And virtues all divine advanced,
 Old Litchfield fairly owns the lead;
 For HARRIET BEECHER here had birth,
 Who wrote what all men like to read—
 The thoughts that influence all the earth!

When "Uncle Tom's" old-time log "Cabin" came,
 Three breathless students stood abreast and read
 Its columns hung on the high college-frame,
 While seven more stood where to seize their stead.
 How vividly such scenes have ever since
 The value of that book brought into view
 And yet its merits ever more evince,
 Till it hath thrilled all nations, through and through.

The humane world inhales its moral worth;
 It disenthralled the denizens it thrilled;
 It gave to Liberty Lincoln's "new birth," *
 And treason, too, it kindly, truly killed.
 O ! builder of a book so near divine,—
 Whose numerous volumes were none made in vain,
 We reverent look on every book like thine,
 To count the eternal causes they contain.

And so thy works we see will follow thee,
 All filled forever with thy faithfulness;
 From all the races thou hast rendered free,
 Shall millions blend thy memory to bless,
 And generations ceaseless join to say:
 Thanks be to God ! Thy thoughts have been his gift,
 The beauties of thy love their lives obey,
 And every human lot they heavenward lift,
 And swell the measure of thy moral sway,
 Till all oppression shall have passed away !

*See Lincoln's Gettysburg address.



MRS. HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE.



MRS. PREST. WM. MCKINLEY

MRS. WILLIAM MC KINLEY.

[President McKinley was born in 1843, and married Miss Ida Saxton, of Canton, O., in 1871. Her father was an editor and financier, and she helped him in his bank, was intelligent, educated, accomplished and beautiful, well suited to be Major McKinley's wife. They were given two daughters, but one died in infancy, and the other in her fifth year, which bereavement and her father's death, about the same time, filled her cup so full of grief that she became a great and sublime sufferer and very sympathetic toward others in sorrow. Her husband has deeply pitied, loved and honored her. Their conjugal piety is both pathetic and potential before the world. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.]"—(MATT. v:5.)

In former wives of Presidents
 All excellences seem expressed;
 But in the current of events,
 One rises now above the rest
 In meekness of her chastened mind;
 Who, blessing others, is most blest,
 And bids her country to be kind
 To human nature when distressed.

A hallowed pathos round her home appears
 Where she in beauteous well-shared love abides,
 With him who's watched o'er all her wedded years,
 Yet proudly o'er the Nation now presides
 With such capacity and kindness blent
 That he's the wonder of the world to-day,
 While bowing heads beyond the seas are bent
 To hear what this sage President will say.

HIS LADY OF THE WHITEHOUSE leads the van;
 And bears this study-lesson still beyond:
 "Let all men heed this loved, meek-hearted man,
 Who waves to all the world his helping wand!"
 And let their climax thus the list here close,
 With such complaisance, simple and complete,
 That like dear "Sharon's loved and dewy rose,"
 Successors will their perfumes well repeat,
 And help to heal the world of half its woes.



*Yours in haste and heartily,
Thomas Nelson Haskell.*

SOME
WASHINGTON SERMONS

ON
SPECIAL OCCASIONS

PREACHED
BY

REV. T. N. HASKELL, L. H. D.

IN HIS FIRST PASTORATE.

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Duty and Interest.

BY REV. THOMAS NELSON HASKELL.

His First Address in Washington, D. C.
To a full house in Fourth Presbyterian Church,
Thursday evening, May 11, 1854.

TEXT—LUKE XVIII:29.

Jesus said: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house or parents, or brother, or wife, or children for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come everlasting life."

The whole Universe is the rightful domain of God. Its highest good is an object which he invariably pursues. Upon this his heart is set and his purpose fixed, and although he is immutably happy in himself, his happiness is inseparable from this his pursuit. He has no depraved pleasure to gratify—no erring judgment to mislead; his nature and his attributes are such that he may be said to seek the highest good of his creatures and his own happiness follows, or to pursue his own pleasure and the good of a Universe ensues. With him to gratify himself is benevolent, and to seek the good of his Universe is to please himself. And all holy beings in heaven have their wills conformed to this same divine pleasure; this conformity is their duty; its fruit is eternal glory.

It is not thus with finite and fallen man. He has a strong constitutional tendency to self-gratification which misleads him. He also errs in judgment, and often cannot tell what is most for his interest. A voice above him dictates duty; while the cry of selfishness and lust within him is constantly vociferating—ease, comfort, interest; and his meagre judgment, teased to incessant decisions upon matters of mere interest and comfort, is too feeble and too sluggish to render safe and timely verdicts. He has not prescience to penetrate the future and grasp all his interests at a glance; nor to determine what apparent interests will conflict and neutralize each other; and his experience teaches him that momentary gratifications and more protracted pleasures have their inherent bitter and secreted thorns; while the apparent interests of one hour often expel the pleasures of a year, and the slightest gratification may blast his dearest joys. Poor, fallen man! in himself he finds no unerring guide to the true bliss of being. He seems made for happiness; his spontaneous aspirations are toward it; but seeking it he fails. His powers are all finite and his passions derange their action. His reason shines but dimly and his selfishness seeks nothing certain; and his moral sense, that dear daguerreotype of Deity, he has so defaced, it reflects the divine spirit so faintly, that even his involuntary longings lead astray and he finds that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

Self-interest as the ruling end of such finite minds in a world like this must defeat itself. With quick sagacity and large judgment, it may secure the external joys of life; but the deeper, the immortal pleasures of the soul, it cannot gain; it does

not know them; but it forms an aching void it has no power to fill. Thus the selfish man lives in unrest, and often in deep anguish. He seeks his own satisfaction, but is haunted by that selfishness that has made Satan miserable and hell terrible, and in the deep philosophy of his own complainings we read his history: "He lives hard; dies hard; and goes to hell at last." This is the sense in which to seek one's life is to lose it—self-seeking is self-defeat, self-torture, self-destruction; its fruit is bitter, its end is death. And poor human nature, if left to itself, would never act upon any higher principle nor achieve any nobler end. Sad, indeed, is that depravity which thus gropes in the dark without a guide, to develop only a downward destiny. But is there no remedy? And is short-sighted selfish man left without either deliverer or guiding principle that may be trusted? No! As in morals there is one virtue, and in art one true path, so to man's highest welfare there is one true guide, who is the "Way, the Truth and the Life," and He proclaims one ruling principle, which, if adopted, must be successful. It is, Regard for the Government of God—a principle at once reasonable and profitable—so reasonable, indeed, that none but an incarnate God could fully reveal it, and so profitable that it promises the highest joy of this present time and the eternal rewards of a future life. It was announced by the Majesty of the Universe in the person of a self-sacrificing Redeemer, and with such simplicity and assurance as none but a divine mediator could invent or adopt. It is, indeed, an abstract truth, but uttered in a most impressive, tangible form; a general principle, exhibited in specific examples of the most touching character. It is as if the divine Teacher contem-

plated on the one hand the interests of the kingdom of God, and on the other the highest good of every subject—grasping the entire divine government, temporal and eternal, over single hearts and a combined Universe, and blending with it all, the condition of each self-denying person before him, in that most trying of all ages. He at once commended the government of Jehovah and comforted every loyal subject by declaring, after the most solemn assertion of verity, that no man can act from an enlightened sense of duty, a true regard for the government of God, without thereby gaining his highest temporal and eternal welfare; that no man could sacrifice the endearments of home and the society of parents, of a bosom companion, and of even his own offspring, from regard to duty to God and his government, without receiving “manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come everlasting life.” This gives to man an unerring motto—it is Harmony with his Maker—or, in a more general term, which will be more readily received, it is simply Duty. He who adopts this motto, as illumined by the Spirit and the Word of God, will find in the end that he has not gone astray. He may not always understand its meaning; it may even cost him deep and protracted solicitude to know what duty is and bring his mind into intense agony at times; but this very solicitude will be a blessing: it will call into healthy, vigorous exercise both his mental and his moral powers, and it is the earnest of the aid of God. Thus Duty as a motto has many advantages over Interest as the ruling incentive. Duty cultivates both the intellect and conscience; while interest, or selfishness, perverts the judgment and exalts the passions. Duty rectifies the life, purifies the heart,

and it lifts the soul to God. Selfish Interest binds it down to things of sense, folds it in a napkin and buries it in the earth. Duty leads to highest interest, while interest thwarts itself and leads the soul astray forever. Duty sought is interest gained; give it the precedence and they are identical: do as we will they are inseparable. This union of duty and interest—this harmony of the Will of God and the welfare of his creatures—is the doctrine of Jesus Christ in the text. Its truth is readily acknowledged in theory, but generally denied in practice, and like first truths in mathematics, because it is so readily admitted, it is the more difficult satisfactorily to demonstrate; but because it is practically denied, it is more important that it be demonstrated clearly and frequently before the people. It may be established in various ways. Could I portray the particular duties and interests of each individual in this assembly, as they lie adjusted and filed away in the understanding of Omniscience, the union of duty and interest would be apparent; but this is beyond my province. Could we all agree upon any particular theory of accountability, or adopt any one worthy ground of moral obligation, from these we might prove our proposition; but here we would disagree either in theories or the use of terms or misunderstand each other; and I wish to demonstrate it by a variety of principles universally admitted and by general statements which will be felt to be true as soon as uttered and thus in a manifold and progressive manner bring out the relation as a living verity.

It may be clearly and climactically proved, I think, by the following methods:

1. The universally acknowledged attributes of God demand the union of Duty and Interest.

2. The generally admitted characteristics of moral government demand it.

3. The necessary condition and character of moral agents, whoever they may be in earth or heaven, demand it.

4. The mental and moral constitution of man demands it.

5. His general experience in this life demands it.

6. And His combined experience in this and the future life as revealed in the Bible and moral sense of mankind proves it, and so the subject evolves the Immortality of Souls.

(1) The attributes of God—his wisdom, power, righteousness and goodness forbid the separation of duty and interest. To suppose Him unable to devise a system of duties which should be adapted to the highest good of being, and of those beings on whom the duties are imposed, is to suppose defects in the divine capacity and character. To say God could not connect duty and interest is to limit his wisdom and deny his Omnipotence. To say he could do it but would not, is to impeach his justice and deny his benevolence—and thus attribute to God weakness, malevolence and folly. But the human mind would be compelled even then to go back of all its sophistry and in its higher nature, still read the witness of an infinite and perfect God, who can, who does adapt precious interest to righteous action; whose every attribute that goes to constitute him an adorable Deity, renders it impossible for him to institute a plan of obligation that shall not bless willing obedience, vindicate his own authority, and promote the general welfare.

(2) The Nature of Moral government forbids the separation of duty and interest. Deny the union of duty and destiny and we deny the very existence of moral government. This is true, because as we have seen, this union is co-existent with the divine Governor; and were there no moral Governor there could be no moral government. Moreover, the idea of right asserts that laws binding on a responsible agent must be adapted to the good of being; that this is not general merely but universal; that such must be the laws binding on all the human race; that not a duty has been imposed on one individual in this audience, nor on one responsible agent in the wide universe, from the most exalted Seraph to the lowest fiend, which it was not his interest to perform, and that by disobedience he wronged his own soul. No just conception of the true idea of moral government can be formed and omit this principle. To conceive of moral government without it, is the same as to conceive of an object of thought without characteristic, element or essence. The idea of control by mere power may exist, but not of moral government, unless all power is moral and might makes right. Therefore, to deny this union of duty and destiny is to deny there is moral legislation.

(3) Deny this principle and we also exclude moral agents. Not only does this follow from the fact it excludes moral government, because moral government implies both the governed and the Governor; but a responsible being, whose duties and interests conflict, is seen in himself to be a contradiction. We may conceive of one whose interests are disregarded; we may conceive of him obligated to another; but we cannot conceive of him thus related to the second in both these points

of disregard and obligation; or, if we can conceive of both in one, we revolt at ascribing such a being to God as his author, and cannot deem him a subject of moral government. Whoever may have made such an anomaly, we feel assured a wise and benevolent God could not; and thus we would be driven for even the umbrage of existence to some old doctrine of uncreated devils or to some creed of Atheistic pantheism, which necessarily denies all true obligation and neutralizes right and wrong.

(4) The Constitution of Man, and his conscious experience on this subject, forbid the separation of duty and interest. This is involved in the fact that he belongs to the general class of moral agents, of whom I have just spoken, and it also follows thus: Every man is conscious of acting—of acting more or less upon his interest. This accords with his general experience and the ready perception of acts and ends related. The smallest physical act affects the physical frame, the least mental act varies the intellectual tone, the slightest moral act affects the moral nature; hence, every act lays hold of interest with a ruthless or a renovating hand; and the effects of a single act can no more be numbered than the issues of a fundamental truth. Moreover, these demand succession and duration. The acts of to-day affect the interests of to-morrow; the acts of childhood reach the interests of three-score years; and those of any moment may modify a life. Indeed, one's earliest duties cannot be severed from his latest temporal interests; and we are prepared to go farther and assert, with the doctrine of individual immortality, that they cannot be severed from the latest interests of his future state of being. This is taught with some emphasis by the analogy of act upon

effect in both mind and matter, as they unite in man. One physical act is often seen to affect the body through its lifetime. Is not the like true of mind—true in morals? May not one act of the human soul affect the spirit through its time of living also? This must be true; for not only is there some analogy here, and in the appetites of the body and desires of the soul in so far as habit is increasingly controlling in each, and most emphatically so in mind, but it is Spirit makes the man, gives to him identity and, aside from redemption by Christ, is his only hold on immortality. He throws off his frame of flesh and bones at least each dozen years, but mind makes him still the man—the same identical though changing man; and he feels, he knows, he is the same being who acted years ago and must act ages hence. To him in this sense, as possessing a continuous personal identity and responsibility, do we trace each act which we can approve or blame; and to him thus belong the highest interests for which he toils or prays, and the first duty of such a being just active in accountable existence, may affect the latest interests of the closing day of his endless life. The present duties and the ultimate interests of a responsible person cannot be separated; every moment he is treading springs that open avenues to the wide universe and to eternity, and touching chords that vibrate beyond the veil. Does any, then, suppose his duties not related to his total welfare? He has adopted a supposition which defames God, denies the idea of moral law and accountable subjects, and compels him to conclude his own want of a creative cause and to infer his non-existence. Personal and public interests cannot be secured without regard to duty. General and final interest

is not irrelevant to present and personal obligation? It were far wiser to infer effects without a cause, or consequents, at least, without their antecedents. No system of philosophy, nor code of morality, was ever known to claim fully and prominently the hypothesis on which so many act incessantly, of interest irrelevant to duty. Even Epicurus claimed their union, while he reversed their order and perverted their relations. Any ethical teacher who would openly defend or profess their separation would be justly "damned to fame," and the moral sense of mankind and the Universe would cry out against him. Not only do the ideas of law, morality and God demand this union of duty and interest, but the goodness and the greatness, too, of God beam kindly from this truth that He has not severed our duties from our interests; that to do our duty is to secure our welfare—to act always under all circumstances from a controlling regard for the divine government, (which seeks the highest good of souls, of society, of the Universe,) is to develop a glorious personal and immortal destiny. This does not necessarily teach the happiness theory of virtue, nor that virtue is its own reward merely, and vice its own retributor, but rather that virtue must be encouraged and vice punished. It does not conflict with the doctrines of redemption, assisting grace and saving faith, but calls the whole family of Christian doctrines to its support. The Saviour said: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." His Apostle also declares "godliness is great gain" and "profitable unto all things having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

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(5) The general experience of men of this world has originated the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," and this carried out would lead to the highest possible union of duty and interest; for perfect honesty with God is the highest possible good to any accountable being, and no man can be honest who disregards the unerring will of his Maker. Experience and observation generally prove that man's highest interest cannot be found out of the path of duty. Christianity, with its civilization and sound morality, everywhere demonstrates the same principle. The experience of men in all lands and ages proves it. Here the public eye may often see a poor child cradled in the lap of sorrow, creeping from some unnamed obscurity, launched upon the sea of life when all seems inauspicious, wafted only by the cold love of strangers and the impulse of a heartless world; yet perchance, parentless and penniless, homeless and comfortless, his star of destiny—an inwrought sense of duty—bears him ever onward, through day time and darkness, through peace and peril, through opposition, scorn and severest trials, until finally he stands out a triumphant noble man, reared in fittest time for some specific crisis. This age and our own country have among our public servants and private citizens many such examples, and scarcely a period of human history is without them. The sixteenth century led forth a master spirit of the age from the hearth of a poor German miner, through the halls of a dark cloister, to head the movement that should emancipate the minds of millions and draw back the curtains of the middle ages. It was a noble honesty, an imperative sense of duty that led the Reformer on from singing his "paneum propter Deum," from perusing the pages of a

chained Bible to the public defense of the truth, and the ultimate triumphs of his life. Still farther back are noble specimens. From a very ancient History, genuine and most authentic, I got the following facts: Some six hundred years before the Christian era an Oriental king erected in a vast plain a colossal statue, made of gold which he had gained by conquests. It was an imposing specimen of art, standing, with its pedestal, more than a hundred feet high in the interior of the public grounds. The king designed this image (of himself, perhaps) for the god of nations, and summoned the princes and subjects of all his provinces to its dedication. He had previously ravished sacred temples, sacked opulent cities and led their citizens into captivity. Among his captives were three or four well educated young men, but peculiarly endowed with that incessant whisper of an Omnipresent God which we call Conscience. They were soon raised by their integrity and the most striking providences from the condition of captives to members of the king's court. Their success, however, made them the objects of envy (and this is common); the other members of the court attacked their choicest virtues (and this is not unusual), and urged the proclamation of a royal edict which should compel them to worship the king's golden god. The proclamation was made, and on the set day, convened a countless host around the metallic deity. The king, arrayed in royalty, his courtiers in their robes of state, all were there. The imperial band of music was present. The day was fine, the scenery—everything was fair and fascinating. Each eye glowed with gladness, each heart beat with bold enthusiasm. The orchestra commenced their choicest music, and the whole host bowed in

adoration of the lifeless god before them. But those three young men, from regard to the Government of the living God, do not join in the royal worship. True, every argument that can be drawn from mere apparent interest is in favor of engaging for once at least in this base but popular idolatry; but they stake their very lives on the principles of obedience to God, whatever be the issue. The sequel you all remember. Oft have you stood beside the burning fiery furnace as those true men fall down, bound, among the embers; and you can see, now, the Fourth, the King of kings, the Son of God, leading them out to more than their former welfare, while their envious rivals are themselves the victims. Such experience in kind, if not in degree, of both the malicious and the upright, is common in all ages, though not universal. It is objected with justness that there are exceptions to this argument from general experience in this world; that otherwise sorrow and affliction would be here just in proportion to the sufferer's guilt, and that all persons equally guilty would have, in this life, equal trials, which is seen not to be true. There are those who may truly say, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable," who for their regard for duty stand alone, "despised and rejected of men;" distrusting themselves and always sifting their motives, they pass on through life, "men of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and may even be left to exclaim in their last extremity, "My God! My God; Why hast thou forsaken me!"

(6) This leads me, in conclusion, to cap the climax and include our whole being for "this present time and the world to come." The combined experience of this and the future life proves this

Union of Duty and Interest in every case. As Jesus implies, there are no exceptions. Let us, then, take one example of a man of trials here, but who has been revealed to men as among the immortals. Some three thousand years ago there stood among the mountains of Arabia, a poor man, without a Bible or a Christian friend. He was born a slave, but by strange coincidents was raised a royal heir. From a sense of duty, however, he forsook all, preferring afflictions with the people of God to pleasures of sin for a season. He stood there one day, stark and lone, thinking of his choice and the condition of his kinsmen, who were despoiled the right to worship God. Before him stood a burning bush, in flames yet unconsumed; beneath him there was holy ground, and the very hills were vocal with the voice of God. The scene was solemn, and he hid his face, while he heard the great I Am proclaim the holiness of the place and call him to a most dangerous, self-denying mission. He obeyed, witnessed those awful judgments on Egyptian lords, led that tedious march of some forty years through Arabian wilds and burning sands, till at length he stood an aged, weary man, upon a mountain summit, and gazed across upon the promised land, which he might never enter—and there in solitude he died, his very grave unknown, without seeing a single soul in the land of promise, the grand object of fifty years' incessant and heart-crushing toil. Thus he lived, thus he died. Had he chosen royalty and praises of his fellowmen, he might have lived in luxury, perhaps a king; had he persisted at the burning bush in claiming he was "slow of speech" and much preferred to stay at home with Jethro's maids and Midian herds, he might have lived in domestic peace and pleasure

of a selfish kind; but to human view, Israel's sons had died away in servitude, Abraham's promise been rejected by the very ones to whom it fell, and the world yet unredeemed. Now, how is it? That poor and harrassed man, though in appearance he had known few peaceful hours in life or comforts in his death, is now in heaven, and, while thirty-six hundred years have lapsed, he has enjoyed its blessedness, and myriads of happy souls, the trophies of his life, have made the heavenly arches ring with Moses' song prefixed to nobler anthems of the Lamb. In him we see the proposition proved. Let me give one example of the more self-sacrificing sex:

MRS. ARNOLD OF AFRICA.

I knew a youth, a widow's only child,
Of noble form and earnest mood, and eye
That spoke the truth and told how deep and full
The wells of thought and kindness in her soul.
Oft was she known to toil till late at night
To meet her mother's wants. By day she walked
Two weary miles to school and paid the large
Tuition fees herself. She struggled on,
For years, and daily learned "how good it is
To suffer and be strong." At length she gained
The height of woman's best renown, and stood
Unconscious of the praise that clusters round
Her name, and gave the rare but lovely sight
Of highest learning leaning on the cross
And consecrated to the highest ends.
Before her avenues to rare success
Were numberless, and honors, such as men
Can seldom gain, were leaning to her hand;
And chances various to move in walks
Of highest life were hers; but from
Them all she turned, and went to Mendian shades

To teach the stupid sons of Ham "to look
And live." For months she taught them joyfully
And ever seemed in sight of heaven—but soon—
Too soon, alas! within a bamboo hut,
She pressed a bed of death, and there, where all
Men speak the truth, she breathed her dying words,
Exclaiming with the raptures of a saint,
"How good to spend a life for God and die
Enfolded in his arms!" And would you know
The full fruition of her Soul? From now
Ten million years it may be learned in part!
Such lives are teachers of all coming time,
And such a death should teach us how to die.

Immortality.

BY REV. T. N. HASKELL

His First Sabbath Sermon in Washington City.
Delivered to a crowded house in Dr. Sunderland's Church, with
President and Mrs. Pierce and many public men attentive.
Sunday morning, May 14, 1854.

TEXT—JOB XIV:14.

“If a man die, shall he live again.”

From this very ancient question let us now inquire after our Immortality and its Issues here.

Life in Nature is very abundant and various and exceedingly interesting in all its varieties. It is found in some things that are destitute of sensation, and is seen in all creatures of sense and consciousness. It is a subtle and sublime mystery in all its manifestations; yet its phenomena are distinct and reveal in every phase the wisdom of adaptation that is undeniably and, I might say, undoubtedly divine. No sane man can look at the good designs in life and say, “There is no God.” Even in vegetation, in its lowest forms, there is an appropriate aim toward which the entire organism is directed, and the vitality passes on as if ordained to be useful and perpetual. In sensitive beings of the animal kingdom, the vital principle appears in higher forms and fitted to superior

ends—and is transmissive in them also from generation to generation, though in each animate thing when life has fulfilled its end the vitality is exhausted and death ensues. This life, in its origin, development and death, in even unconscious vitality, is wonderfully well. God, himself, looks on it and says: "It is very good!"

In beings of both sense and consciousness, life is still more complicated and interesting, and its manifestations are more subtle and sublime.

The order of animals which possess genuine consciousness of being distinct from the visible world are not as numerous probably as are generally supposed. It can be asserted positively of none inferior to man. To him we look for the phenomena of a higher life, having consciousness of definite personality. We conceive of life in man in his best estate as vitality in its noblest type in connection with material nature. He is more fitly adapted to a life of a higher order and better duration than the inferior animals and the most useful and beautiful fruits and flowers; and we can easily conceive of him so constituted that without accident or violence his life should be endless. But observation and experience teach us that our tendencies to live and die are not now balanced, and as we see the threads of vitality giving way, one by one, and the hand of death feeling after our very heart strings, we exclaim, "Man, too, is mortal!" and ask with much anxiety: "If a man die shall he live again?" If this material form of the sensations of which I am so conscious, should die, is there in me a higher self of which I am also conscious which shall still live; which is in itself and in the purpose of its Divine Author adapted to an endless life? These inquiries are spontaneous. While with

one hand we unloose the bonds of temporal existence, with the other we grasp for a future life and our longings lay hold on immortality.

The text inquires after this future life and leads to the conclusion that we have every one entered upon a career of ceaseless personal being, and that we shall never lose our personal identity and accountability, but must henceforth forever sustain important relations to God and accountable fellow creatures. From these points let me now proceed to present the immortality of the soul and its present options for the future state of being. "If a man die, shall he live again?" If, so, where and how? And is this life the probationary preface for the next one?

In speaking of the immortality of the human soul, we need first to define two or three of the more important words which we have to use. The Soul itself we may think of as the rational spiritual substance in man which distinguishes him from material objects and from "the brutes that perish" and which makes him accountable to a moral Governor for all his voluntary acts. Immortality may mean a continued personal and accountable existence of this sort. It is applicable only to that in a living being which does not die. The everlasting God is immortal and eternal—self-sustained and source of all. That power within us which asserts our own individuality and seems destined to arise and in the dignity of a personal consciousness avow its continuous existence, is the immortal soul. More, how your own soul seems ever uttering the mysterious name of its Heavenly Father—"I Am, I Am." I have been! I shall be! This conscious personal being within you, you observe, is not the moving, aching, quivering and

constantly changing nerves, bones and muscle; the soul is not the body—the Soul is an agent; the body is an instrument. The Soul is the tenant, the body the tenement. The soul is spiritual, and perceives, thinks, determines, loves, hates, pities, sorrows, regrets, rejoices, without evincing a single attribute of matter. The body comes up as a marvelous accompaniment of this conscious Soul; but with none of the attributes of mind. There is an impassable barrier between the two modes of being, matter and spirit, and the one can never become the other, however nearly they may be brought into contact. Even the *zoen* or life of vegetable and animal nature is a thing super-added to the bare wood and flesh, and much more is the *psuken* or soul of man superior to the material body in which it here subsists as the Sovereign—saying to the body, “Do this! and it doeth it,” and by its motions makes out its round of changes from the cradle to the grave. While the soul is thus continually building up and tearing down this house of clay and is conscious of its frail tenure, the body knows nothing, asserts nothing; but the soul knows, wishes, hopes and fears; fears death, but cannot die; dreads the future, but longs for immortality; dislikes the present and ruminates upon the past and is so constituted as to be conscious of the fact that it must live and act and remember forever. In the power of its own consciousness it must henceforth assert, “I live.” If a man die in the flesh he shall still live in the spirit.

(1) We ought first to notice that there is no valid presumption against a man's future existence. As there is no presumptive evidence against the existence of God, so there is none against the immortality of the soul, either in matter, mind or in

morals. But Nature is full of hints of immortality, and Revelation makes it real. Beginning with the Source of being, we find:

(2) The Character of God demands man's immortality. God has unbounded skill—"His understanding is infinite." But it were no mark of wisdom to make men for only what they experience in this world—to make the choicest diamonds to turn to dust in a day—his noblest work, the human mind, to die in the dissolution of the body and have no duration adequate to the dignity of its nature. God is good; his benevolence shines from the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the retreating storm, and is sung by the seasons and breathed in the fragrance of the flowers; and if benevolent, he must delight in the prolonged existence of a personal being capable of thinking over the thoughts of his Maker and Heavenly Father.

(3) The Government of God as the Eternal Ruler cannot be realized without his subjects are immortal. The principles of his government are perpetual and imply an everlasting application to accountable subjects, as if in ordaining the laws of obligation the Lord himself contemplated the immortality of his accountable creatures, and justice is not completed in our experience of this life. It requires the adjustments of "the world to come."

(4) The Analogies of Nature are all against spiritual annihilation. Not an atom of matter even can be proven to have been annihilated. The vapor, that vanishes to the hill tops, turns about and hastens again to the valley or courses its way through the veins of vegetable and animal nature; it is never annihilated. The gases even that are the most volatile elect their associates and unite to form air or penetrate the very pores of iron and

harden it into steel or soften it into its rusty oxides. Material nature is in mutation, we admit, but may not in a single atom have ever yet been annihilated. Mind is nobler than matter; why should it not continue forever.

(5) The Whole Scheme of Nature seems in a sense aimless and incomplete unless we suppose the Souls of men are immortal; that they are the crowning part of Nature's works, and made, indeed, to study and enjoy the works of God and the wonders of his providence forever. What a loss, to say the least, if nature is not, as it were, set apart for man's personal comprehension and increase in knowledge, that he might appear, even to the end, as capping the climax of created nature and continuing to contemplate his Creator and his works that cease not.

(6) The Soul in its own Constitution is abundantly fitted for immortality, but it does not and cannot meet that fitness in this short life as a full and final development. Its Reason adapts it to eternal and necessary truth, such as must forever continue were everything else extinguished, as, for example: God is infinite and perfect and ought to be loved and obeyed; benevolence is right and malevolence is wrong. Now the Soul is consciously suited to such truths which are immutable, and will always be suited to them, if it be immortal. Its judgment fits it for the study of eternal objects in their wisely ordained relations. Its Affections may be centered on God, who is eternal, and on the subjects of his moral government, which is forever. The Will of man is made capable of rapid and incessant choosing and may forever exercise its preferences and the heart obey its predominant choices. The Whole Soul feels conscious of being

more than it seems, of having hopes and fears that reach beyond the veil, of having desires insatiate by earth, aspirations unmet by time, and a conviction that its truest, highest destiny is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.

The Soul evinces powers adapted to Endless Progression, energies which if sanctified would develop into an undying godlikeness, and these energies and powers the most apparent often in the feeblest body and nearest its dissolution; and it often seems throbbing hither and thither and yearning like the crysalis to burst its casement and soar away in its second state of being. Its Moral and Religious nature, both presage immortality to their possessor. Remorse may be incessant to a conscious sinner able to recall the past, unless God interpose to stop the power of conscience, and he has given no indication that he will ever relieve the unpardoned soul of its compunctions.

The Idea of Right seems drawn, in part at least, from a conceived of undying future in which good and evil dispositions shall develop their true results. We feel called to do right by the laws of eternity applied to us individually, and the same conscious accountability seems natural to the Soul, whether in or out of the body. The Conscience not only sits in judgment on the soul's activities as right or wrong, but its judicial office would cease if it did not make its appeal to the higher tribunal of eternity, saying: "There is an infinite and perfect God who has established these rules of rectitude, and all men have to do with Him forever." Thus the whole soul feels conscious of being made for converse with that which is eternal. The human race generally has this feeling, as indicated by the Universal Tendency to Worship, and the existence

of this tendency indicates eternal years to man as immortal and accountable, or else a useless expenditure and waste of fitness in his mental constitution. Every sane man feels conscious of a continuous personal identity with these attributes, aspirations and convictions. He knows he is the same being who acted yesterday—and continues to act as one personally accountable, and presages to himself an endless future in every moment of which he will be accountable for all his former acts. Thus the Whole Soul in its various manifestations seems made for eternity and God, and the entire race of sinners are spontaneously feeling after a pure and perfect Deity to appease or with whom to hold conscious communion. Now, why is this, unless the soul is made for the immortality to which it is so solemnly and sublimely suited?

(7) There is, therefore, a strong Historical argument for the immortality of the human mind; because all men seem to have believed in it. It is undeniable that the human race have generally held this doctrine. The few assumed exceptions have never been well established. Atticus in Cicero is heard to say: "*Me nemo de immortalitati depellet*"—no man shall drive me from immortality! Seneca says: "I took pleasure to inquire into the immortality of the soul and even to believe it. I resigned myself to so glorious a hope, for now I begin to despise the remains of a broken constitution as of a being soon to remove into that immensity of space and into the possession of endless ages." Even professed Atheists have uncontrollable misgivings about the next day after dying. If unable at death to imitate Webster in exclaiming, "I still live!" they do at least declare: "I am taking a leap in the dark!" and their journey may be as endless as if

into a pit that has no bottom. A bitter skeptic of New England begged his wife not to let him be buried in a wet grave, exclaiming, as he died: "I dread dissolution and cannot bear the thought of to-morrow! Where shall I be to-morrow!" Even annihilationists act as though they anticipated a sentient existence after death, and with all their efforts to the contrary they cannot do otherwise. The historical argument seems conclusive. It could not be thus if man were not indeed immortal, with no element of deception in his Divine Maker. Benighted savages believe so firmly in man's susceptibility to live and suffer after death that they have been known to offer indignities to the dead bodies of their enemies, and it is justly doubted whether there has ever been a thinking man entirely insensible of his endless immortality and obligations to his God and fellow creatures.

(8) But suppose men could be wholly divested of this belief, the Result would be the strongest argument yet adduced in its favor. The Influence of the doctrine of Immortality is salutary and almost entirely so; but the denial of it brings only darkness and degradation. How sad is the condition of that man who denies the immortality of his family? Take him to the bedside of his dying child—to its coffin, its grave. What can he say there? "That idol of my heart—that dear child, last week playing about me so full of thought and hope, buoyancy and beauty, is now no more! Its lifeless body must soon be buried. That is not my child! O where, tell me, where is that beautiful creature now? Is it nothing, and nowhere? Oh, tell me is it immortal?" Yes, if even a child die it shall live again. Hear the inspired king of Israel rejoicing in the immortality of his little infant, saying:

"Though he shall not come to me, I shall go to him." Go to the houses of mourning in your midst to-day, and how sensibly you will stand on the verge of eternity and almost instinctively sigh, O that I were holy in heaven! "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted—for we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Cheering immortality! Does it come to me by strength of reason? No. I felt that I was immortal before I reasoned of immortality. Plato reasoned long and well and only proved that with reason he might hope to live again. Before he reasoned he could assert, "I live," and the original tendencies of mind had more to do with his hope to "live again" than did his abstract reasoning. The voice of the immortal God seems echoing in every mind made in his own image, and says: "I am," "I shall be"—while the body changes, dies, still I am; and like the tree described by Job in the chapter of the text, though the trunk be cut down, still the root shall live and shoots of immortal vigor shall rise and flourish forever. This immortality is implied in all the commands of God by Moses, is taught by the translation of Enoch and Elijah, and was doubtless stamped as a transmissive conviction on the souls of our first parents, whence the whole race have inherited it, not so much the fruit of individual intuitions indeed as a direct revelation from the mind of God. So God seems speaking directly to every soul, saying, "There is an eternity before you!"

(9) But the most effectual argument for our immortality is yet untouched: That is the evidence drawn from the Separate Existence of Mind, and

especially from the resurrection of the dead, after a distinct existence of the soul, as taught in the sacred Scriptures. There have been unquestionable trances where it was difficult to say whether the mind was in or out of the body, dreams also, and somnambulists suggest in similar manner the mind's immortality, as acting independent of the body and supreme over even its necessary rest and suspended action. The inspired record also says that some departed spirits came again into their dead bodies; that they were miraculously raised to life, restored to their friends and "appeared unto many." But there is no case of the kind so conclusive as the death and life again of Jesus Christ, which he had often foretold, and were afterwards certified by official testimony and many most credible witnesses, and precisely as he predicted. To this continued life of Christ the ancient Saints looked forward with hope, saying to God: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer thy Holy One to see corruption. Because He lives I shall live, also." "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see as my own and not as a stranger." In view of Christ's resurrection and immortality, the Apostles taught "there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust, and they shall all, both small and great, stand before God and give an account of the deeds done in the body." Christ himself had told them: "The hour is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation." He also held audible communion with Moses and Elias, who had departed this life

centuries before, and they "talked with him about his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem," and "the glory that should follow." When dying on the Cross, he said to the penitent thief in like agony: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," and he appeared opening heaven to receive his first martyr, Stephen; thus proving our immediate entrance upon life again in the Spirit world. Here, then, we come to our completest confidence: Christ has risen indeed and brought life and immortality to light, and death is an immediate transition into another life. Even his vivid account of the rich man and Lazarus reveals the fact that "if a man die he shall live again," and illustrates the immortality of all men in its immediate and continuous personality, reaching high as heaven, deep as hell and far as the word "everlasting." In the august judgment scene at "the end of the world," when the influence of all our acts can be fully exhibited he assembles the whole race before him and separates the righteous from the wicked, saying: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Such accounts include all men, and individually each of us. So here I declare:

"Heaven and Earth

Shall pass away; but that which thinks within
thee

Must think forever; that which feels must feel;

Thou art, and canst never cease to be!

What then are time, life, death, the world to thee?

I may not answer! Ask Eternity!"

In that deep, deep Future, Reason and Revelation unfold two contrasted destinies, optional and determined here. This probationary life is the preparatory preface for the next, and at some times

in this we stand at the divergent point and choose between future roads, knowing their divergence is forever. One is an immortality of "enmity against God," as full of suffering as it is of sin. The other is the "life eternal" in the love and joy of God which is "unspeakable and full of glory." "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Now, can any sentence or earthly symbol set forth to us the full significance of our choosing here between being the future children of a guilty Satan or of God our Saviour? The one is such a severance of our souls from their highest cumulative good—from God in Christ, as to be called "the second death," or "eternal damnation," by our Divine Lord; and the other is such a catching up into heaven as shall surpass the power of all human tongues to tell. The choice between these has been upon man individually and collectively in every age unto this hour. From the first man in Eden to the last one to leave this earth is heard God's gracious pleading upon this great and everlasting issue. His appeals to Adam on his infinite future were personal and as plain as they were paternal and pathetic. Later Moses said to each one in the assemblies of Israel: "See, I have set before thee, this day, life and good, and death and evil; in that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his way and to keep his commandments. I call heaven and earth to record that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore, choose life, that thou and thy seed may live." Joshua next said to his congregation: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Again, in David,

God said: "To-day, after so long a time, if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts; for now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." He still later said by his prophets: "Say unto them, as true as I live, saith the Lord, I delight not in the death of the wicked. Turn ye; turn ye, for why will ye die." Soon Jesus himself said to the impenitent Jews: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life," and in the last Book of the Bible He said: "Behold, I stand at your door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me. Lo, The Spirit and the Church say, come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Such offers and entreaties cannot be rejected with impunity. You are dealing with God and He demands you heed Him now, and choose for eternity. J. Addison Alexander, of blessed memory, said:

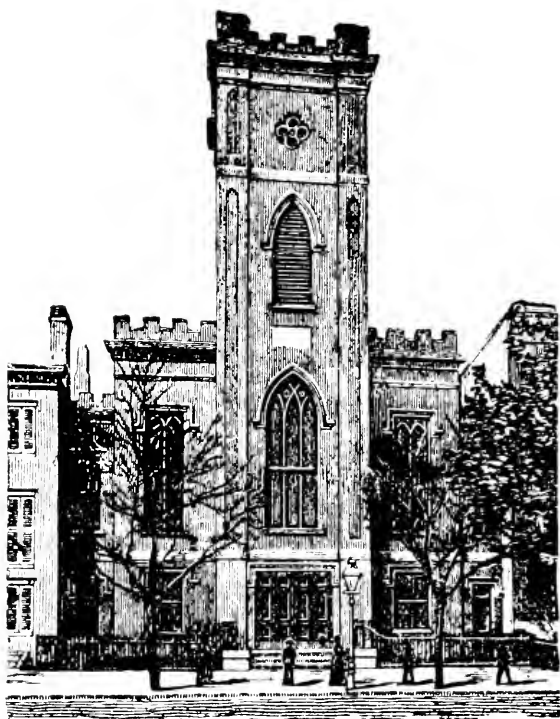
"There is a time, we know not when,

A place, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth,
It does not quench the beaming eye
Nor pale the glow of health;
The conscience may be still at ease
The Spirits light—and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God hath set
Indellibly a mark
Unseen by man; for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
And yet the doomed man's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed.
He did not, does not, would not know
Nor feel that he is doomed.
He knows, or feels, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed but damned!
O where is that mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.
How long may man go on in sin?
How long can God forbear!
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair!
An answer from the Skies is sent:
Ye who from God depart,
'While it is called to-day, repent
And harden not your heart!'



THE WESTERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
H ST. BET. NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
REV. T. N. HASKELL, FIRST PASTOR

Hope, The Soul's Anchor.

HASKELL'S FIRST SERMON TO HIS OWN WASHINGTON PEOPLE
IN A UNITED AFTERNOON ASSEMBLY,

Sunday, May 14, 3 p. m., 1854,

In the Western Presbyterian Church,

Then a white Wooden building near the National Observatory;
afterwards sold through Philip Barton Key and Caleb Cushing,
for the first Free School in the Federal City:

Mr. Haskell's Brick Church was built that year with square tower
on H. Street near the President's House:

See his Sermons at its dedication.

TEXT—HEBREWS VI:19.

"Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul."

My Dear People: I have come to you to preach the glad tidings of Salvation, and in every way possible to serve you as a Christian leader and teacher. During the last term of my ten years of preparatory study, negotiations were tendered for my early settlement in Patterson, New Jersey; in Stapleton, Staten Island; Oneonta and Rochester, New York, and in New York City itself; but when your committee sought me in my room in Union Theological Seminary, and set your wants and wishes before me and soon sent me money to come unto you, I set myself apart unreservedly to serve you in this famous Federal City; and the first day after graduation (last Tuesday) I came to live, labor and die (D. V.) among you. I am here, Thank God, "with a sane mind in a sound body," both buoyant and happy, and, led by Him, I hope to lead you into green pastures and beside the still

waters, here, and unto heavenly mansions hereafter. You see how, after three days' visiting among you, I esteem, trust and love you, and am very expectant and hopeful, and have been, to date, persevering. I have therefore taken "Hope" as the subject of this my first sermon in the Western Presbyterian Church of Washington City, as its first pastor. Some of you heard me speak in Dr. Sunderland's Church this morning upon the "Immortality of the Soul" and its impending issues; that, supposing this an optional or probationary state, we here write our future life preface, and have the privilege of choosing a glad immortality that is "unspeakable and full of glory."

It is this Blessed Christian Hope as the Soul's anchor, that I have taken for my subject, and it is pretty fully described by the Apostle Paul himself in these words: "We have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us—in the Gospel—which hope we have as an anchor of the Soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made our High Priest forever." The chief object of thought here is such a religious experience and rational prospect of a blessed immortality as shall give us continual safety and increasing comfort and joy forever. It includes also the ideas of human peril in general and of the Christian's Hope in particular, and is very suggestive of that voyage of life which we are now making and the heavenly haven of blissful immortality which we hold in vivid expectation through our oft-tempest-tost journey.

We are all voyagers out upon the sea of time. Our barks are frail, the wind and waves are boist-

erous and we are sailing toward unknown shores, hidden by misty vails through which our vision cannot penetrate. Other navigators have made the same voyage, but do not return to give accounts of their passage and describe the rocks and shoals hidden by the fogs and beneath the waves' dashing. The Apostle considered our condition and comes to our rescue. He opens a port of "refuge" and brings to our frail bark, bounding upon the billows, both the anchor and Pilot without which we would perish, and tells us: "We have strong consolation if we will lay hold of the hope set before us," which shall be a sure and steadfast anchor for our Souls. He introduces to us personally Jesus as our pilot and forerunner, who can hush the winds and the waves and walk on the turbulent waters, and has penetrated the darkest fog banks of nature and of nations and entered into the Holy of Holies in Heaven for us, and so is divinely suited to inspire us with peace and safety. The Apostle's language, you see, is very forcible and figurative. He represents the spiritual by the material; the invisible by that which is seen and tangible. He calls hope an anchor; represents the future world as separate and hidden from us; says Jesus takes the Christian's hope-anchor in through the hiding veil and fastens it securely to his Father's Throne; which is as firm as the pivot of the Universe, far more stable than Gibraltar.

While we should not take figures of speech further than their authors intended, it is well to use the full, legitimate import of this passage. The ship anchor is very often shown, and worn even, as a symbol. Yet, though it is so familiar and used to signify the hope of the Soul, it is neither beautiful nor very costly, but is cheering and in-

spiring. Its usefulness is its chief excellence, and its associations with peril and deliverance throw a rich enchantment about its name, its form and its office. The material of which it is made is abundant; it lies unobserved in our hills and valleys; flows incessantly in health-giving solution from mineral fountains, and forms a part of our blood that is now coursing in our veins. Iron is among God's most important material gifts to man, and the anchors made of it are His symbols of steadfastness and safety. Shall we now think of the thing signified by this sign?

I. What seems to be the nature and evolution of a Christian's Hope as the Soul's anchor?

II. How can we make it lay hold on Immortality "both sure and steadfast?"

III. How important is this Religious Hope that reaches into Heaven?

I.

The Nature and Evolution of Hope are plainly suggested by the material, make and uses of its nautical symbol; also it is clearly revealed to our consciousness by our longings and efforts to realize them; and further set forth by the inspired language of the Bible, which describes it, and lyric poetry, which paints it in sunbeams and rainbows and pours it into Paradise, till the very bosom of God, our Father, is impassioned. Hope's highest expression here is in our Sacred Hymns, so James Russell Lowell says gently:

"God wills; man hopes. In common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the Poet's message rolls
A blessing to his kind."

Even the prosy anchor made from bog iron is pressed into this sublime poetic service till it blends

with peans of sacred bliss and buoys our hopes beyond expression. From the bog ore in the marshes to the polished shafts of machinery and the shining blades of Damascus, poetry makes the anchor's material and usefulness illustrate the processes of hope's evolution to its highest achievements in the lives and prospects of God's most progressive people. Man cannot make the material of the anchor or of the hope which it illustrates; but he can, at will, modify, improve, apply and employ them. He must change the bog ore into unsightly pig iron and refine this into the finished symbol of Salvation, with its arms, flukes, cable and cross-bar, and then he must have it on ship-board in storm and sunshine, to be used in the right time and way to insure safety. So Christian Hope often comes from miasmatic swamps and marshes of society; from sloughs of despond, even, and quagmires of sinful doubt and depravity, and is modified and made over by melting, refining, shaping and polishing with the appliances of the Gospel, till no sailor standing by his anchor and eagerly longing for the ocean, could equal the saintly believer leaning upon the same symbol and looking heavenward.

And in the Christian's longings, unutterable, we see that his Hope has two blended experiences—Desire and Expectation. If these are well suited and healthy, no terrors can daunt him nor tempests destroy him. He is “hungering and thirsting for righteousness and shall be filled.” His expectations are based upon the promises and purposes of God and will be realized, beyond what he can ask or think, and heaven will be his home. Nothing short of this can satisfy the hopes of men who feel destined to immortality.

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast;

Man never is, but always to be blest;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

A rational religious hope has the "powers of an endless life" and, laying hold on immortality, it cannot rely on things of time and sense that perish with the using, and so is satisfied only with enduring and appropriate good. All hope must have some object, which it desires and expects to obtain. Coleridge says:

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without some Object cannot live."

Hope varies in character according as its objects are real or imaginary, ennobling or debasing, enduring or transient, delusive or satisfying; and it differs in degrees according to the vagueness or intensity of its desires and expectations. If these are unreasonable and perverse, hope will degenerate into lust and envy. Then under its influence life becomes sensual, dreamy, sometimes insane and even devilish, dragging down through doubt to despair. But a steadfast and sure Pauline hope is the noblest possible development of life in this and the future world. It "seeks first the Kingdom of God and righteousness like his, and all other good is included." Hence the signs of a sure religious hope are such as these:

First—A firm belief in God; "for he that cometh unto God, must believe that he is, and is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him."

Second—Belief in the Immortality of the Soul and its eternal accountability to God, its Maker; for we have to do with Him and his creatures forever.

Third—Belief that we are all Guilty before God and condemned by the universal conscience; that

under this conscious condemnation we must continue, unless we "be converted and our sins blotted out." (Acts iii., 19.)

Fourth—Belief that we may be Saved from our sins by Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save just such sinners; for God says "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin," and "he is the end of the Law for righteousness unto all them that believe." "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed."

Fifth—Belief that God can be Just and Justify us, if we are sorry for our sins and accept of Christ as our Saviour from them. Every one of us may be saved in that way; for God says that "Christ tasted death for every man that cometh into the world, and He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him." But Christ said, "No man will come unto me except the Father (by His spirit) draw him." Hence

Sixth—Belief in the Holy Spirit and that He is drawing us to Christ, and "helpeth our infirmities." "He is sent to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and judgment," to "take the things of Christ and show them to us;" to help us see our sins and our Saviour, to "lead us into all truth and sanctify us through the truth," to "create us anew in Christ Jesus," so that we may be "born again of the Spirit," and he hath, if we believe, "begotten us again by his word of Truth." Then "He witnesseth with our Spirits that we are the children

of God; if children, then heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ to a heavenly inheritance; if so be that we suffer with Him that we may be also glorified together; for the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." "He chastens us for our profit that we may be partakers of His holiness," and as we are "made partakers of the divine nature" we have the "spirit of adoption," so mutual and so mighty, that we say: "The Lord is mine and I am His. Whom have I in heaven but Thee and there is none upon earth that I desire without Thee." "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his namesake; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Such is the Evolution and such are some of the Elements of a sure and steadfast Christian Hope, and you see how much substantial and ennobling happiness it continually evolves in the very nature of the case. It is such a hopeful Christian experience I have come to cultivate in this community, here at the capital of our great and growing country. I could not possibly engage in a nobler or more useful work. But returning to the further analysis of this evolution of Christian character, "You may allege I've wandered from the path
And here give to Hope the proper work of Faith;
But when the Christian contest doth begin
Hope fights with doubts till Faith's reserves come
in.

Hope acts desiring and expects relief:

Faith follows; then Love springs from firm belief."

Thus St. Paul's three beautiful objects of thought are evolved in quick succession and coincidence, Faith, Hope and Love; these three, and the climax of these is Love—love to God and love to man, such as we see in the life and death of our Lord, and are led to say: "We love Him because He first loved us and gave himself for us." Grateful thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift of so great Salvation; as good for society as it is for the Soul.

"Then cherish Hope, thy faltering soul to cheer.
Faith shall be given if thou wilt persevere.
We see all things alike with either eye;
So Faith and Hope the self-same objects spy.
But what is Hope, or where or how begun?
It comes from God, as light comes from the sun."

So here we are where we began: The first fact in a well-founded hope is Faith in God.

The deep, penetrating sense of human guilt before God, and hopeful deliverance from it through affectionate confidence in Christ and the fellow-feeling with Him as our forerunner, anchor-bearer and joint heir to the Father's favor and eternal benediction beget a feeling of "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ that passeth all understanding." This is the rational evolution of real religious hope, as I see and feel it.

We cannot fully explain it. We can tell how we had wantonly strayed away from our Heavenly Father and were like a lost child in the woods, wandering about in circles, bewildered; or as a foreign traveler famished in a blistering desert; or a voyager tossed up and down on the deep in a blinding tempest. We can see the Father searching the dark, tangled forest to find us; we can hear

His benign Son, our Elder Brother, calling after us, and the sister-like voices of God's Spirit echoing all about us, and we remember how bewildered we were in the woods, with our clothes torn with briars, bedraggled and dirty, and our thirst intolerable from tears and travel, and loss of blood by thorn punctures; we can recall and tell it all, and love to; and how our Elder Brother took us in his arms and carried us in his bosom to the embraces of our dear, disobeyed Heavenly Parent, who beamed joyfully upon us, saying: "Rest thee, my little darling. Peace be unto thee hereafter!" And the angels were glad also. We can recall the lost way in the untold Saharas, with the sand clouds rising in clusters and hiding the sun and every oasis that might be seen in the distance, and how we welcomed then the sight of the Guide and forerunner, who had trodden the desert before us among its robbers and murderers full many, and had himself suffered beyond expression from faintness and from their ferocity, but is now at our side with sympathy and Salvation. We do not forget our seasickness, for three days fearing we would die, and for as many more wishing almost that we might taste of death to deliver us from the dreadful nausea—the bitterness of sin, like sickness at sea; and when the hurricane comes and the horrors of the deep are howling and our frail bark is half broken by the billows and liable to drive upon rocks and quicksands and break any minute into wreckage and driftwood; then, O then, how essential the anchor and One who knows well where and how he should cast it!

Once a Long-Island Sound steamer was lost because the captain had left his big anchor to be mended; and as she went down with all on board,

he exclaimed: "O that I had taken that anchor and a pilot who could have pointed out my danger!" As we look at him we ask: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great Salvation?" But, thank God, we in our terrible tempest of darkness, doubts and temptations, "laid hold on the Hope set before us in the Gospel, and it was an anchor to our souls, both sure and steadfast and entered into that within the vail of heaven, whither Jesus had gone before us;" and such belief in Him insures Salvation.

II.

But that leaving of the broken anchor at Fall River, to be mended, makes the second part of my subject seem quite essential. How can we make our Hope of a blessed Immortality both Sure and Steadfast? How can its defects be thoroughly and promptly repaired? Many have found a well constructed hope of Salvation an unspeakable comfort, and wish it kept always in good working condition; but when it has been fractured by doubts and enfeebled by rust and bad usage, they lay it aside for repairs; just when, perhaps, they may find it most essential for safety against sins and temptations; and their conduct involves others also in the evils of doubt and disaster. The sin of unreasoning scepticism in the professional unbelievers is great, destructive and contagious; but no more dangerous or ill-deserving than in those "who have tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come." And if such an one, in a gust of unbelief "tramples under foot the Son of God, counts his blood an unholy thing, and does despite to the Spirit of Grace," "The latter state of that man is worse than the first." But true believers may be sometimes tossed upon a sea of doubts and dark-

ness. My revered father was at one time an avowed infidel, and when by affliction and the Christian fidelity of his friends he found peace with God through faith in Christ, the force of old mental habit would still sometimes come back and his hope be almost broken and useless; but his old sense of sin would also soon seize him and he would instinctively seek again the Son of God, and unbelief perished.

We have three ways of looking: to the past for examples; to the present for experience, and to the future with Hope. Hope looks forward not backward, except for facts to fortify itself. Sometimes we sigh:

“Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
O for that soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word!”

This is not wholly looking backward; for that longing leads us forward into the higher and heavenward life. Yet looking backward for an old rust-eaten anchor seems as foolish as it may be fatal. Some have well-grounded hope in God both sure and steadfast and entering heaven, but it is so mixed with wordliness and dependent upon human and material instrumentalities that, when these fail, they are like the farmer driving his family to church full of grace and good cheer, as beatific as a Sabbath sunbeam, till in going down a hill the breeching to his harness breaks and, instead of faith in God, he feels almost profane toward his frightened beast. A good hope is sure and steady, and lays hold of a good God, a great Saviour, a grand Salvation, and cannot be satisfied with groveling objects of pursuit. Yet while we are in the world we have to adapt ourselves to it

and use it as not abusing it; but should so rise above it that we can say with the prophet, Habakkuk: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither fruit be in their vines; the labor of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my Salvation. The Lord God is my strength and he will make me to walk upon the heavenly mountains."

A true hope trends heavenward always, and because it believes in God, Immortality, Redemption and Eternal Glory, we should let no inferior objects traduce it, or divert us from appreciating its divine dignity and destiny, but keep it ever aspiring—"Onward and Upward!" This was my motto as a school boy and teacher, and *Excelsior!* should be the motto of every youth, preacher and man.

It may clarify and strengthen our hope to hear the Inspired Ancients speak of it. Allusions to hope abound in the Bible and its figures of speech are quite various concerning it. St. Paul speaks of it oftenest, perhaps, and with the richest latitude of expression. He calls "the hope of Salvation a helmet," of protection for the head, as "Faith and Love" and "righteousness" form "a breastplate" protecting the heart. He speaks of hope sometimes as the Salvation itself that we hope for; as the Saviour himself who is "our ground of hope;" of the "resurrection of a spiritual body," suited to our Immortality, and of Christ as the "first fruits of the resurrection." When a prisoner, he says: "For the Hope of the resurrection of the dead I am called in question." "For the Hope of Israel I am bound with this chain." "This suffering begetteth experience, experience hope, and hope

maketh not ashamed." "We are saved by Hope, but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for; but if we hope for that we see not, then do we with expectance wait for it." He speaks of this "Hope of Salvation" as the Christian's "comfort" and "consolation," the "joy," the "triumph" of the believer: "Ye sorrow not as others who have no hope;" but "look for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." "Seeing then we have such hope," he says: "We use great plainness of speech." The phraseology attending this word by Paul and the other Apostles, the Prophets and Psalmists, is often very impressive. For example, "Door of Hope," "Patience of Hope," "Prisoners of Hope," "Against Hope, believing in Hope;" "Christ formed in you the Hope of Glory," "Who hath begotten us again to a living Hope," "that your Faith and Hope might be in God."

Appropriating all these buoyant expressions to ourselves, we may cheer our hearts and say now: "Lord, what wait I for? My Hope is in Thee." "Because Thou art my Hope." "who art the Resurrection and the Life," "My flesh shall rest in Hope." "For this corruptible body must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on Immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in Victory. O Death, where is, now, thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Therefore," he continues, "My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast,

unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your hope is not in vain in the Lord." "Blessed is the man whose hope the Lord is;" "For every one that hath his hope purifieth himself, even as He, also, is pure;" "Which hope we have as anchor of the Soul, both sure and steadfast," and which entereth into that within the veil."

III.

O How Valuable Is This Religious Hope Reaching into Heaven! What a contrast between these divine prospects and all delusive worldly hopes; how different, too, from the skeptic's "leap into the dark" at death! Do you see that boy in yonder field, flying as if on wings of wind, with his hat swinging wildly in the air? He is chasing a butterfly, which he hopes to catch that he may have and wantonly handle its wings. See him? He has caught it! No, it was not a beautiful live butterfly. It was a bauble wafted on the breeze. Half breathless, he is returning now with his hat upon his bowed head. He caught the bauble in his fists—both hands are empty, though, and his hope has perished. "So is it," the Psalmist said, "with men of this world, who have their portion in this life." The Bible says "the pursuits," "the desires," "the expectations," "the hopes of the wicked shall be cut off"—especially shall they "perish at the giving up of the Ghost." Seneca, supposed by some to have been a personal friend of St. Paul, and who wrote some sublime thoughts about the "Immortality of the Soul," wrote also upon the elements of a "Happy Life," showing that "a good man can never be miserable nor a wicked man happy." He also speaks of "the delusive Hopes and Fears of Men" as "the Bane of Life." "No man," he says, "can

be perfectly happy that runs the risk of disappointment, which is the case with every man whose hopes or fears are ill-founded." "It is according to the true estimate of things that we are happy or miserable." He continues: "This life is only a prelude to eternity, where we are to expect another state of being. We have no prospect of Heaven, but by the transition. Let us therefore expect our last hour with courage. The day we fear as our last is but the day of our birth into a blessed Immortality; so that what we fear as a rock proves to be but a port of safety, and he that dies young has only made a quicker voyage. Some are becalmed, others cut away before the wind, and we live just as we sail; first we rub our childhood out of sight; our youth next, and then our middle years, after that follows old age and brings us to the common end of mankind. It is a great providence that we have more ways out of the world than into it. Our security stands upon a point, the very article of death." When we die, my friends, may we all have "hopes of Heaven both sure and steadfast." Such hopes are good, in life and death.

What wondrous words, also, are Isaac Watts':

"Why should we start and fear to die?

What timorous souls we mortals are!

Death is the gate of endless joy,

And yet we dread to enter there.

Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on His breast I lean my head

And breathe my life out sweetly there.

"This life's a dream—an empty, show;

But the bright world to which I go,

Hath joys substantial and sincere;

When shall I wake, and find me there?

O glorious hope! Oh blest abode!
I shall be more and more like God;
And flesh and sin shall not control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
"Oh for a sight—a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
Adoring Saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall,
The God shines gracious through the man
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount and dwell above,
And stand as one amongst them there
And view Thy face and serve, and love?"
In Thomas Gibbons' words:

"Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of Eternity."

But as Mrs. Elizabeth Miles says:

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!
We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels most rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?"

As St. Paul, caught up to third heaven and could not say what he saw, I must repeat Miss Maria De Fleury's appeal to the Saints and Angels in her song:

"Ye Angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,

In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise!
Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all heaven's pleasures repeat.

"I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
And, chosen as one of your choir,
Will join in your chants to His name.
I want, O I want to be there!
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share
And share Heaven's glory with you!"

I said at first that Hope's highest expressions here are in our Sacred Hymns, but reserved the illustrations to the last. How we love to sing:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rise my soul and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven thy dwelling place."

But this unfolds a world of wonders that I believe but can't explain. And a Home in Heaven is higher, better than our best hopes can here conceive. So let me confess the following hymn.

I know not what or where is Heaven!

I know that "God is Love;"

And He unto my *Hope* hath given

A *Paradise* above.

I know the Lord that made this world

And fitted it for man,

Hath God's Redeeming Love unfurled,

And Heaven is in His plan.

I know that He can make a Sphere,

In His Star Spangled Space,

Far better than hath e'er been here,

In either Time or Place;

That Angels older than the earth,

And Saints with them employed,

Are boasting now of our "New Birth"

To share what they've enjoyed,

And so I look and long for Heaven,

Whatever it may be,

And leave my day of dying, even,

To God's dear love for me.

And when I join the heavenly throng,

Who serve "The Great I am",

I'll sing with them their old "New Song

Of Moses and the Lamb".

Let us conclude this service by singing Charles Wesley's words, so often upon dying lips:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
And the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my savior hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safely into Heaven guide,
O receive my Soul at last!"

The Bloodbought Church.

A SERMON

Delivered on Various Occasions and Blessed to many Doubters.

BY REV. THOMAS NELSON HASKELL, L. H. D.

First Pastor W. P. C. Washington, D. C.

TEXT—ACTS XX:28.

“The Church of God which He hath purchased with His own Blood.”

The great question of the ancient world and the Old Testament was: “How shall a man be justified before God?” Hence, the great inquiry of the New Testament and the world now is: “What think ye of Christ?”

After careful examination I find all the diversified views of the Earth’s Saviour may be included in these four classes:

Some men have thought of Christ as Man only, and have held and taught that, though great and good, he was self-deceived as to his nature and mission. So wrote Straus, Renan and others.

Some have thought of Him as God only, and believed and said His appearance in the flesh was a useful apparition merely. Against these Saint John spoke plainly in one letter.

Some think of Christ as neither God nor Man—super-human, super-angelic, and yet not supremely Divine. Some Unitarians say this.

But more men think of Christ as both God and Man, having in perfection the two natures in one person, able to speak consciously for both and mediate between them.

This is the general view of Christ in all Christendom; and finding in this a full redemption for a self-ruined race, and the only good explanation and harmony of the Works and Word of God, I have adopted it with all my heart, and wish everybody would do the same; and those of you who like both religion and logic will, I fancy, now delight in the searching discussion necessary to elucidate this subject in the light of both reason and Revelation; nor will you, I trust, let the sublime mystery involved in the text deter you from its thorough investigation.

Mystery is plainly an attribute of everything in nature, and constitutes one of its attractions. A ray of light, or thrill of electricity, is very mysterious. The smallest mote is marvelous. The supernatural is still more amazing; and the mental and moral are in the rising scale of the marvelous at every step, until, "beyond all controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness—God manifest in the flesh" to be the Saviour of men. My text contains a syllogism as mysterious and certain as it is sublime and simple. The first premise is its declaration that "God hath purchased the Church with His own blood." The second premise is, But God hath no blood, unless it be "the precious blood of Christ." Therefore, conclusion: Christ hath purchased the Church as verily God. These premises are apparent facts; the conclusion is evidently fair, and that involves all the mysteries of the Incarnation, Redemption, Trinity. Whatever else the apostle may mean, he positively asserts the first

premise; that involves the second, and the two make the conclusion inevitable. He as surely asserts there the Deity of our Saviour as does his declaration to the "Romans" (ix. 5), that "Christ is God over all, blessed forever!"

Those, therefore, who deny the Saviour's divinity but accept the Bible, indefatigably resist this translation; but with what propriety I cannot conceive. "Church of God" is not a cant phrase, nor historic merely, but is peculiarly Biblical and Apostolic. It is St. Paul's favorite expression, and found here in his most affectionate appeal to Christian people. He says to the Elders come from Ephesus:

"Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia after what manner I have been among you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility. Therefore, remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears, and taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, and kept back nothing that was profitable unto you. And now, behold, I go bound in Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing what shall befall me there, save the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions await me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the Kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore, I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto

you all the counsel of God. Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood."

He caps this climax with "The Church of God," a title which he uses in his epistles many times, and once in this precise connection in his appeal to Timothy concerning "the Church of the Living God, who was manifest in the flesh, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world and received up into glory." Thus he makes Christ to mean God Incarnate—the one who hath bought the Church with His blood. This sheds much light upon our subject, which should by no means be shut out or diminished.

We have also valid Historic Evidence. The most ancient Ethiopic manuscript makes "the Church of God" here to mean "God's Redeemed family, which he hath bought with His blood." Murdock's ancient Syriac Bible also says here, "The Church of God"—(as does also the "New Version," based upon all the varied evidence). The standard Bibles of the Greek and Roman churches have no other rendering. The early commentators all the way down, like Athanasius, Bede, Bengel, Whitby and others, accepted this as the right translation, while Mill, with no motive to deceive, after searching ancient manuscripts more than thirty years, says that "Church of God" is the only way the weight of evidence would translate here the Apostles' words. The last century's Exegetes conclude that even *Kōs*, abridged from *Kurios*, Lord, is mistaken by copyists for *Thos*, the abbreviation for *Theos*, God; and that where *Kurios*, Lord, occurs in two or three manuscripts, it is used in the Supreme

sense for God Himself. Probably no one would ever doubt the Deity of the Being referred to here by Paul, if he did not imply what our Lord Himself asserts when He says: "I and my Father are one." Then, without further debate on our Lord's Divinity now, let us proceed to the propositions which the text involves and are true which ever word, Lord or God, be used.

First—The Church of God, composed of all penitent and pardoned sinners, has been purchased by Him with a life-blood offering truly His own, and could be purchased with nothing less.

Second—He did this as Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," and this work could be done in no other way.

Third—Therefore Christ may be, should be, is worshiped as Divine by all His blood-bought people, and this adoration is their delight.

I. The first proposition is this:

God hath purchased the Church with a Life-Blood offering strictly His own, and could have done it (to human view) in no other way.

Here the first object of thought is God, who made us in His own triune image of Intellect, Sensibility and Will like Himself, and so to partake of the divine nature as to feel and share his highest excellence, which is Redeeming Love, and deem him "God our Saviour," with "Mercy his darling attribute."

The next thing demanding thought is the Church, that God hath redeemed with His own blood. Our word Church is from the Greek word *Kuriake* (Kirk in Scotch and German) and it means, "Belonging to the Lord as His own household." In this text, though, the Greek word is *Ecclesian* meaning "an assembly," or all Christian

assemblies combined, as that one at Ephesus, composed of Pastors, Elders, Deacons and Members, such as were "The Seven Churches of Asia;" every company of sincere believers and all the blood-washed hosts of God's elect on earth and in heaven.

The next thing to consider here is, What is it for God to "Purchase this Church," member by member, and do it "with His own blood?" The Bible teaches us that Something has been done for the Redemption of all men; "for God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and "He by the grace of God tasted death for every man that cometh into the world." So the price of pardon has been paid for even those who "deny the Lord that bought them." But the truly redeemed members feel, as the others do not, that "we are not our own, but bought with a price," and those gathered in heaven are casting their crowns at their Saviour's feet, and saying: "Thou art worthy, for thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood out of every nation, tongue and kindred." One characteristic of all these is, they are willing parties to the purchasing transaction and have heartily accepted its essential terms.

The next thing to consider, then, is: What are the Necessary Conditions of this human and divine contract? In exchange of goods, according to Biblical rules, their values must be equi-balanced or the transaction is unjust. "A false balance is an abomination unto the Lord." So, too, in "the Redemption of Souls, which is precious," the equation of moral values must be perfect in order that God may be just and justify any sinner. God and the guilty man are the two contracting parties, while

the interests of the moral universe require that the transaction between them be absolutely right; that is, if man be indeed guilty, the redemption (or price) must be equal to his ill deserts.

This starts the question: How guilty may a man be before his infinite Maker and Universal Ruler? and we have to conclude that every man needs a Divine Mediator, and that his purchase requires an evident, infinite offering on the part of God, and a grateful reformatory acceptance of it on the part of man. The Bible very reasonably teaches that our first parents fell into sin; that their children, following the condition of the parents and, partaking of their nature, have all sold themselves for naught into this bondage of unbelief and sin and alienation from God; that the first accountable choice to believe and obey Satan rather than the Supreme Ruler, was exceedingly sinful, because against divine law for our good and leading to endless ills. Every succeeding choice, by themselves or their children to be "led captive by the Devil at his will," is equally guilty, for the same reasons; it is against the plainest commands of God for our good and leading to increasing and endless evil results. The number of such offenses with the guilt of each multiplied by all shows the unspeakable ill desert of him who would habitually do such evils to the moral universe against God's law and love.

It is possible for a finite man to become infinitely guilty against God. A child's disobedience of a mate is a less offense than if that mate were a master at school, a mother at home or a civil magistrate supreme; and as the relation rises to the Majesty of the Universe, the offense rises in the same ratio and heightens with every inch of

the growing contract between them. Any impenitent and unpardoned man is, in a two-fold sense, as to the nature and the number of his sins, infinitely guilty before God and needs an adequate redemption.

Nor is there, either, any Extenuation of his guilt. God's overruling it for good, even, does not diminish it. So deep, so enduring is this estrangement of man from his Maker, that he certainly will continue in it unless he be reclaimed by some Divine remedy, able to absolve him from his sins that are past and give heavenly susceptibility to his soul. It is plainly beyond the guilty man's power to provide this. If he were able to throw off the fetters that bind him to the chain-gang's onward march still an infinite burden of past sin is upon him, and he must be redeemed with something of more value than his own demerit, and of more power than his own moral inability and aversion. He can never be conscious of a genuine pardon giving peace, without the conception of another's adequate merit set over and accepted to meet his case; he cannot be truly reformed, without the winning conception of another moved by Redeeming love, coming to him with a divine expiation, and teaching him by a vigorous law and a virtuous life the true and living way.

There the guilty party stands in utter spiritual weakness, in intense, enduring moral want. Continually has he been sinning against God's authority and bringing still upon himself a ceaseless penalty of spirit alienation and utter guilt, and rendered a display of God's displeasure against sin necessary in his particular case. His sins are working on forever. God beholds them and their actor forever; and the inflicted, adequate penalty

must be forever, especially if he remain a voluntary sinner forever. The needful penalty adheres to his own personality, and, unless he be both ransomed and renovated, must be as truly unending as he is immortal. This I conceive to be the exact case of every unconverted man, and What can be done that he may be saved?

I answer: If God, on the first part, can appear, at this point, and make such an evident offering for this sinner's guilt as his conscience and the general good requires, and he, on the second part, can be induced to accept it, as the exponent of his own ill desert, and be reformed thereby, God can be pure and pardon him and place him at once among his redeemed people. In this way, God can purchase a Church, member by member; and it seems safe to say no man can be saved from eternally sinning and suffering without both this ransom and its reformation wrought efficiently by God himself, the sinner acquiescing and co-working therein. God seems to have decreed that in our redemption, as in our ruin, He will do or admit nothing that shall destroy our free and rational accountability. He conforms to this moral propriety, that every sinner saved shall be a willing party to his purchased pardon and peace with God. The divine offering is freely made on God's part, and must be as freely accepted by the sinner on his. As God alone is able to make an adequate offering, so the sinner must himself exercise the essential penitence and faith—sorrow for sin and affectionate confidence in God as Saviour.

He must also see and feel that the atonement offering is infinitely beyond his finite and guilty power. A sinless man; even Jesus of Nazareth, if he were only man, could not provide the ransom,

however much he might delight to see and declare it. A majestic angel could only witness and wonder at the work, and move without fault as a ministering spirit among the heirs of salvation. No superangelic being, who is not supreme, infinite, divine, could do this work devolving solely upon Deity. God and the guilty man are the two contracting parties, while there is joy in heaven over every sinner that is penitent and saved.

It further appears that the Purchase Price must offset the Penalty of Death, and so be a life offering. "The wages of sin is death." In its very nature, sin works out a death sentence. "The soul that sinneth shall die," is the continual echo of God's voice in Eden. "In the day thou eatest thereof, dying, thou shalt die." Ceaseless dying begins then and there. To be equivalent to this death sentence, it must be either endless as to duration, or measureless as to the sufferer's merit, and so infinite as to dignity. If it be endless it were little other than the original penalty and without motive; but if it be infinite as to dignity and merit, it may meet the wants of an infinite number of men, each infinitely guilty, if accepted by each into a reforming life and love. God may make an offering of infinite value, because He himself makes it; infinitely virtuous, because prompted by his own redeeming love, and a life-offering, if any medium can be found that shall reveal its meaning in a living, dying model.

How shall this be done, now, by a Divine Exemplar?

Practically, there is nothing so expressive of a life offering as the Shedding of Blood, pouring out the vital fluid with its crimson hue. The blood takes in vitality, in the first place, in a divinely

mysterious way, and one has only to tap an artery and he pours his life out as rapidly as its tide flows. The very sight of shed life-blood does extremely tax the beholder's nerves; and there is nothing so suited to the redemption work as this. It seems necessary, therefore, that this be somehow adopted in our salvation, simply because it is the best. God cannot adopt a worse for a better, and so instituted this. In Leviticus xvii., 11th, He said: "The Life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul." So when in the fulness of time Immanuel came, as God With Us, he took the cup and said: "This is the New Testament in My blood, shed for the remission of sins"—by this, therefore, "show ye your Lord's death—till he come."

This simple, scientific sign, then, seems naturally, necessarily, the symbol, and so God well said: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."—(Heb. ix., 22.)

Nature and Revelation, now, agree so far: The purchase offering must be expressed in blood-language; must be a life-offering, that life setting an example; must be of infinite value to meet man's infinite want; must be by God himself, none else being equal to his part, or in other words: "The Church of God, including all penitent and pardoned souls, has been purchased by Him, with a life-blood offering absolutely His own, and (to human view) could have been purchased in no other way.

II. But He did this as Christ, "God Manifest in the Flesh;" and the blood could be furnished and the offering made in no other way. Here the first inquiry is: How shall "God, who is a Spirit,"

have the flesh and blood with which to do this? If one feasible way can be found, men should ask no more; for God uses only causes adequate to his divine ends. It may seem unnatural for God to appear in fashion as a man to redeem his sinful fellows; but it is naturally possible for the Author of the Material, Mental and Moral Universe to make a sinless sample of humanity, and so permeate that with Himself that it should partake of his Divine nature and lay down the life in the flesh as the act of God. This, if done, would be once for all. The infinite offering could meet the wants of an infinite number of penitent men, each infinitely guilty, if so accepted as to reform their lives and save their souls into sympathy with God's self. The one Incarnation being enough, there could never properly be more than one and that would be seen as "the only begotten Son of God."

That the humanity and Divinity should unite in this; that the "Only Begotten Son of God" should be the only perfect "Son of Man;" that He should be both God and man, possessing in perfection the natures that begot and conceived Him, so that He should be "the man of Sorrows" and the Maker of Worlds, fainting under His cross and forgiving a penitent's infinite guilt, dying in the flesh and yet raising the dead, is in the highest sense natural, though above all other nature. If it be natural for men to have two natures, soul and body, and a trinity of soul, intellect, sensibility and will, it certainly is not unnatural for the Incarnate God to possess two natures, the human finite and the Divine and infinite; and with this humano-divine existence in the flesh the Redemption of fallen men is glorious, divine and natural.

That the Holy Spirit should help in this, and "make men willing (not destroy their wills) in the day of his power" is also as natural as it is noble and necessary. And so with this purchase and this helping power countless myriads of penitent and pardoned men are saved through "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the Communion of the Holy Ghost."

If this Could be done, it Should be, and so has been done. The annals of Redemption are real and no power of scepticism can erase them. The Old Testament was full of its rich shadows; the New is filled with the real fact, and the whole world is now throbbing with God's Redemptive thrill. The preparations were apt, abundant; the Incarnation was long enough to furnish the Exemplar and the Offering; the Crucifixion was conspicuous and severe enough to show God's hatred of our sins and His love for our souls; the Life-Blood was seen to flow; the Divine Holocaust was heard to cry: "It is finished!" The Sun's eclipse, the quaking earth, the rending of the temple's veil, the burial in the foretold grave, the Resurrection sight and the Ascension scene and symbols of his broken body and shed blood still handed down, and his glorious mission work with Him always in the midst, everywhere and all the while, exclaim: Surely Christ hath purchased the Church as verily God, and "He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him."

Humanly speaking, There is and can be Salvation for Sinners against the Government of God in no other way than by gratefully accepting the Sacrificial life and love of Christ. In his redemptive work are treasured all the resources of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. "In Him dwelleth

all the fullness of the God-head bodily." Hence, when a man has rejected Christ and exhausted all the provisions morally applicable to his case, he has nothing more in all the Universe on which to draw! "It is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Christ has "Purchased the Church," as God manifest in the flesh, and the blood could be furnished and the purchase made in no other way.

III. Therefore, Christ may be, should be, is worshiped as God by all the truly penitent and pardoned members of His Church, and they are able or inclined to worship Him in no other or contradictory way.

We are asked, first, "Is it Right to worship Christ as God?" If the previous propositions be true—and they are—it is of course right. It must also be right, if He has ever been worshiped as Divine, with Christ's own approval; and this has been often done. Thomas said to him, "My Lord and my God!" and Jesus said: "Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." A certain man preached against Christ's divinity, explaining the Apostles' words as an exclamation merely, and on his way home said to a hearer: "What do you think now of the Apostle's orthodoxy?" The friend answered: "Well, between you and me, I'm sorry Thomas said what he did!" But the Saviour instantly commended the homage as worthy of all imitation. If Christ may be worshiped as God, then He ought to be—the right implies the duty; and more, God himself commands it. He requires that all men "honor the Son, even

as they honor the Father," and further says: "Let all the angels of God worship Him," adding, as it were, His own example: "For unto the Son He saith: Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." (Heb. i., 6-8.) If men should worship their Maker at all, they ought to adore him as their Redeemer, when He makes them into "new creatures in Christ Jesus" by his own incarnation and suffering in our behalf. It is not the work nor the flesh nor the blood, but the Divine Being in the flesh shedding his own blood, and doing Himself the work we may and should adore.

It appears further, That all who are willing parties to this wondrous purchase do so adore their Lord. It is not uncharitable to say those who in an ecclesiastical convention lately said: "We will not call Jesus Lord in any higher sense than Mr. Jesus Christ" are not of the blood-bought Church. They profess not to be. They repudiate Redemption, and reject "Sacrificial Religion" with frenzy and scorn, and as St. Paul says, "They trample under foot the Son of God; they count the blood of the Covenant whereby we are sanctified an unholy thing, and do despite to the Spirit of grace." And Jesus says: "He that blasphemeth (keeps on talking against) the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, neither in this world nor in that which is to come, but is in danger of eternal damnation." (Mark iii., 29. Which must be real or he could not refer to it so.) Though these refuse to be counted as God's Redeemed people, the Patriarchs and Prophets Proclaimed in advance the divine atonement and symbolized it by countless sacrifices. The Apostles were also grateful for the price of Pardon and, with the ancients, adored Christ as "The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father and the

Prince of Peace;" "the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His person and upholding all things by the word of His power." And His many Martyrs, like Stephen, died "calling on God and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" To-day the most distant missionaries adore him as "with them always to the end of the world." And if you, my friends, would be among his redeemed people, you, too, must say, with adoring faith and affection: "My Lord and My God, Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love Thee, and if Thou wilt Thou canst make me whole."

This involves Grateful Homage; grateful for "God's unspeakable gift;" grateful for "these unsearchable riches of Christ." In a lake-shore city (Sandusky, Ohio, the winter of 1851) three young men were sleeping in the upper loft of a block of mercantile houses. Two of them were unconverted clerks. The other was their invited Christian guest. At midnight the cry, "Fire! Fire!" rang out on the frosty air. The interior of the stores was all ablaze, and they were facing the frozen lake with no echo to their calls for help. Ladders they had none; but from a projecting beam hung a crate from a windlass that could convey two of them down to safety, if steadily unwound by the third. The pious guest said: "Boys, get in; I'll turn this. I'm willing to die for you, if you will live for Him who died for me!" And as he turned that crank with steady hand and stalwart arm, till his two friends were safe, the fire was crackling in his room, and simultaneously with the crashing roof was heard this dying cry: "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and he went up in Elijah's chariot of fire, to glory and to God. And the Gratitude of those Young Men to him was like

that you should feel toward the dying Saviour of the world.

IV. This Ransomed Church is the Hope of our Race. Jesus said: Its saintly men and women are "the salt of the earth and light of the world;" and Paul says to Titus: "They seek in all things to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, who gave himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify until himself a peculiar people zealous in good works."

V. As an inference from this all, let me conclude by saying: This blood-bought Church of God is, of course, Very Dear to Him, and should also be dear to you, as a glorious reality unspeakably good and grand. In all its persons, interests and parts, it is dear to Him as the apple of His eye, and all its purchased members' names are engraven on his hands and heart. Take heed that ye hate not, harm not "the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood," for "the very gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blessed Redeemer saved
And purchased with His blood.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

HASKELL'S SERMON THE NIGHT BEFORE
BUCHANAN'S INAUGURATION
AS PRESIDENT.

(March 4th, 1857)

(Given in Dr. Gurley's Church
By Invitation of Washington Y. M. C. A.)

SUBJECT GIVEN :

"History of the Bible as Our Country's Household Book," Our Father's Bible is the Book of Christ.

TEXT: *"The Book of the Generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham."*—Matthew I. 1.

These are the first words of that ancient volume, the New Testament. They refer to individuals whose lives are recorded in writings still more ancient, and to one great Personage of whose life the Old Testament is the prediction and the New the fulfilment. By them Matthew introduces specifically his own account of the genealogy and life of Christ; but we do no violence to the language or the author's design by using them to represent the outer and inner history of the entire "Word of God," for by this title is "the Son of David" called. The Bible as a whole is "the Book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham," and these words suggest the whole of Biblical history, and introduce a subject difficult,

because so comprehensive. The Bible in its origin, transmission and diversified composite history—the genesis and development of this book itself and the humano-divine generation of Jesus Christ and his kingdom, represented in it, are all, if I mistake not, included in this subject (as assigned me for this occasion.) I shall, of course, essay to do little more than preface so broad a theme, and give a suggestive index to the sacred Scriptures and the Word incarnate, stating, rapidly, the facts of history, without waiting to argue much in their behalf.

I. The external history of the Bible is deeply interesting in spite of its inevitable difficulties. The origin, successive development and transmission to us of the sacred Scriptures as one inspired and super-human book are matters which may perplex and must interest those who examine them.

It is not to be supposed for a moment, the Infinite Intelligence would leave himself without a witness of the best possible kind to his rational creatures. His benevolence and jurisdiction render it his necessity and delight to reveal himself.

“The heavens are telling the glory of God,
And the work of his hand showeth the firmament;
Day unto day gusheth out with song,
And night unto night is breathing forth knowledge.”

All his works are vocal with his praise; but no material thing can teach of itself the moral law or convert a wayward soul. There is a higher law than nature which mere nature cannot reveal. The material suggests, incessantly, the moral, but does not reveal it. From suggestions of material nature the mind infers a moral government, adapted to its conscious wants, and is left without excuse for

disdaining divine authority it does not fully understand. There are departments of truth of which nature is the proper and only revelation, and some which it explains or illustrates, when by other means revealed; but as material nature is inferior to the spiritual universe, so the truths of God's moral government are superior to all the power of nature, and if revealed to us they must be communicated by the very mind of God through the highest medium of truth employed by man.

By language, therefore, which is human and divine in its origin, and inspired mind, which is human and divine in its action, the will of God may be communicated to men, and there is in the soul of man a moral demand for such revelation of the divine law, if it be possible. The subjects of the government of God, though conscious of their relations and able to recognize the essential principles of his government when they are revealed, so that the moral law is the fac simile of the universal conscience, are nevertheless incompetent to originate them and the pardons for their transgression. "Therefore, God hath revealed them to us," says the apostle, "by his spirit, which teacheth the deep things of God and taketh the things of Christ and showeth them to us," so that "the holy men of God spake as they were moved by the holy ghost."

The possibility of such a revelation is not denied. The probability of it is easily admitted, and the certainty of it all Christian hearts believe, finding in themselves "a reason for the faith that is in them." One finite mind communicates thought and truth to others; the infinite spirit of God may do the same, and with the many beneficent ends of such a revelation and the moral demands for it in

view, we readily infer that, if the spirit of God may have communicated the moral law to man, he must have done it. If the divine government over man may have been revealed, it must have been. Every department of the universe seems just as full of God revealed as in the nature of the case it can be. The intercommunication of the Sovereign and his subjects, in language mutually understood, is in this case a natural possibility, implying moral certainty; that is, it seems not only possible, but highly proper and supremely important; so we are driven to the conclusion that the most needful departments of truth and knowledge, those relating to the divine character and right human conduct, have been revealed to men by partly supernatural means, and in spoken and written human speech.

This blending of the human and divine minds would, however, originate a humano-divine book, securing so much of the divine as is possible to man, and so much of the human as is necessary to identify it with our race and unite us to God through his life-giving truths, so commingling the laws of eternity with the lessons of time and elevating the aspirations of man by the inspirations of his Maker. Human language, moreover, is greatly diversified and ever-changing, and the great doctrines of divine incarnation and atonement, which are essential to a system of saving truth for guilty men, could be effected and set forth only in the most appropriate places, tongues and periods, and would be fully done once for all.

A divine discretion would therefore be manifest, deciding as to what people and periods, language and locality should be employed for this purpose, and which sovereign providence would select.

History furnishes no better people for this object than the Theocratic sons of Abraham, and no better periods than from creation to the crucifixion and the last vision of "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

The history of language, also, discovers no better tongues for this purpose than the ancient Hebrew and the Greek, from whose careful texts the inspired truths may be translated into every living language and preserved from corruption through all time, making "the truth of the Lord endure forever."

These considerations are sufficient to justify, at this point, the inference that if there be among the professedly sacred writings of men, one truly inspired and safely kept volume, our household Bible must be that holy book. Its development into a completed whole and its transmission as a sacred canon, as well as its internal evidence (of which I shall by and by take note), are also in all respects just such as the nature of the case requires. Indeed, the Bible is so superior in these points to every other pretended revelation that it seems almost sacrilege to suggest a comparison.

Its revelations began with the race. Written language was not then developed, it is true, nor was it necessary at first. Antediluvian longevity and patriachal authority rendered oral transmission for the first two or three thousand years adequate for the truths then revealed. Successive generations of near a thousand years each were living records of undoubted authenticity.

But when, for the best of reasons, human life was shortened, oral tradition could by no means preserve the many truths and annals meant for all coming generations. It was essential, therefore,

that the numerous divine events and teachings should be collected and kept by a most careful system of recording. It was not enough that "holy men should speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" they must "write," and "all their scriptures given by inspiration of God, must be profitable for instruction in righteousness that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works," and their separate teachings, by a divine affinity, must come successively together from all the inspired persons, parts and periods into one homogenous and heavenward volume.

Now, for all this the Author of the Bible took abundant care. As soon as needed, long before the days of Cadmus, written language was invented, as by miracle almost, and made of common use. A patient, pious and very patriotic leader was providentially prepared to put in writing all the superhuman truths he felt or found. Learned in all Egyptian knowledge, with inspiration of a high order, with undoubted miraculous power and revelations of God to antediluvians and patriarchs living knowledge in his soul, there could not have been prepared a man more fit to begin the holy Bible than Moses, nor a time more suited to his work than his forty years' sojourn among the mountains of Arabia. It matters little whether he found there authentic annals put in alphabetic signs and even some parts of Genesis and Job in scripture form, or whether he first started Genesis himself, as moved thereto by the very mind of God. Of the genuineness, authenticity and real antiquity of the Pentateuch (or first five books of the Bible), as issued by Moses, there is historically no valid reason for doubt. There is the best internal proof, also, that the whole five were compiled then

and written by himself, as an inspired "man of God." They all have one tenor and tone of diction peculiarly his own, until we come to the closing chapter giving the account of his sublime departure and death.

Stronger than this is the transmitted belief of the Jews which rose from the regular reading of his writings under divine command, and the testimony of their fathers who witnessed many of the events recorded. The manner in which the Penteteuch was revealed and written, preserved and published, as indicated by its own statements and other testimony, is wholly incontrovertible, and if we question its Mosaic and divine origin is wholly unaccountable. It was written in the most awe-inspiring circumstances of the greatest national interest; was to be taught faithfully by the parents who were eye witnesses of its facts to their children, and children's children were to be instructed in it through all generations as a religious duty; a copy of it was deposited in the ark of the covenant and regarded with profound veneration, so sacred indeed that a young man was smitten dead during the reign of David for reaching forth his hands unbidden to uphold it; and to this day there is the most sacred regard for the copy of the Penteteuch placed in synagogues after the manner of that first deposited by Moses. A clipping from the secular press, now before me, says:

"David Wittkousky was sued by the Jews of Chicago for laying his Gentile hands upon the five books of Moses in the ark of the covenant in their synagogue. They claimed ten thousand dollars for this enormous profanation," as the rabi called it.

Even in the "Five Points," New York, where some profane men were kicking about a Protestant

Bible, a little Hebrew girl of twelve years rushed in and rescued it, saying: "It has in it the writings of Moses and his Ten Commandments!"

This religious awe for books which the Hebrews were summoned periodically to hear read and daily to teach cannot be skeptically accounted for. It were far easier to palm off a spurious Declaration of Independence on the American people than ever upon the Israelites a bogus copy of the Mosaic books. The opinion of the most learned men of all lands who have studied them, the perpetual belief of the Jews who have transmitted them, and the successive allusions of inspired men who publicly read, often quoted and always enforced them, unite in declaring the first five books of the Bible (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy) are "the law of God by Moses," and as it itself declares "the foretaste of better things" consequent upon it. Further:

They who question these Mosaic writings deny the whole Christian system and "the Lord that bought them." Christ himself said to his hearers: "Had ye believed Moses ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me; but if ye believe not his writings how shall ye believe my words?"

In view of such testimony and so much concurrent historic evidence, it seems little to say: If there be a divine revelation in human language—and we have seen there must be—its genesis is from the hand of that inspired man who, "through faith refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and who chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt."

These first books of the Bible once admitted as ancient, authentic and divine, the veritable "law of God by Moses," and we need halt no more till we stand within the defended citadel of the entire word of God, and refresh ourselves with its inner history and life. The people of God continuing and the Holy Spirit still among them, the whole Bible appears before us a book of most natural development and growth.

With these "books of the law" would be spontaneously placed, from time to time, the authentic records of God's dealings with his ancient people, as they advance toward the advent of that greater Prophet whom Moses predicted as the one in whom all nations should trust. Consequently there immediately commence a succession of sacred books called the Prophets and Psalms or inspired poems. The Prophets describe historically and predictively the ways of God with men after the time of Moses. The first class is merely historic, and claims no mysterious sanctity above any other reliable records, except what the superior facts and prophetic supervision would imply, and they are to be read as simple history illustrating a superhuman providence, or

"That divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will."

To this historic class of writings by inspired prophets belong all the books of the Bible from Joshua to Job. The second class of the prophetic books is predictive history, descriptive of coming events, many of which are now passed, and is miraculously inspired with divine foreknowledge. Some of the most concise and accurate history in the world is now found in fulfilled prophecy. In the accepted order of the canon the predictive

books of the prophets include all from Isaiah to Malachi, and are naturally placed last in the Old Testament, because relating so much to the advent of the Messiah described in the New.

The third, or poetic division of the Hebrew scriptures, includes the Psalter or book of Psalms, the Songs of Solomon, the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. The Ecclesiastes was written in the last days of Solomon, and evinces its authorship to belong to the penitent king himself. It should be read as a whole and studied in the light of his own "conclusion of the whole matter." The Proverbs were written mostly in his time and chiefly by himself—some think his mother may have influenced much its matchless parts. The Canticles, or Songs of Solomon, were composed doubtless in his early years, and to a chaste mind, who will read them as highly figurative expressions of a Saviour's love for his Church, they are a rich and relished portion of God's revealed will. These three books are in the sententious parallels of Hebrew rythm. The Psalter, or Psalms proper, is a collection of sacred lyrics, or hymns, used in public and private worship. The titles and topics, which were given by the authors or other inspired men, would indicate their variety of origin. Some of them are very ancient. The XC. Psalm is called "A prayer of Moses, the man of God," and is therefore near four thousand years old. It has reference to the shortening of human life, and begins with the majestic recitative:

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations; before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art, O God." It ends with a prayer to be clothed

in the beauty of God and by him guided and guarded. Its grandeur is so much like the shouts of Miriam and Moses after crossing the sea and its massy style is so truly Mosaic that we may look upon it as the oldest lyric extant. Like Old Hundred, its age and value agree. So many of the Psalms were composed by King David that the book is naturally associated with his name. But some of them were written much later, and generally they partake much of the occasions that called them forth, as

“By the rivers of Babylon we sat down;
Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.” (137.)

No less than thirty psalms relate to the Babylonian captivity, and some sixty of them were after King Solomon’s inaugural.

This three-fold division of the Hebrew’s Bible into the “Law, Prophets and Psalms” was very natural, and early came to be generally adopted. Our Saviour said: “All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Law and in the Prophets and in the Psalms concerning me”; and “beginning at Moses and all the prophets he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.”

He and his apostles elsewhere quote all of them separately, except five books, to which they had no occasion to refer. Their direct quotations are two hundred and fifty-six, and their plain references over two hundred and eighty. They appealed many times to the Old Testament as a whole, which had been collected and carefully revised by Ezra and his inspired associates more than four hundred years before, and translated into Greek for at least three hundred years.

This Greek version, called the Septuagint, be-

cause of seventy or more translators, was complete and the one most generally quoted by our Saviour, as if to encourage the translation of the Bible into every living tongue.

Aristobulus also speaks in the second century before Christ of this Greek version with confidence, and recognizes the canon of the Old Testament as already complete.

Josephus, who was born near our Lord's death, gives the number of the Old Testament books in their threefold division and says: "Of these five belong to Moses, which contain the laws and the history of the generations of men until his death. From the death of Moses to the reign of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, the Prophets have described the things which were done during the life of each. The remaining four books contain hymns to God and rules of life for men." He then speaks of the Apocryphal books and says: "They are not regarded as entitled to like credit with those which precede them, because the prophetic spirit had ceased." He adds: "Fact has shown what confidence we place in our Scriptures. For although so many ages have passed away, no one has dared to add to them or take from them or make alterations. In all Jews it is implanted from childhood to regard them as instructions from God, to abide by them, and, if need be, to die for them."

The Talmudist also, expressing the national belief of the Jews, gives the names of the separate books as late as the third century, and they are the same as in your Bibles, with no trace, however, of the Apocrypha. Many of the apostolic and Christian fathers, in like manner, give the same list, wholly or in part, as the case may be, some of them, too, rejecting positively the Apocrypha. One

brief extract from an authentic letter, about fifty years after the apostles, will illustrate them all: "Melito to his brother Onesimus, greeting: Whereas, from your great earnestness for the word, you have often wished for selections from the law and the prophets which relate to our faith, and to have an accurate account of the ancient books, how many they are in number and what is their order, I have endeavored to effect this. As I was journeying in the East, I came to the place (a Jewish college, probably) where these things were clearly exhibited, and accurately ascertained the books of the Old Testament and send you a catalogue. They are called as follows: Genesis, Exodus, etc." The list is exactly that which we have, except that Nehemiah and Esther are properly included in Ezra. But not one of the Apocryphal books is named, and for the best of reasons. They were not written in "the East," where and when the Old Testament inspiration was given, nor in the Hebrew tongue, nor by men claiming to be inspired, but in some instances denying their own inspiration, nor before the Old Testament canon had closed and the prophetic spirit, as Josephus said, had for a season ceased, nor were they read in synagogues, or allowed in Christian assemblies till the end of the fourth century, nor admitted with full authority by the papal church till the sixteenth century, and then for support of its palpable errors. The Apocryphal books were not quoted or alluded to by Christ and his apostles, and their internal evidence and external history are all against their religious authority. In them are statements historically false, self-contradictory and totally unbiblical. They approve of suicide (2 Mace., 14-13), commend assassination (Judith 9, 2-9), teach transmi-

gration of souls (Wisdom 8, 19-20). This book of Wisdom assumes to be by Solomon, but refers to Isaiah as before that monarch's time. I. Macabes represents Antiochus Epiphanes as dying in his bed at Babylon; II. Macabes says he was killed in Nanea, Persia, and yet again he is represented as dying a miserable death on the mountains. How much authority the fabulous dogmas of such books should have to establish purgatory and prayers and penance for the dead may well be questioned, even by those who thus use them. They might be prized as a curiosity but not kept as canonical.

Of the origin and development of the New Testament, a brief statement only is needed. Could I have followed "the history of the Bible backward" and considered the New Testament first, and thereby established in the briefest possible way the canonicity of the Old, much of my work so far could have been omitted, but confined by my subject to the progressive or historic method, the Old Testament being admitted on its own merits, the history of the New will scarcely be called in question; for it has far less of difficulty. The Old Testament presupposes the New, and the New is found to be the outgrowth and ripened fruit—the complement of the Old.

Moses had represented the Messiah as a greater prophet than himself; and many times the Old Testament had described the durability of his instructions and the eternity and glory of his reign. When our Saviour came, he acted in accordance with these predictions. "He spoke as never man spake," and commanded that "what he had done and taught" should be told to all men, saying: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, and lo, I am with you always to

the end of the world." He also promised inspiration to his apostles whom he selected from the various walks of virtuous life. He, however, allowed none of the great work of recalling and writing the truths of the New Testament to be done under his visible supervision, which, were he an impostor, he would have done, but promised the Holy Spirits' help after he himself should be put to death and taken out of their sight.

The four Gospels by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, were therefore written some time after he was glorified, but by his previous appointment. They were written at different times and places, with no intercourse at the times by their respective authors, and their diversity in unity with blended simplicity and sublimity, like that of the whole Bible, is a divine literary wonder, and every just law of evidence places them in the first rank of written testimony.

Matthew and John were inspired apostles; Mark and Luke were private secretaries of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and may have been themselves also specially inspired. Luke wrote likewise the Acts of the Apostles as a most natural product of their time. The Epistles of Paul, Peter, James, Jude and John were by inspired apostles and were early collected from the persons and parishes to which they were addressed, and so were preserved and published for the use of all churches and men. That some of the first New Testaments should not include them all was natural, though the complete copies would be prized so much the more. All the Epistles appear inspired and were associated with the Acts and Gospels as soon as could well be. And the Apocalyptic visions of St. John—that last most wonderful book of the Bible and of the world—

comes into the canon in due time as the climactic Revelation of the very Christ of God, and with its beloved author the spirit of prophecy takes its last loftiest flight in the visions of men, and the power to work miracles in proof of its presence, is gone.

The word of God was complete, and the fearful denunciations of its last writer against him who would add to or take from the inspired words of his prophecy are but the imprecations of God upon every man who would handle any part of his word deceitfully. As the last chapter of the Old Testament referred to the first advent of the Messiah and his only intervening messenger, so the last words of the whole Bible refer to the final advent of our Lord and hasten on his coming, and like the tree of life, lifting its graceful form toward the zenith and waving its symmetric branches with leaves for the healing of the world, so appears this holy "Book of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham," "in whom all the nations of the earth are blessed."

To this volume the children of God at once resorted for all necessary rules of faith and life. Even the Jews, parted and scattered, carry as a sacred thing the writings which describe their own sad history, and, as if eager to fulfil them all, multiply faithful Masoretic copies in Spain, Italy and Germany immediately after the Saracenic invasion and Mohammed's mission as the scourge of God. The Grecian converts, with a better hope, procure copies of both Old and New. Origen transcribes, with the toil of twenty-seven years, eight Greek versions and the original Hebrew in parallel columns, making fifty volumes large and full. Eusebius copies and transmits the Septuagint from this

Octapla, and Jerome translates the Hebrew into Latin. During the first century appear several versions in the Latin and one in the old Italic. During the third, the Bible was extensively translated into the Coptic, Ethiopic, and soon after into Sclavonic, Gothic, Syriac, Arabic and Armenian tongues. To what extent copies were multiplied we cannot tell, nor at what expense. Every word was made by hand, and the gilded letters are numerous, indeed. The Bible was not then as now committed to the safe and prolific custody of the press.

When it was first seen in Saxon we do not know. In England it was studied by a few in Hebrew and translated in small parts at an early date. One version of the Psalms is even ascribed to King Alfred. In the eighth century early the Bible was translated into Saxon by Bede. Wickliffe translated the Latin vulgate into English in 1380 or 1384, and people were put to death for reading it. The first printed Bible in English was issued October 4th, 1535, and was translated by William Tindale. It was also proscribed and burned, and all suspected of having concealed copies were disgraced and fined, and Tyndale himself was strangled and publicly burned; but his last prayer, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes," was answered soon. In less than eighty years James I., the King of England, procured a finished full translation of the sacred text into the language of the martyred Tyndale, and in a most enlightened way. He appointed fifty-four translators, eminent for piety and knowledge of the original tongues. Forty-seven of these enlisted in the work and lived to see it done within three years, and then well approved.

This is an interesting scene in the Bible's his-

tory. Protestantism was then one. There was no wish to impress on the work sectarian features. A supreme desire to be honest with God and men and prepare a version of his Word, as lasting as the English tongue, appears on almost every page. Never before nor since did England have higher Biblical and linguistic talent. Her Cambridge, Oxford, Westminster, were all vocal with sacred lore, and at these centers dwelt the forty-seven translators, divided into six classes of seven to ten each. Every class had an assigned portion of the original text; each individual of a class translated all the part assigned; the separate translations were each read before the whole class; the final rendering of the part was agreed upon and sent to every other class to be examined and approved; thus securing the revision of every part by each translator with the aid of such other learned men and criticisms as they chose to consult. So nothing which learning, piety, prudence, perseverance and favoring providence could afford seems wanting there to make complete this time-honored and time-surviving version of the Word of God which we have, the best one known in all the world, one in which the very soul or spirit of the original has been seized with energy and pathos, making every sentiment and almost the very idiom correspond to the original sentences of the Holy Ghost, and many find here the boldness and the beauty of the Anglo-Saxon speech as they are seen nowhere else.

The Influence of such a version on Civilization and Literature and our everyday Home Life has been in itself immense. It has been to our beloved country the best of all our historic boons. Had it been a household book in Papal Republics it would have made them prosperous as the United States.

Of the many translations, reprints, polyglots and commentations of the Bible, I need not speak. The big Bible houses, the anniversaries of great Bible societies, the act of Congress once importing Bibles, before we could make enough, the number of living tongues that have it now, the neatness and cheapness of your own copies, suggest the whole, till it is read to-day by a hundred million souls and makes the civil world more wise and good. It comes to us and all nations as the divine gift of those who wrote and who transmitted it, the special and incessant providence of God who speaks through it. It imparts a continued, reproductive power to Christianity. Prophets were sawn asunder, Apostles were proscribed and put to death, but these inspired writings still live and go forth one harmonious and vital whole, the word of life and hope for all mankind. The spirit of anti-Christ may prohibit its divine mission to the poor, may hamper it with apocryphal appendages and priestly and purgatorial substitutes, superstition and skepticism may shut their eyes and raise their voices against it, but anon and ever it is reproducing the simple personal piety which it inculcates, penetrating the dismal palaces of pagan empire, bursting the enclosures of prelatic power, breathing in every language the love and laws of God and shedding on every land the light and joy of heaven. Here it were well to stop; but better to look inside this book a little and see the secret of its power.

II. The Inner History of the Bible is the source of this sublime outward success. Open, then, this wondrous chart and let me throw before you at least "a surveyor's field notes," which can but hint at the landscapes which they cover. The Bible is

not technically a History, but it contains the most important annals of the world. With Paradise its frontispiece, the first sentence introduces the reader to the mighty Godhead in the morning of creation, and its subsequent details are full of Deity, with coming Christendom his crown of glory. The History of the Bible's language fits it for Christianity. The Hebrew tongue branches forth from simplest roots and its radical terms are chaste and sacred. Its ceasing to be a spoken and changing language was providential, and the use of the soulful Greek for the Christian dispensation was divinely suitable.

The Natural History of the Bible is graphic and ever true to nature. Even its suspensions of natural laws are philosophical, with ethic reasons adequate. While every system of idolatry is overthrown by its perversions of nature, not one of the forty Biblical writers advocates a false system of the universe. Though using the phraseology of common life, framed often to the grossest theories, they compromit no modern discovery. As if anticipating science, they give weight to the winds, as demonstrated by Galileo; give bounds to the sea and divide its waters by measure, as now proven necessary to life; lay stress upon the waters above the expanse, as the many tons of vapor lifted per second could only justify; speak of the heavens as boundless, and "the sweet influence of the Pleiades," as if the charming center of gravitation, which astronomers now delight in, and of the earth as a globe, ever "hanging on nothing" but the will of God, with light anterior to the sun, and the "six days" of creation in the exact order of true science. There is here no fabled cosmogony sung by Silenus, nor triangular world sup-

ported by Indian elephants or Celestial turtles. No Grecian philosopher here calls "the world a live animal" nor Latin sage boasts lupation maternity for ancestral kings, but man has here a heavenly Father and stands erect with his divine features, both fearfully and wonderfully made with a trinity of intellect, sensibility and will, able to reason and worship the incarnate "fulness of Godhead" with progress, immortal and glorious.

The Civil History of the Bible is full of Christ and providence. Patriarchs, prophets, judges and kings are all accountable to him. We censure and pity our progenitors when leaving Paradise, though heirs of Christian promise. We tremble before Jehovah's "goodness and severity" as he sweeps from the earth the old, antediluvian sinners; but smile with hope as he mantles the heavens with a cloud that he may throw light beneath and his bow upon it. We walk confidently by his side as he leads Abraham, Isaac and Israel by ways which they knew not; hide ourselves in the mantle of the Hebrew fugitive as he stands on holy ground and receives his commission at the burning bush or the Ten Commandments 'mid the thunderings of Sinai, and through all the consequent history of the Hebrew commonwealth, their conquests, captivities and final dispersions, we see them divinely chastened and their persecuting nations punished for their sake, until we say: "Sin is a reproach, but righteousness exalts a people and the Prince of Peace is king of kings and Lord of Lords."

The history of Bible Poetry is Messianic and surpassing fair. The Hebrew bards illustrate the origin and permanent uses of poetry and the power of lyrics over law. Were not their poems found in our "every-day family book" they would thrill the

literary world with novel interest. The age of Homer's *Iliad* augments its value; but the song of Miriam at the Red sea was sung six hundred years before, and her hymn of praise surpassed all that Sapho sang. The strains of Pindar do not compare with Deborah's Song of Triumph, written earlier by eight hundred years, and Virgil wrote no pastoral so rich as the Book of Ruth, writ long before his day. David's lament over Saul and Jonathan, "How are the mighty fallen!" is equaled only by his own words of hope: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." There are no poems more complete than some of the minor prophets, and Isaiah and Job are yet unrivaled. Shakespeare seems inspired from sacred song, and no poet ever can succeed who dislikes the Bible bards, or scorns to roll their raptures or to catch their fire. In heaven, indeed, they sing to-day "the song of Moses and the Lamb," and Mary's hymn at thought of Jesus' birth is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The history of Bible Prophecy is so full of superhuman knowledge it is beyond my power to describe. The beginning, the revivals and departures of the prophetic spirit may be noted, as I have done, and its revelations of foreknowledge may be seen and proved, but the operations of the immutable Deity upon diversified human intellects so as to develop a book of the greatest variety in unity, and above all, the infusion into the souls of devout men such degrees of foreknowledge that they see in lively panorama the conflicts of ages and the consummation of all things are matters so sublime and solemn that I forbear. The history of prophecy cannot be given till all be fulfilled. Prophetic inspiration is, at least, a miracle of knowledge, and throughout "the spirit of prophecy is the testimony of Jesus."

The Church History in the Bible is largely prophetic. Through the whole book is a record of Christianity which makes everything else yield to its Messianic character. Political events, apparently important, are scarcely mentioned. Short sentences describe extended reigns. Most opulent cities are dashed out with one woe of a prophet. National affairs are buried with one pious life. The proudest monarch gives place to a poor widow. The decrees of Caesar are less prominent than the words of imprisoned apostles, and his throne is less permanent than the spiritual church they plant. Although when the great Founder of Christianity cried, "It is finished!" the Shepherd was himself smitten and his flock scattered, and when the book of Jesus Christ was complete, Christianity could number scarcely a thousand open adherents, yet even now, his life is imperfectly seen in two hundred millions of his militant church which is called his body, and the stone which he "cuts from the mountain without hands is rapidly filling the earth" with pious people "zealous of good works."

But finally, The Family History of the Bible is pre-eminently Christologic and useful to our country. Biblical history is largely of this sort, and my text, like a family record, is lineal and biographic, setting forth a distinguished succession of deathless examples. No writing is more potent than the lives of model persons, the very mention of whose names is as newly read memoirs. The inspired sketch of Joseph is so beautiful and beneficial that when it enters a young mind his name shines there forever, the brightest of all its twelve signs of the Zodiac. The three names in my text are no less potential and worthy of notice. Already a venerable Patriarch rises before you; you see him

first as a young man going westward to better his condition and keeping up everywhere his communion with God in daily family worship. At length you behold him wandering far to find the foretold sacrificial mountain, there to offer his much-loved son as a sacrificial sign, and receive in him the covenant of promise and the resurrection life. In faith the symbol was fully offered but divinely intercepted, by the words: "The Lord will provide the lamb," and "since thou hast not withheld thine only son from me, in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Lo, these words are even now quivering in the air, and Abraham seems nearer than grandparent to Jesus, for every believer in Christ is a noble descendant of that Biblical and faithful patriarch.

In the sacred succession appears also the intermediate boy of Bethелеhem and ruler of Israel. God says of him: "Once have I sworn by my holiness, and I will not lie unto David: His seed shall endure forever, and his throne as the sun before me." The regal response is no less significant: "I see the Messiah ever before me; and the Lord saith unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand till I make thy foes thy footstool."

"Therefore, we know assuredly that God hath made Jesus, the son of David, the son of Abraham, to be both Lord and Christ." For "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds, who being the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had purged our sins sat down at the right

hand of the Majesty on high, who saith: Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee, and let all the angels of God worship him. And unto the Son again he saith: Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever, a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of thy kingdom." It was that God might be thus manifest in the flesh that satan was allowed the key of Paradise that he might open therewith the portals of redemption. The Saviour was promised soon as needed, as "the Seed of the woman that should bruise the serpent's head," was typified by the first act of acceptable worship; personified by many Biblical characters and foretold and believed in by all the inspired Hebrews as the coming Emanuel—God with us. More than one hundred explicit predictions introduce him; the armies of heaven attend him and "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" goes forth at his bidding. Antediluvians and patriarchs shouted forth his coming; prophets took up the strain, repeated the time, place and circumstances of his advent; described the scene of his ministry, his miracles, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension and conquest and culture of the world by his gospel, and the angel of the covenant said to the promised virgin: "Behold, thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, the Son of the Highest, and the Lord shall give him the throne of his father, David, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Now, no man is the chief character in any series of inspired writings, nor the ruler of successive ages; but Jesus Christ is the subject of all the sacred books, and his throne is forever established.

The History of Redemption, drawn from his Bible, covers all time, and is the philosophical basis of the history of our world. Here is a moral rea-

son for the terrestrial life of man, and the permission of sin is sufficiently explained if God be revealed thereby to the universe, the Redeemer of the penitent and the defender of the pure. This country, all mankind, has need of this incarnate Savior, and of this Bible as his rule of life, for "men are begotten again by his word of truth" into better sons and citizens. Either we must deny the facts of sin and its penalties and ignore the virtue of the heavenly throne or admit the Bible records of God's redeeming love and the divinity incarnate before whom demoniacs exclaimed: "We know thee, who thou art, The Holy One of God!" We may deny the depravity of man; but we cannot blot out the bloody history of mankind which proves it. We may deny the divinity of Christ, but we cannot stay his onward march and destroy "the record God hath given of his Son," nor annul the command to "honor the Son even as ye honor the Father." His Godhood equals the demands for infinite authority; his manhood brings him into conscious sympathy with human want in all time and every land; and, as the Bible—which is his biography—is a humano-divine book, for man and his Maker's use to help them work together, so Jesus Christ stands here before us now complete in his humanity and Divinity, our companion, counsellor and king, and his name is called the living "Word of God." Here then, let us all confess, again, the Bible is "the Book of Jesus Christ" and our Country's greatest boon, of which our Constitution, liberty and progressive civil life, our happy homes and very hopes of heaven were born.

O that all sires, sons, citizens and civic magistrates might see and feel how God, here in this Book, now dwells with men to make them wise

and good, and let our papal population and neighboring republics henceforth take this Holy Book into their homes and hearts and lives and live our loving peers.

Empress Victoria once sent to Madagar's bloody queen a copy of this "Book of Christ" and said: "This precious gift made England what she is!" A mother gave a Bible to her boy and sent him forth with this inscribed:

"A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no common toy,
A Mother's gift, remember boy!"

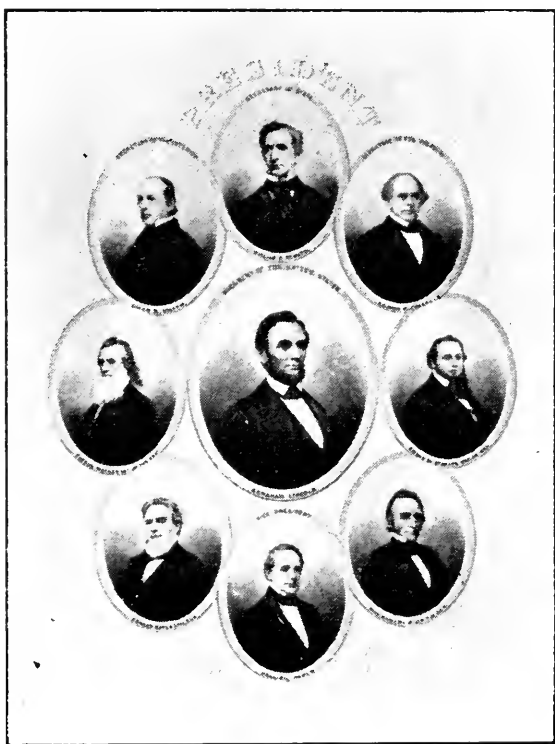
To-morrow James Buchanan will take a solemn oath, upon this book, to do the best he can as President of this great Bible-reading Republic. When he has raised one hand to heaven and with the other pressed the book, let him repeat the Presidential pledge and pray to God for "help," kissing his Holy Word in proof that he doth heed and love the will of heaven, and may God bless our land!

LET US PRAY:

Almighty God, manifest in nature, human flesh and in this Book of Jesus Christ on which our history and hopes are built, look loving still upon our land. Help our new Magistrate to know and do thy will, and all our people to obey thy law and bless thee for thy love in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Let every nation, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!





LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.
1861.

II. INAUGURAL SERMON.

In New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington D. C.

(March 3d, 1861.)

(The Night before Lincoln was Sworn as President.)

BY REV. T. N. HASKELL. L. H. D. OF BOSTON.

SUBJECT:

"God's Excellence and Our President's Oath."

"In the beginning God Created the Heaven and the Earth."—Gen. 1, 1.

When God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, He swore by Himself.—Heb. VI. 13.

The first sentence in the Bible is the ablest, and perhaps oldest, in written speech. It creates and so controls the universe by Elohem—that first name of the Supreme Being used as several in one, in which appears the beloved apostles' Logos, or "Word, by whom the worlds were made" and spoken into being as henceforth forever, obedient to his voice. It is my purpose, on this important occasion, to present a few illustrations of the Existence and Excellence of this Supreme Maker and Ruler of the universe, and the sanctity of our President's oath of office, in His name, in this providential land and time. And let us observe:

(1) There is no valid presumption against the existence of such a personal and Supreme Being. As there never was a time of utter nonentity, nor a time when nothing created something out of nothing, so there never was a time when something

did not exist; and as that something may be sourceful and supreme, atheism cannot be proved. On the other hand, I remark:

(2) There are many valid proofs and very interesting illustrations of the existence and excellence of our Jehovah, and these all culminate in Jesus Christ our Lord, who, as St. Paul says, is over all, "God blessed forever." (Rom. ix., 5.) The sublime pertinence of this subject to the Inauguration of Presidents, in the church where they worship, will in the sequel appear self-evident; for all my illustrations shall merge into redeeming love and the magnificence and minutiae of overruling providence to which all our solemn oaths appeal.

I. Beginning with our inner selves, my first illustration shall be from Spirit Consciousness. It is asserted by many and disproved by none, that there is born in the human mind what for want of better terms is called an "innate sense of deity;" that the convictions of God, and immortality, too, are transmissive in a higher sense than traditional; that the sight of the personal God speaking in Eden must have deeply impressed the parents of the race and left traces of its effects upon the mental constitutions of their offspring; that so the waking consciousness of every son of Adam rises into the felt—though unseen—presence of his Maker; that memory recalls, in some cases, the conscious feeling after God before testimony or observation is remembered to have given an argument from without to prove his personal being; that this inborn power in some to feel, in all to admit in early consciousness there is a personal God, infinite and perfect—like the sense of spirit worthiness for immortality, like the rational intuition that every event must have a cause and must oc-

cur in time and space—reveals its object before his works are martialed into proof; and that were a human mind untaught from infancy it would ultimately testify as now, there is a Sovereign Deity beyond all conception great and good. Hence childhood, almost instinctively adores.

II. My second illustration is from the Religious Usages of the Race. The lowest pagans, the most enlightened Christians reveal the phenomenon of worship directed toward personal being of conceived superiority to the worshipers themselves. The sense of a Supreme Being seems a common phenomenon of the general intelligence, and to Him the universal conscience makes its final appeal, as to one having not merely creative but legislative, executive and judicial power. In the general conscience of mankind is, therefore, found a witness of his person and perfections which idolatry may degrade but cannot wholly destroy. In pagan lands one God will rise above the rest, like Jupiter with his thunderbolts, whom even idolators will call "the Maker of heaven and earth and Father of gods and men." The declaration of the heathen Aratus (and Cleanthes) quoted by St. Paul, "For we are also his offspring," is of universal acceptance, and Sophocles says what all men virtually believe:

"There is a God, and but one,
Who has made the heavens and the earth,
The blue surges of the sea and the might of winds."

Some, for example the disciples of Plato, declared the supreme God to be self-existent and the source of being, revealing himself by the Logos or personnel of the Creating Word, apparently quoted by Apostle John (I.). They even evinced the idea of a necessary companionship in the pre-existent Deity, admitting of a unity of essence in a trinity

of manifestation—strikingly coincident with the Christian system. Lao-Tsu, a Chinese philosopher, 600 B. C., said: “The Supreme Source produced one, the two produced a third and the three made all things,” and “these,” he adds, “are three incomprehensibles that are indeed but one.” (See Henry’s Hist. of Ph.) His favorite name for the Supreme Being is of Hebrew origin, signifying, like the Platonists, the Logos or Word, as in John. Whether these coincidences arose from a partial acquaintance with the Hebrew’s record of creation and their reverence for the coming incarnated Christ, from the native shrinking of the human mind from a bald, lonely Theism, or from the hints of trinities in nature, as man—of body, life and spirit; as mind—of intellect, sensibility and will, or water even, as a solid, a liquid, a vapor—whether the several-in-one idea arose from any or all such considerations combined, we cannot tell; but certain it is, the general belief of the race reveals everywhere the idea of one super-excellent personal Deity, who after making the heaven and earth could say:

“Let us make man!” and have the record read: “He made man in his own image and breathed into him the breath of life.” What is thus so generally revealed is doubtless real; and the sense of both rectitude and religion affirms: “There is one great Supreme Source, like God our Saviour.”

III. My third illustration is from the Visible World. There is before us a wonderful display of diversified objects, which, together, make one material universe. The question arises: Whence came these external things? “The eternity of matter” is a supposition without any proof—from the properties of bodies or the order of nature; and if it were

"from everlasting to everlasting," it has no creative or designing efficiency in itself. Its arrangement under scientific laws reveals the Author of all science over it forever, originating and executing those laws with infinite intelligence and precision. Its gravity, cohesion, existence are manifestly dependent upon the incessant volition of that creative and controlling Power which numbers the hairs upon our heads, nicely adjusts even ultimate atoms in the fine scales of his balance, and so relates each particle to every other in the universe as to make all harmonious. And yet, were all material motion to cease forever, from this minute, the footprints of the Creator would be seen fixed in the rocks and his hand writing remain legible on the dome of the sky. So the very existence of every visible object, even if it could be alone and motionless henceforth, must prove forever the prior existence of its creative subject; but the Relations and Motions of matter reveal still more the existence and excellence of Him that made and moves it.

Organized matter, as seen in the vitalized Vegetable Kingdom, reveals yet more the all-pervading existence and excellence of Him who devised and developed it; whose inventive genius and sense of the useful and beautiful are perfect and eternal, so that the cedars of Lebanon, and the lilies of the valley, the Arctic mosses and fruits and flowers of the tropics are clustered as one grand bouquet of utility and beauty in the hand of the Maker and Giver.

The wonderfully made and modified Animal Kingdom, with every variety of locomotion, sense and instinct, in every case more suitable than finite mind could conceive, assures us still more there is a personal Creator who not only originated the idea

of the horse and the housefly, but clothed the aching neck of the one, as Job says, with the flowing grandeur of clouds breathing with thunder (Job 39:19.), and gave to the other the means and the motive to walk on the ceiling without effort or danger; who taught the spider his rights in the palace of princes, prepared the rocks for the conies and May for the feathered warblers of music, and bade even the translated sea-shell whisper forever the roar of the ocean and echo softly his praises.

The Relations of Matter, in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms reveal yet more the existence and skill of Him who made and related them. Earth, water, air, heat, light, electricity, give to vegetation food, drink, life, breath and a footing; and the vegetable, in turn, invites the animal life to graze in its fields, clip its excess of ripened fruits and build nests in its branches or lie ruminating down on its grassy pillows.

There is no limit to the number or neatness of these relations of animate and inanimate nature, showing the excellence of their Author.

The Microscope reveals most intricate and nicely adapted mechanisms too minute for the naked eye to see. It discovers to us the otherwise invisible insect's matchless eyes and organs for appropriating needful food; and unfolds a million delicate devices in the frame of every fowl that cuts the air, or fish that revels in the sea, or animal that feeds upon the hills, up to man that walks erect, so fearfully and wonderfully made in the triune image of his God, and it assures us that every beating of our heart opens a valve more wonderful than human genius ever made, and that each feather, fin or scale, surpasses far our best ideals, and not a limb or joint in the minutest moving

thing but must have been measured by the mind of God before it was made and fitted to its place.

The Telescope projects the beholder on the plane of universal space, and bids him enter the temple of the skies, lighted with the chandeliers of heaven, whose astoral lamps are ever "hung on nothing" but the will of God; and there, as he feels "the bands of Orion and the sweet influence of the Pleiades" drawing him toward the central pivot of the universe, he sees "the great white throne and Him that sits upon it," and exclaims: "An un-devout astronomer is mad,' 'an Atheist is a fool!' My faith can see the face of God, and hears him chanting through the eternal depths and heights: 'I am! I am! Behold, I stretched out these heavens alone, and all their hosts have I commanded! I made the universe for my temple, with no plan but my ideal, no instrument but my will. I lighted it by speaking the word; I peopled it by my breath, and I bid them all: Behold, obey and worship; for I am God and there is none else!'"

To this all Nature yields assent in sweetest harmony of song, and says:

"Not only doth the voiceful Day

Its maker, God, aloud proclaim,

But Night, with its sublime array

Of worlds doth magnify thy name!

Yea, while adoring seraphim

Before thee bend the willing knee,

From every star a choral hymn

Goes up unceasingly to Thee!

Day unto day doth utter speech

And night to night thy voice makes known;

Through all the earth, where thought may reach,

Is heard their glad and solemn tone,

And worlds beyond the farthest star,

Whose light hath reached a human eye,

Bring their glad anthem from afar

And praise Creative Deity!"

IV. My fourth illustration is from the Spiritual Universe, composed of finite, rational creatures. Besides the objects in material nature, of which I have just spoken, there is another class of existences with none of the properties of form, weight, etc., peculiar to matter, but revealing the phenomena of distinct intelligences, "differing from each other as one star differeth from another star in glory." Instead of the impersonal properties of matter, these have attributes immeasurably higher and more difficult of conception than can be predicated of any material thing, and can never become material any more than matter is or can be mind. They have sense and consciousness, understanding and judgment, memory and imagination, reason and conscience. They think, feel and will; they reason and reflect; they understand and know; they judge, and approve or blame, love or hate, confide or distrust; they remember, with complacency or remorse; they anticipate, with hope or fear; and they find in themselves some recreative power to imitate, remodel and even to originate or at least invent, which is evidence that an Infinite and Perfect Mind from the beginning might "make all things for himself, even finite souls to serve God and enjoy him forever."

Thus the mental and moral rise superior to everything material, and yet finite spirits, like every species of matter, reveal no self-creative power. They turn to a Being infinite, eternal and perfect, and say: "He hath made us, and not we ourselves." The assurance that the first man could not have made himself before he existed is also proof that the first finite spirit, in heaven, earth or hell, could not have originated even the idea of being before he had already been; hence a personal Creator of

eternal excellences is essential to the origin of the fulness of nature and of a single finite mind, and he must be himself a Spirit because he is "The Father of Spirits." He has in the trinity of his nature the three distinctions essential to mind—intellect, sensibility and will; infinite intelligence, redeeming love, perfective efficiency; the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—in each of which is all of excellence divine.

No terms, nor types, nor apotheses can show to finite minds God's full magnificence. As we cannot comprehend the material universe, in its magnitude and minutiae, and the spiritual is as superior to the material as mind is nobler than matter, so he that made them both is superior to all which he hath made, yet every finite mind, like every speck of matter, proves his omnipotence, and both are clues to his inmost character. But in every visible thing are atoms numberless, and this world, with all its countless species of plants, insects, animals and types of minds and modes of life, would, multiplied by the greatest conceivable number, give us no just conception of the multiplicity, wisdom and magnitude of our Maker's works. Why, in fifteen degrees by two of that familiar nebulae, the Milky Way, there have been distinctively counted fifty thousand suns, and eighteen million separate stars seem well defined in that one silvery haze. Three thousand nebulae like that lie visible still beyond, and indicate that fifty thousand millions of central suns exist—within the range of telescopic vision, and with their satellites are now marching round the throne of God with even the lightning's speed. In this world is also a system of material, mental and historic development. Here God has planted, trained, pro-

pagated, various types of civil society, and history is so easily evolved by him that he says: "The nations are in his hand as the drop of a bucket, as the small dust of the balance." But fear not for this your own insignificance! For every idle word he holds you accountable. Even globules of water are globes inhabited, and every atom of dust is instinct with gravitation, which is God's incessant volition. And as in this world, so on each sun, each planet and all secondary orbs may be both organic nature and civilized nations, knowing bonds of friendship and domestic joys superior to ours and rearing works of art nearer to the skill of God than we have ever scanned, and in unbounded space beyond material things, minds, immortal and accountable, may be marching in eternal depths and heights of which the chasm of a clear sky is but an emblem. And yet, all this vast creation is self-evidently less than its infinite and perfect Author, "in whom we live and move and have our being."

Gnothi se auton: "Know thy self" and so know God also. The achievements of thy mind here are hints of its future infinite mental and moral possibilities, which our Maker must surpass. And what can men and God together do, now and forever? Man in his present state looks through the past, apprehends in a single conception the origin of the universe and rears the history of ages upon it. He looks into the future and anticipates events in that direction as remote as the morning of creation is in the past. He lays his hand on material nature and subjects its mighty forces and subtlest agents to his will, and breaks its solid breastworks down. He weighs and perforates mountains, drives iron steeds over plains and seas; with pen

that spans a continent he sits down in the capitol and writes messages in the remotest village, sends peans of praise through the depth of oceans, envelops the world with bars of steel and electric nerves, foresees eclipses to a second, makes known when comets will come and go, for ages hence, and apprehends his own disembodied companions, when time shall be no more. He conceives of rational creatures older than man and mightier than the human mind. He classifies them on the essential basis of moral character. He separates those who "have sinned and kept not their first estate" from those who are without immoral stain. He invests the one class with the responsibility of holding up forever the hatefulness of sin as seen in their own chosen experience, and to the other he awards the honor of being the heavenly exemplars referred to in our Lord's prayer. Knowing "it is appointed unto men to die and after this the judgment," he asks: "When I leave this world, with which class of spirits shall I have companionship? He hears saintly voices singing: "'Twas great to speak a world from naught; but 'tis still greater to redeem!"

He sees the mighty "Word by whom the worlds were made" enter a sinless man and do the works of God; sorrow over human guilt and suffer in the sinner's stead, saying: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved!" He sees the cross and heeds the cry and is consciously saved from eternal companionship with the guilty to everlasting communion with the good. He sees other beings affected by his experience. "There is now joy in the presence of the angels of God" over his new position in the moral realm. The heavenly host say: "Glory to God in the highest! Another man is

born again!" The voice of many angels, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands swell the chorus of joy over his change from a sinner to a saint. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the glory that shall be revealed in him." Yet he is only one of that "multitude whom no man can number who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb." "Surely there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding," and thence rises before us a Spiritual Universe more glorious than language can describe or thought define, now thrilling with its ceaseless throb: "Holy! holy! holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is and art to come. Thou hast made all things for thyself and the universe is full of thy glory!"

V. This leads to my fifth and last illustration; which is from Infinite Providence. I have now illustrated, in a climactic way, the existence and matchless excellence of Him who created the heavens and the earth and became manifest in the flesh of Christ. It remains to cap the climax with the inevitable conclusion that such creation implies a continual, supreme and kind control, which is Providential to the last extremes in minuteness and magnitude. We have only rapidly to retrace our steps to find this illustration topmost, everywhere and in them all. It was provident in God to put the *apriori*, inborn witness of himself in individual souls; more provident to aggregate this into the historic belief of the whole race; yet more providential are the harmonies and adaptations of material nature and more still in the coming of Christ, and still more in God's Christian care for every creature in his countless worlds. So fine and vast his perfect Providence appears, immensity is full

of his paternal and redeeming love and he can see to it all with equal and incessant ease and care. The microscope and telescope allow more divine providences in nature to escape our notice than ever they discovered yet, and even prayer and prophecy cannot keep pace with providence in the progress of human life and the history of redeeming love.

Personally, "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God" and follow out his plan:

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

"He chastens us for our profit that we may partake of his divine nature." "He gives us day by day our daily bread and cheer, and doth not wilfully afflict nor grieve the sons of men." He subjected his own sinless humanity to the same discipline of sorrow that we share, that he might assure us of his sympathy:

"Twas midnight, when for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows wept in blood;
Yet He, that there in anguish knelt,
Was not forsaken by our God."

The provision of Christ was a miracle of prophecy; that was the climactic providence—redeeming love for which our world was made.

Hence, collectively man knows "there is a God in history," as prophecy fulfilled.

Of this the solemn oath of office, in use among all nations, is a sacred and sublime assurance. This historic pledge has existed since the flood, when the bow of hope was set upon the clouds of heaven, and God swore by himself there should never be another deluge. In like manner he

swore unto Abraham and David that his Incarnation should be their Son. So Abraham made Eliezer of Damascus swear by God that he would get a pious bride for his son Isaac, and "because there is none greater God swore by himself" to Abraham, saying: "In thy Seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Again, he "swore by his holiness to David that his Seed shall endure forever, and his throne—which is Christendom—as the sun before him." Again, when the realm was Christianizing through dispersion and captivity, Isaiah foresaw the promised incarnation and said:

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth, even forever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this." (Isa. ix.)

"And when the fulness of time was come," the angel of God came upon the expectant shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem and said, while glory shone around: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord! And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

In coincidence with this wondrous coming of our God incarnate, announced from heaven as "Christ the Lord," his purposes evolved this Book describing well his Christian works and sent it

forth as the written will of God. The Angel of the Reformation stood with it open on both sea and land, till

“The breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rock-bound coast,

And the woods against a stormy sky,

Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark

The hills and waters o’er,

When a band of exiles moored their bark

On the wild New England shore.

Amidst the storm they sang,

And the stars heard and the sea,

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang

To the anthem of the free.

Aye, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod!

They have left unstained what there they found—

Freedom to worship God!”

A Bible-reading Civilization thus began all along the Atlantic coast. By wondrous providences the thirteen Colonies became this United Nation; and Washington well said: “I am sure there never was a people who had more reason to acknowledge a divine interposition in their affairs than those of the United States, and I should be pained to believe that they had forgotten that agency which was so often manifested during the Revolution, or that they failed to consider the omnipotence of that God who is alone able to protect them.” “The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous that he must be worse than an infidel who lacks faith, and more than wicked who has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations.”

My Countrymen: We are now come into another “Perilous crisis,” even greater than the Revolutionary war! But, quoting the Father of our Country again, “The remarkable interposition of Divine Government in the hours of our country’s deepest

distress and darkness (in the past) have been too luminous to suffer me to doubt the happy issue of the present contest." And so now I say:

"It thunders, but I tremble not;

My trust is firm in God!"

President Buchanan's pastor invited me to come from Boston and preach this last sermon before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration (who will have his pew here as has his predecessor). In his note Dr. Gurley prayed: "God grant that 'Honest Old Abe' may be inaugurated in peace." So pray we all. But why this special prayer? Ah! The greatest civil war this world has ever seen is imminent, and Providence must interpose to preserve us from self-destruction. Let Lincoln, like our Lord, this midnight pray, while others wait and watch: "O my Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from me. Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." Let all watch with him! When to-morrow he shall go forth to bear the burdens of state, in peace or war, and take this oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution" (of the United States). Let him add, "So help me God!" and reverently kiss this Holy Book, while we look on with wondering awe at such a providential scene and receive again the self-sacrificing spirit of the Son of God, who made and saves the world!

To this end let us pray: Infinite and perfect Maker and Ruler of heaven and earth, revealed in nature, incarnation, grace and providence; who dost uphold all things by thy word of power, and kindly care for each of us, our country and mankind, with philanthropic and redeeming love, O look now on us from thine unseen presence in our

midst; forgive our sins, inspire and hear our prayer! Thou art in all time and space, filling all thy works, and each event thy will evolves, and nations and worlds are in thy hand. Our history and hopes are all in Thee, and Thou hast no attribute that takes the side of wrong. We, therefore, tremble when we think of sin, rebellion, treason, tyranny—and God, and of ancestral, ceaseless and increasing wrongs which those “confederated against Thee” now would spread through all the land and in all time; and we indeed do fear the Nation will soon self-dissolve unless their guilty cause of discord be, instead, dissolved and disappear.

If the wrongs inflicted on a helpless race, stolen, bought and sold, fettered, tasked and torn apart, shall be refused redress by those who would rebel against good government and God, we know Thou canst not take their cruel part, but wilt hear the cry of slaves and even fight with those who would with force of arms preserve the Union and the nation’s life, and so “break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.” Yet in this way of thy atoning will we see much misery and death, and dread the sight!

O Thou, who didst tread, thyself, the winepress of almighty wrath, alone, wrestled in the night till bloody sweat fell on the ground, and “through five gaping wounds” didst shed thy blood to save a murderous, mocking world, help us to see and feel how much impending civil war implies, until our people have thee so within that they will pray as did Thyself, in agony divine; “O God, if it be possible, let this cup pass; yet thy will be done!” If we must lay down our lives and shed our sacrificial blood, be Thou “formed within” the Nation’s

heart in "glorious hope," and bid thine angels come and strengthen us, in camp and field and hospital, and let thy Holy Spirit change the minds of those mistaken men who hate our Christian Union and the cause of all mankind. O God, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

We hope for peace through thine infinite and providential power, and pray our Country may help thee, O God in Christ, enforce thy golden rule!

And now, may our incoming Magistrate, whom Thou hast brought through dangers seen, unseen, to take official oath and trusts, be found a man after thine own heart, to execute with wisest awe thy will; and may our triune government be true to God and man, as firm and free as the almighty Elohem, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, who madest heaven and earth: Amen.

The American Soldier's Mission.

APRIL 1861.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. N. HASKELL,
To Soldiers of The First Massachusetts Regiment in his Boston
Church before they hastened to rescue Washington
Beleaguered by Rebels in arms.

[This was "The First Book for the Boys in Blue." Haskell's Lives
of Capt. Hedley Vickers and Gen'l Henry Havelock were the next.]

TEXT—JUDGES VI:20

"The Sword of The Lord and of Gideon!"

Soldiers—We are met in the Sanctuary this Sabbath afternoon at your request, that I may say a few earnest, parting words to you about your sublime and solemn mission to save your country for coming ages and all mankind. I pray that my unstudied counsels may be fit for the occasion and useful to you and others to the end of time.

The true soldier is an intense man; and the most momentous interests hang upon his fidelity. The aim of the following counsels is to aid each United States soldier, in the crisis of 1861, to see the grandeur of his providential calling, and with the highest moral and physical courage so to pursue it as to save his country from impending ruin, and be ennobled in personal character for this and the future world. Trusting to your desire for improvement and usefulness, even while bearing

arms, and especially to escape those moral ills which are often more hazardous to the soldier than the hour of battle, the following considerations are affectionately commended to you now.

I—THE SOLDIER'S INDIVIDUALITY.

The soldier does not lose his individuality by becoming a member of an army, and obeying the orders of his commander. He is still a man, and in his physical, social, moral, and immortal nature, should, like other men, pursue his calling with a sense of individual responsibility. Napoleon Bonaparte said, "To make a true soldier, you must spoil a true man;" and, acting on that principle, he failed. Washington believed the true soldier must be a true man; and, acting on this principle, in the fear of God, he saved your country. It is a sad case when the soldier loses his self-respect, and is content to act as an irresponsible machine, either in the ordinary drill or on the field of battle. He is bound to seek the highest proficiency in his calling, from the best of motives. If he be still a man he should exert his manliness by appropriate action in obedience to orders, and appropriate aspirations in view of his cause. A proper self-respect is promotive of military discipline. A well-drilled individuality is the best cure for insubordination. He is the best soldier who is justly conscious of being the best man.

II—THE SOLDIER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

It is impossible for a personal being to evade the responsibilities which grow out of his relations to others. All men are accountable to the Supreme Being and to society, on whom they depend, and from whom they derived their existence. Military men are as truly bound by the laws of God and man as any other class. They have no right to

accept any commission which has not on it the broad seal of the Lord of hosts. They should seek no ends and employ no means which He may not consistently bless, or which are at variance with the government they have sworn to obey and defend. It is self-evident that the Giver and Guardian of human life has a rightful authority over all men, and in no time or place can any man be exempted from it. So on account of his social nature, and the fact that he is related to other beings in all time to come, his obligations to society cannot cease to rest upon him. And these civil as well as moral obligations are divinely imposed. "The powers that be are ordained of God"—to be "a terror to evil doers, and a praise of them that do well"—"holding not the sword in vain."

III—RIGHTFULNESS OF DEFENSIVE WAR.

Owing to the imperfections and wickedness of mankind wars are necessary evils, sometimes wrong on both sides, always wrong on one. When waged in defense of civil and religious liberty and morality, or for the overthrow of organized systems of wrong, they are not inconsistent with the purest philanthropy, or even with Christianity itself; often, indeed, are positively required by them.

Indications of this general truth are abundant in the Word of God. In numerous instances military operations and men are spoken of in such a manner as to show that they enjoyed the divine approbation. Among these were the battles of Abraham to recapture his kinsman, on his return from which Melchisedek blessed him; the fightings of Israel and Amalek, when Aaron and Hur stayed up the hands of Moses in the attitude of prayer; the conquest of Canaan; the mission of David, the champion of Israel, against Goliath; the patriotic

defense by several of the Jewish kings against the Assyrians; the advice of John the Baptist to the Roman soldiers; the Saviour's commendation of the centurion's plety who had soldiers under him; Peter's mission to Cornelius, the captain of the Italian band at Cesarea, and the divine commendation of this soldier's prayers.

Indeed, Angels were sometimes sent by God to lead his hosts to battle and to victory, as in the cases of Joshua and Gideon. So when the Midianites were about to force upon Israel their system of barbarism and idolatry, and threatening to exterminate them from the face of the earth, God summoned his people to come up and defend their rights and principles, making their cause his own. But the inhabitants of a town in the Kishon valley preferred to stay at home, and assumed a stolid neutrality. They had not sufficient interest in the principles involved to sacrifice either life or treasure to save them for mankind. Hence the sacred record concerning them is, "Curse ye Morez! Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!"

Let the soldier, then, dismiss all scruples against the righteousness of his awful work when called in the providence of God to resist, even unto death, the encroachments of any barbarous wrong. War to defend the right against the drawn sword of wrong, is a righteous necessity, and let them that first drew that sword perish by the sword!

IV—THE AMERICAN CONTEST IN 1861.

Never was there a cause more just than is that of the United States and its government in the present contest. For nearly fourscore years the several States have dwelt under a Constitution

established by our fathers, enjoying, with scarcely an interruption, marked prosperity. Not an act of the government can be pointed out which infringed upon the rights of any section of the country. But a conspiracy, originating more than thirty years ago, has at length been emboldened to attempt the overthrow of this Confederacy, and establish on its ruins another, whose corner-stone is officially declared to be "Negro Slavery." To effect this traitorous design open war has been inaugurated, and armed hosts, arrayed against the authority of the Union and its flag consecrated to Liberty, are now menacing Washington.

The insurgent army, who first fired into the Star of the West, forbade unarmed men to carry food and fuel to our scanty but brave garrison, and then bombarded Fort Sumter, and became intoxicated with joy over their "bloodless victory," are commanded by usurped authority; they march under the flag of treason. They have assailed the right of every citizen, and sapped the foundation of Liberty's only citadel, by resisting the will of the people in the choice of President Abraham Lincoln. They have pursued a system of official peculation, perjury and theft. They have decreed their system of barbarism which has been the bone of our contention from the first, to be perpetual, and assuming Slavery is the most sacred of all their trusts, they declare themselves ready to cling to it "till the last man behind the last rampart has fallen."

These are the perjured men and their minions, who, with stolen arms, defy the patriot hosts of the country. They must be overcome and subdued, or else the doom of our Republic will be to disappoint the hopes of the world, and demonstrate that there

can never be on earth "a home for the brave, as a land of the free."

To resist them unto death is no less our duty than to protect our abodes from the approach of assassins. We may feel toward them much as David did when he said to the Philistine: "Thou comest to me with the sword; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the Armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. And the Lord will deliver thee into my hand, that all the earth may know there is a God in America; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands." Therefore,

Haste, soldiers, to the altar
Of Freedom and the Laws;
Let not devotion falter;
For God is in your cause.

The foreign missionary, the converted pagan, the struggling and down-trodden races look now upon you, and all Christendom joins with you in the battle-cry,

"THE SWORD OF GOD AND OF GIDEON!"

See each gallant soldier,
When buckling on his sword
From the hand of his old Mother
That points him to the Lord;
His Sire inspects his weapons,
His Sisters fill his sack,
And his heroic Sweetheart
Helps bind it on his back.

They all combine their courage—
And who of all has most?
For it appears that each one
Is valiant as a host!
Your Country can't be ruined

With Christian Homes like this;
 Our Fathers' God moves in you;
 Your holy cause is His!

The Soldier of the United States, in the present crisis, should feel that he is "a co-worker together with God;" and in His name and strength should hold and transmit unimpaired to posterity, and the oppressed of all lands, that liberty which our heroic fathers bequeathed to him. Let the patience and long-suffering of God and our government toward the rebels for months and years, give only the greater momentum to your stroke when you are called to inflict the blow of human and divine retribution.

These words may seem severe; but War is severe! The rebels have risen to kill you, to destroy your country and degrade your flag. You must fight against them with "all the goodness and the severity of God." Be mindful of your mission to save your government for human good. Your fathers fought and died to found it. You must defend it, by killing or conquering its assailants. Be kind to captives, and pray that they all may have a better mind and help you yet to bless the world.

V—RULES OF CONDUCT.

If the United States soldier is fighting in a cause so sacred, he ought to do it in the fear of God, actuated by such motives and adopting such means as God can approve and bless. He should observe the following general rules:

1. Avoid profaneness.

Said George Washington to the United States troops, in July, 1776: "The blessing and protection of Heaven are at all times necessary, but especially so in times of public distress and danger. The General hopes and trusts that every officer and

man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country." "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing—a vice hitherto little known in an American army—is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven upon our arms if we insult God by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of character detests and despises it."

And Soldier, "God, in whose hand thy breath is," has expressed his displeasure against it in the most startling terms. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." (Ex. 20:7.) "I say unto you, Swear not at all! neither by heaven, for its is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black." (Matt. 5:24.)

2. Attend to God's Revealed will—the Bible.

If the soldier in this contest is engaged in God's cause, he should be attentive to God's Word. The Bible has every necessary external and internal evidence of divine origin and authority. It has something adapted to every man in every condition and circumstance. It abounds in soldierly examples, and illustrates every moral conflict by the language and usages of military life. Its principles are applicable to all the personal duties of the soldier as well as the citizen. As every man of the army and navy may have a Bible or Testament if

he will, the obligation to study portions of it every day rests upon all. Let every one then, conscious of being enlisted in a divine cause, seek a daily acquaintance with the will of God, and ask the same Holy Spirit, by which it was revealed, to assist in its right use. The severest curses fell upon Judah because one of her kings cut the book of Jeremiah to pieces and burned it in the fire, and public sentiment did not cry out against the sacrilege. (Jer. 36:23.) But that was only a small part of the sacred Scriptures, while many a soldier, it is to be feared, would sooner destroy the whole sacred volume than habitually read it and obey its precepts.

If any man needs to study the will of God and be imbued with the spirit of the whole Bible, it is he who is called to fight in the divine name the battles of his country.

3. Do not neglect Prayer. "Pray without ceasing."

No soldier should be indifferent to this means of spiritual courage. The Christian, at least, will certainly appreciate it. It would seem that every step of his battalion, every stroke of his drum, should beat the time of his heart's throbbings after God, who is going up to the battle before him. Whatever else is neglected, let not the soldier be for a day or an hour absent from the felt presence of his heavenly Father, in whose hand are all "the fortunes of war." Pray for the President daily!

4. Remember that Others are Praying for you.

"There is a scene where spirits blend;
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat."

As an aid to this communion with God by per-

sonal and social worship, let the soldier think much of those in ten thousand Christian homes who are praying for him. Perhaps while his eye is turned to the printed page with the fountains of his heart open almost to weeping, a praying wife, or sister, or mother, is looking up toward the throne of God, and asking that "the Angel of the Covenant" may be with him to **keep** him. In the closet, at the family altar, and in silent entreaty, the aged father, the Christian brother, the minister of the Gospel, is unceasingly praying for him. He is held in affectionate remembrance by all the lovers of God and man in the nation, and is borne on millions of hearts, every moment, to the mercy-seat. When all the saints, and even the angels of God, are interested in his mission, how can he be indifferent to that divine aid which he must have to fulfill it, and may have by asking? If the soldier is tempted to profanity, or any impiety which excludes the divine favor, let him remember his parents, brothers, sisters, or children—any, all his kindred and neighbors, who, when the contest is ended, will wish to welcome him back a virtuous man, or will suffer inconsolable grief to know that he was cut down in a state of estrangement from God, and in the midst of newly-acquired vices.

5. Avoid Intemperance.

There is no vice more destructive to the soldier, both morally and physically, than love of strong drink. The excitements, fatigues, uninviting rations, and loss of domestic influence, together with a depressing consciousness of danger, make the social glass and the optional ration of liquor more dangerous foes than an army of traitors. A soldier from Massachusetts once pressed the bottle to the lips of his strictly temperate and much loved

brother. That touch was almost immediately followed with the woe of the prophet. Their house was henceforth based upon the sand, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon it, and it fell, and great was the fall of it! The hope of their home-circle was extinguished forever; for they both became drunkards.

Not only does the daily use of intoxicating liquors impair the moral courage and self-sacrificing purpose essential to a good warfare, but it unfits the physical constitution to endure the exposures of climate, the fatigues of forced marches, and the loss of blood when wounded in battle. At the time when the stimulants are needed, their medicinal virtue will have been exhausted by daily abuses. Forget not how Alexander, the conqueror of a world, was himself vanquished by wine, and died as a drunkard; and that it were far better to die in the defense of our country, than to escape the sword to return to honored kinsfolks a slave to the cup, and experience the truth that "no drunkard shall ever enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Look not thou upon it." "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

6. Shun Licentiousness and Avarice.

There is always a legion of devils attendant upon the camp life of the soldier. Their forms of approach are according to circumstances. Sometimes they appear in the guise of plunder, and destroy all respect for the right of property. Remember Achan. Woman should always be protected in her virtue, though she be an enemy; while lewd women should be shunned like the

doorkeepers of hell; even though you may much need good matrons and nurses. "Resist the devil" in whatever guise, "and he will flee from you." "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." You will be made by his presence continually sensitive to every degrading license, and though maimed perchance in body, you will be a welcome guest in the homes of the virtuous, wherever you go. Shun every loose association of thought, word and deed, as you would a secret poison; for only so can a man be elevated into sympathy with his Maker, and meet the true end of his being.

7. Take Care of Your Whole Manhood.

The United States soldier should in every respect seek to fulfill his mission as a man and as a warrior. He should as far as possible be able-bodied, calm-headed and pure-hearted. He should discipline his mind and body to do his whole duty in the fear of God, for the good of man. He is morally bound to care for his physical strength, and cultivate the power of endurance and prompt and efficient action. His body is the instrument through which he exerts his patriotism in the military crisis. It should be kept in a cleanly, hardy, and alert condition, completely subjected to the mind, even though they be separated the next moment, and the spirit go to God who gave it. His mind should be disciplined to obey orders, and act through the body, in most perfect concert with the rank and file about him. There is no scene on earth where moral courage may more sublimely rule the mind, and every nerve and muscle of the body, than where the Christian soldier meets a foeman worthy of his steel and deadly aim. A single charge in such a moment may be the united act of a thousand executioners firm to do their

duty for the highest good of unborn millions.

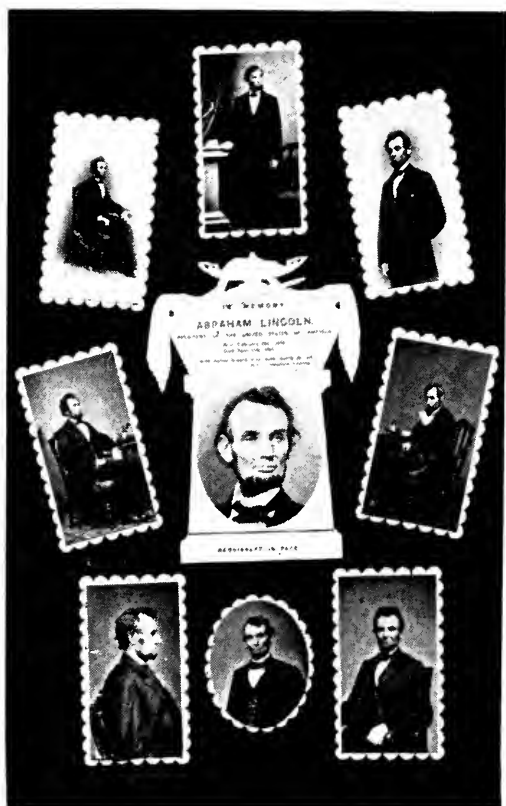
The worthy bearing of the soldier in the crisis moment may be worth more to mankind than an ordinary lifetime. Let the grandeur of his cause lead him, with calm, physical, mental, and moral courage, to act on every occasion with an unfaltering fidelity to his mission. Whether he be brought into any sanguinary engagement or not, the whole man should be put in all reasonable readiness for it, and all so consecrated to God and His cause, that his immortal nature shall be elevated rather than degraded by his providential calling. The mind, by a firm reliance on the Redeemer's Love, should seek and secure a continual sense of pardoned sin, so finding "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Like Havelock, Vicars, Cromwell, Cornelius, and the pious warriors of the Old Testament, the soldier fighting our battles in this crisis should seek first to know the will of God, and then bend his whole manhood to accomplish it. Let his warfare thus be waged under the banner of Christ; and at last, when dismissed to his rest, he may exclaim, with joyful recollections of the past, and bright hopes of the future, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will give me, in that day, and not to me only, but to all them, also, that love His appearing. For we suffer with Him that we may all be glorified together."

8. Keep your patriotism full of the "powers of the world to come."

Your love of country should be as the love of God and human good forever. It is impossible to estimate the importance to this and the future world of the public offering you make. This you

felt when you left home. This they feel whom you have left behind. Remember, "living or dying, you are the Lord's." And now, Patriot Soldiers! accept these parting words: You have consecrated your lives in a most solemn manner to serve your country in this important crisis. The occasion is of sacred interest in the presence of your friends and neighbors, of angels and of God. The past, present and future are here pressing their claims upon you. The examples of the most excellent of earth rise before you with their inspiring charm. The perils of war confront you, with the Divine Shield of your patriotic fathers uplifted in the hand of Providence to defend you. The future of your country, and the thanks of hundreds of millions of the reunited American people, now as it were, await the heroic offerings of your lives upon the Nation's Altar of Christian Unity and Freedom. As President Lincoln so lately said in his pathetic and almost prescient inaugural: "The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, shall yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Yes, and the orchestra of the Nations and the ages will sing anthems of Thanksgiving if, under God, you shall save the United States of America, unsevered, as an ensample of the ultimate Unity and Freedom of the World. Go forth, then, to save our beleaguered Capital! Serve well your country till this cruel war is over! God go with you, and bring you back to our happy greeting and overwhelming gratitude. The grace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and the Love of God, our Heavenly Father, and the communion and comfort of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.



LIKENESSES OF LINCOLN.

Lincoln's Assassination.

SOME LESSONS FROM HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

BY REV. T. N. HASKELL, OF BOSTON,

To the Bereft Congregation in Washington.

First Sunday Morning after the Services

In the Executive Mansion.

TEXT—II SAMUEL III:38.

My bereft Christian Friends and Fellow Countrymen: I am deeply impressed with the solemnity of serving you here at the request of your pastor, who is far away attending the funeral of our dear Martyred President. Dr. Guley said, when seeking my assistance: "You may say in my pulpit what you please, that is suited to the time and place." But one theme befits the American pulpit this morning: it is the Life and Death of that distinguished Chief Magistrate of America, who was wont to meet here with you, but who will never again visibly mingle in your worship. Assassination emphasizes the subject.

Four years ago, I came on the evening before Lincoln's first inauguration and addressed you upon "The Existence and Excellence of God and the Profound Solemnity of the President's Oath Before Him." Your Pastor's invitation, as I told you in that premonitory address, ended with the words: "God grant that 'Honest Old Abe' may be inaugurated in peace!" This was the common prayer then of all our loyal people, who regarded

Abraham Lincoln as, verily, the typical example whom the Cynic sought so long in vain with his lantern. We were all prayerful, then. "The Proslavery Rebellion" was rising and assassination and Civil War were imminent. Both have come, and done their work and gone into annals of the world. Slavery, Rebellion and Lincoln are dead! But God lives, and the Nation lives "with a great enlargement of human liberty," and Lincoln's life will henceforth live in history and humanity. He accepted the Slaveholders' issue of War to extend slavery and destroy the nation, and by that War he saved the "Union and Liberty, one and inseparable."

When I think of his great worth and work and the weeping of the world to-day over his tragic death, I am forcibly reminded of the very graphic account of Chief Abner's fate and the funeral scene where King David walked beside his bier and, weeping, said: "Know Ye Not that a Prince and a Great Man Hath Fallen? As a man falleth before wicked men, so he fell."

Abner had just effected the reunion of the Hebrew Commonwealth, and great was the grief for his assassination. But the unbounded sorrow at his funeral can barely suggest the intense and universal grief this morning, that America's ablest and best Chief Magistrate has been murdered in the midst of his "many mighty works" of good for all mankind.

"He bore his faculties so meek, hath been
So clean in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like Angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off!"

By such a death of such a man, humanity has been so much bereft and shocked the Nation's

heart seems bursting now with grief, and all the civil world sheds tears. The Foreign Ministers from many lands have cried, as if his nearest friends, around his catafalque—because the dead had done so much so well, and fell before such wicked means. It is meet that we, too, should gather round his draped and vacant seat and vent our sorrow, remembering, though, that in our grief there is an element of “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” We mourn at Lincoln’s Death but are exceeding glad that Liberty, for which he died, will live enriched by his endeared remembrance, and that his name and example in history will shine brighter and be more and more effective from age to age. Even now I see his majestic mind and moral worth, a model for all mankind, and Lincoln’s Historic Personality will have an ever-growing vitality and power. The secret of that power was his supreme purpose to please God and do good; “to do the will of Him that sent him, and to finish his work.” His conscientious, philanthropic life led to his final coronation with a martyr’s crown.

I

SOME LESSONS FROM LINCOLN’S LIFE.

Let us, therefore, comfort ourselves, first, by considering his Simple Life and the Sublime Lessons which his Illustrious Example will everywhere and forever enforce upon the civil world.

We all feel at once the Christly Spirit of Philanthropy and Faith in God that this “Great Prince of Men” possessed. This he early derived from his pious Mother and the few books that he read. Aesop’s Fables, Foxe’s Book of Martyrs, Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress, Weemse’s Life of Washington and the Household Word of God, were earnestly

perused by him, when a poor, back-woods boy. Perhaps it was well he had so few and just such books. In the sacred solitudes of the forest; in the severe struggles for subsistence; in the solemn remembrance of his sainted Mother—for she died in his tenth year and left his heart sad and tender—he rose to youth and manhood with an intense yearning to be wise and useful. He was from a boy honest, earnest and well balanced, hating lust, intemperance, blasphemy, idleness and base endeavor, practicing from choice the Christian principles his mother loved and cherished—though of these in private life he made no open, public confession. In personal intercourse, however, he often confessed Christ in ways as effective as they were confidential. The year before his nomination to be President I rode some time with him on a steamboat down the Mississippi river. When we separated he said: “I am glad to know you. I like Christian people and have profound respect for pure religion, though I have never made a public profession of it.” About that time he said to Mr. Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois, he had “an incessant and very deep solicitude about the future,” and yet evinced such faith in the Christian’s God that the distinguished educator was filled with awe at the unexpected development of deep, self-distrusting piety and confidence in God’s good and Sovereign purpose. The great-hearted patriot and coming President said he had in him “an undefinable and oppressive sense of future responsibilities, which seemed holding in reserve for him, and while he would not forebode his fate he wished to be well fitted for it.”

These were presentiments, then, that seem now like prophecy—and he was indeed seer-like. He

was soon nominated, elected, and prepared to enter on his duties as President with a truly prayerful patriotism and tremulous foreboding.

His Farewell on leaving Springfield was Prophetic. He said to his neighbors gathered at the depot to witness his departure:

"My Friends—No one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again." (His public duties forbade his return—till now his body is borne thither for burial.) "A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never could have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you all an affectionate Farewell!"

In Independence Hall, Philadelphia, he said, as if ready to be offered:

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing here, in this place where were collected the Wisdom, the Patriotism, the Devotion to Principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. I have often thought of the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and formed and adopted the Declaration of Independence. I have pondered over the

trials that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army that achieved that Independence. I have often inquired what great principle it was that kept this confederacy so long together, and have concluded it was the Sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave Liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope to the world for all future time; that gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men! This is the Sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help save it. If it cannot be saved on that principle, it will be truly awful! But if the country cannot be saved without giving up that principle (I was about to say), I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it!—My friends, this is a wholly unexpected speech. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. I have said nothing, however, but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the will of Almighty God, to die by.”

Was ever utterance wiser, kinder or more truly patriotic and prophetic of one's own instrumentality and prospective resultant martyrdom for a great Christian principle? I can recall the words of no other man that were more so.

YOU ALL RECOGNIZE THE CHRISTIAN
EXCELLENCE OF HIS INAUGURALS.

In his first Inaugural Address he said with a Spirit of Christian faith and conciliation to the Slaveholders:

“My disaffected fellow-countrymen! In your hands not in mine, is the momentous issue of Civil War. You can have no conflict without being your-

selves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have a most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend' it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies! Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature. Intelligence, Patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties."

But the Secessionists had ceased to be patriotic, repudiated civil Liberty, and fired upon the flag that floats the symbol of Christian Freedom over all our soil and upon every sea. For four weary years they waged their wicked war in defense of Slavery. It was on a famous battlefield of that pro-slavery war that Lincoln spoke these Spontaneous and inspired words:

"Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a New Nation, conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a Great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place of those who gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we

cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unselfish work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the Nation shall, under God, have a ‘new birth’ of Freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

This speech in full should be often quoted. It is the best exposition of Christian Patriotism that can be found in human words. He told Rev. Dr. Trask he loved consciously “Christ and Him Crucified,” when thus consecrating that our country’s greatest sacrificial place, the Soldiers’ Cemetery of Gettysburg.

But he had unconsciously this Martyr Spirit of Christ many years before that. For example he said in 1858, before a vast assembly in his famous SENATORIAL DEBATES WITH DOUGLASS, “*You may do anything with me you choose. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death! While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated by something higher than anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man’s success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglass is nothing. But do not destroy THAT IMMORTAL EMBLEM*

OF HUMANITY—'THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.' "

The Gettysburg speech was November 19, 1863. A year later (November 21, 1864) he wrote Widow Bixby of Boston "The thanks of the Republic" her five sons died to save; and prayed that God would assuage her grief. That letter is the best exhibit we have of the heart of that War.

HIS HOPE IN GOD STILL SAVED HIS COUNTRY.

Just before the surrender of the entire insurgent army, Lincoln said in his last Inaugural (March 4, 1865, a little over one month since): "It may seem strange that any man should ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it shall continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." This language, like his Proclamations for National Fasts and Thanksgiving sounds like the old Hebrew prophets.

Thus he expressed "the goodness and severity of God" in the sentiments of the Gospel; but he concludes his sage address in a still more conciliatory spirit by saying: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all

which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all Nations." According to his prayer,

THE "SCOURGE OF WAR" PASSED SOON AWAY.

As he spoke the clouds were lifting. Stars indeed, at noon, shone out on the retreating storm. Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Lincoln entered Richmond, and on his return he gave his last public address from his window, the evening of April 11th, three days before his death. With what benignity of voice and visage did he say: "Fellow-citizens, we are met not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond and the surrender of the principal insurgent army give hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. Nor must those whose harder part gives us the cause of joy be overlooked." Thus his Christian Patriotism crowned the scene when

"Truth, crushed to earth, arose again
With all the life of God as hers,
While Error, wounded, writhed in pain,
And died amid its worshipers."

But as the Slavery Heresy was slain the serpent turned his fiery sting and laid fair Liberty's Guardian low by a single hissing bolt—and our first assassination of a Chief Magistrate seized upon the very best of men, who lived to heal the Nation's heart and only broke it when he died! But the cruel Pro-slavery War was conquered and his work was done. He had fought a good fight; he had kept the faith; he had finished his course; he was ready to be offered, and the fatal bullet came. He was gathered to his rest as a shock of corn

that is fully ripe, and a crown of righteousness is laid up for him which the righteous Judge will surely give him; while the Christian Patriotism that Abraham Lincoln embodied shall be as seed-corn for all countries in all coming time. The historians of the future will be filled with awe and wonder at the immense work this great, good man hath done. But he, in his humble and truthful nature, attributed all his grand achievements to Providence, as himself a true child of God. Indeed, he recognized a Divine hand in both public and personal events. He regarded his early life, his public elevation and his preparation for it and upholding in it as peculiarly Providential. The age and country into which he came are ordained of God for the growth of such devoted public servants. The United States, in the nineteenth century, awards noble births to persons raised in humblest walks of life. Yet, though any son of a poor sire may be such a man as Lincoln was and worthy to do all his works, and none can say he will not be a President, still not every boy can be Chief Magistrate, of course. Of the many million poor men's sons, the country cannot average more than about one President in each quadriennial, and some of these have been inferior to the full measure of their emergencies. But Lincoln rose with the Divine Fullness to fill well his office. All life long

HE LEARNED HOW GOOD

a thing it is "to suffer and be strong." And so his life will help lift up the struggling sons of want throughout the world to win the best positions possible, and to employ this power for the production of the greatest providential good. Lincoln never seemed elated with one thought of personal renown, nor did one deed for fame,

YET HE FELT HIMSELF INCORPORATED INTO THE
HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

He said to Congress, December 1, 1862, after urging a Plan of Compensated Emancipation: "I trust, in view of the great responsibility resting upon me, you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves, in any undue earnestness I may seem to display. The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulties, and we must rise with the occasion. As our cause is new, so we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves and then we shall save our country. We cannot escape History. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we know how to save it. We—even here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed. This could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless!"

When the members from the "border states" and some others could not see the way plain to adopt his plan, and he finally had to bear the burden and tread, as it were, the wine press alone and proclaim the rebels' slaves all free, he wrote to an honorable citizen of Kentucky (April 4, 1864):

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when

I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred on me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would 'to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.' I could not take the office without taking the oath. I understood, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution imposed on me the duty of preserving the Government, the Nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. When in 1862 I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the necessity for military emancipation would come, unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying a strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter. I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. The Nation's Condition now is not what either party or any man devised or expected. God alone can claim it! Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay for our complicity in that wrong, impartial History will find there new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God."

He prayed: "Our Father which art in Heaven; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done;" and he studiously practiced to fulfill his prayer. He signed the Emancipation Edict (with a weary hand, shaken by so many thousand citizens on the New Year's

Day) and "invoked on it the blessing of Almighty God and the considerate judgment of mankind." His last official act was to write upon a card for a Massachusetts man he feared he had wounded with some mistaken words: "Let Mr. Ashmun come to me to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock." But thirty minutes before that time the body of Lincoln died. O that we and all that weep, and all that lost their lives that Liberty throughout all lands might live, may have his Heavenly Master's passport: "Let them come to Me!" And what a multitude of Christian patriots have thus passed away to glory and to God. I see them; O I see them, "a multitude whom no man can number, who have gone up through great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

II.

BUT IN LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION THERE MUST BE
SERIOUS LESSONS, ALSO.

The first historic death on earth was by assassination. Abel died the proto-martyr and he being dead, yet speaketh. The voice of his blood crieth unto us from the ground, and will so speak to the end of time. Many centuries after his death inspired men spoke of him and his murderer and said: "Cain was of the wicked one and slew his brother because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous." He probably beat him to death with a club. He surely did not shoot him. A second Biblical example was that of Abner, before described, who was killed by the envious Joab. His victim had just united again the disrupted Hebrew nation, when the wicked assassin called him stealthily aside and stabbed him. If he had had a pistol he might have shot him. Hence, arose that touching scene

when the afflicted King exclaimed to the moving procession: "Know ye not that a Prince and a Great Man hath fallen this day in Israel!" Then, apostrophising the dead, he said: "Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put in fetters; but as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou." Afterwards, pointing to the assassin, he said to his son: "Thou knowest what Joab did to Abner; let not his hoary head go down to the grave in peace." So, Joab fled and took hold on the horns of the altar, but Solomon said: "Fall upon him and slay him and take away the innocent blood which he shed." "Then Benaiah slew him and he was buried in the wilderness."

THE END OF ALL ASSASSINS IS BAD.

The long list of murderers of civil magistrates has not one worthy man, not one wise example; not one instance of ultimate good to the assassins themselves or to their abetors. There never was a noble character willing to murder a king or magistrate. Brutus may boast his love for Caesar as only below his love of Country; but he is the cold-blooded conspirator and murderer still, and "murder will out" upon its authors! Even the "noble Brutus" had a suicide's ignoble end.

THE NAME ASSASSIN HAS A SERPENT SOUND.

The word comes from a wicked custom of an Ishmaelitic clan who claimed the right to kill by stealth the men or monarchs that might be standing in their way. They prepared themselves for their devilish deeds by a poisonous drink, like whisky in our day, which they called *hashish*, and those who used it were called *hashashen*. This deed has therefore the most diabolic associations from the start. It is conceded there can be but one side to this cruel sin. The assassination

of a foe or friend is murder, foul; and if he be a magistrate who is made offensive by his faults or his fidelity in public office, it is more than murder in the first degree. It is the secret, studied, personal taking of a public life without authority of law, and, though a stealthy act, is still an open attack upon the authority of the State. If it be anywhere approved, it will itself oppress and desolate the land. In Israel's revolting tribes,

In swift succession eight assassins seized

The tyrant sceptre in the truant state,
And soon the nation had destroyed itself. It lives in history as "The Lost Ten Tribes," while others took possession of the assassin's land and left it also "desolate." Several of the great Sultans and Czars have been assassinated with a sort of popular sanction, but as a result public character and private conscience offered poor protection for property and life in Russia, and in Turkey still. And so many civil magistrates have so far in other parts been by assassins put to death that (with Richard II., in Act III.) we feel ready to exclaim:

"For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered: For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court!"

THE DANGERS TO EVEN GOOD AUTHORITY ARE VERY
GREAT, BECAUSE OF DESPERATE AND
VICIOUS MEN.

Assassins seem to be no "respectors of persons," either. Their victims have been good, bad, indifferent—and yet Death by such means, even, has

seemed to love a "shining mark." It will be well for us to pass thoughtfully, though rapidly, through this horrid retrospect, enough at least to sympathize with those who rule, whose persons may be in unsuspected peril at any time. The cases taken are as accurate and apropos as my hasty compilations would permit. Turning first to France, we take the famous case of Henry Fourth, the author of the Humane Edict of Nantes. Henry the III. had been slain and the house of Volois ceased. The right of inheritance passed now to Henry of Navarre, who, though a professed Catholic, espoused the cause of the Protestants that were oppressed; issued for the Huguenots his decree of protective peace, and sought to unite all Christian countries in one nation of friendly and Confederate States—a Christian Union considerably like our own. While on his way one day, in 1610, to greet his noble chief, the Duke of Sully, an envious Romanist, called Ravailac, stabbed him in his carriage, was caught and killed by quartering, the cruel way then in vogue of putting worst criminals to death.

We cannot go through the whole history of the Gallic land, but speak at once of the several attempts to assassinate the present incumbent of the French throne, Napoleon III. In October, 1852, a shell was exploded near the Emperor, which was meant to kill him instantly, of course. On the 5th of July, 1853, another similar effort was made to take his life. In 1855 an Italian, Pionari, shot at him twice. In 1857 Tibaldi, Bartoletti and Grelli, three Italian conspirators, tried again to kill him. January 4, 1858, four more Italians, Orsini, Gomes, Piri and Rudo, tried to blow up with bombs both the Emperor and his Wife. Though a hundred unsuspecting persons were killed, the crowned head

and consort both escaped unhurt. And still again, not quite two years ago, in 1863, a larger band of Romanists conspired to kill Napoleon and Eugenia both; but they still were spared for further designs of God. Louis Napoleon's purpose to imperialize our continent need cause no fear; for he will either die, or dethrone himself, instead.

Turning to England, the examples there, too, are numerous. Yet, as Macaulay says, "The English have for ages abhorred assassination, so that as soon as such design ceases to be a secret hidden in the recesses of one gloomy and ulcerated heart, the risk of detection and failure becomes extreme." This was true in the case of Edward II. Though he was so unpopular that he sought to save his life by abdication, yet he was killed by his keepers at the instigation of his foreign queen and Mortimer, her paramour. Isabella of France was thereafter utterly despised; Mortimer was beheaded and all their instruments were put to death. Soon after this, in 1437, King James the I. of Scotland was cruelly murdered by Sir Robert Graham and his aids, who were arrested and executed with great severity. Graham's body was quartered and sent to different parts of the realm, while his head was placed above the capital gate and his accomplices were carried in gibbets through the streets and then quartered also.

Babbington attempted to assassinate Elizabeth, "Queen Bess;" Fawkes to kill the English King James I., and Gerald to murder Cromwell, but these all without success; the would-be assassins were detected, convicted, punished—four executed!

In 1696 Barclay, with eight assistants and even more conspirators, plotted against the life of William of Orange, but they were so betrayed that in-

formation reached the King, and, instead of riding when and where they were to smite him down, he went next day to Parliament and said: "But for the protection of a gracious Providence I were this day a corpse and the kingdom entered by the French!" The two dread ideas—invasion and assassination—were enough to set indignant England all afire to protect their king and crown, while Barclay and his aids were seized and hanged.

ENGLAND'S NOBLEST QUEEN AND EMPRESS,

Her Majesty, Victoria, has had many narrow escapes. It is a question if there ever was a "lordly brow" more justly or more generally and so long beloved. She is honored for her office and her excellence, and England herself will sit a mourning widow when her widowed queen shall die. She has been much revered; yet as early as 1840, Edward Oxford, a lad of seventeen years, fired deliberately at her twice, but missed his aim. He was found insane and sent to an asylum. In 1842 John Francis, a machinist, standing in the spot where young Oxford stood, shot at her in her carriage as she passed; he also missed, but was tried, convicted, sentenced to death, but commuted to imprisonment for life. The day his sentence was changed, however, a poor hunch-back boy pointed a pistol at her carriage and tried to shoot, but was at the instant caught and sent to prison for eighteen months. In 1849 an Irish bricklayer, named Hamilton, shot at her Majesty a simple wad, and was transported for seven years. Lieutenant Pate of her Huzzars was also exported for striking her in the face.

MUCH LIKE THESE WERE THE ATTACKS ON
PRESIDENT JACKSON'S LIFE.

As some of you recollect, when General Jack-

son, in 1835, returned from the funeral of a member of Congress, he was met near the Rotunda by a young Englishman, named Richard Lawrence, and menaced by two loaded pistols aimed directly at his breast. The young man snapped them both and neither was discharged. On examination he was found to be so much distressed for want of work and so incensed by the press against the President, as the probable cause of the financial condition of the country, that he was adjudged melancholic and insane. President Jackson was also assaulted on his way to Mt. Vernon once. Many other unsuccessful attempts at assassination have been provoked by real or imaginary wrongs by the rulers who were assailed; and why these should not have lost their lives and Lincoln have been slain, with such apparent ease, is only answered by saying, "Even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

THIS BRINGS CLOSER BEFORE US LINCOLN'S
CLIMACTIC CASE.

The causes of historic assassinations and their attempts have seemed so far to be: Hatred of good men by bad ones, as in the case of Abel; the envy of ambitious men, like Joab stabbing Abner; the passion for sovereign power, as in the kingdom of Israel; the popular feeling of oppression, as in Hungary and Turkey; the anger of disappointed aspirants for office, as in Lieutenant Pate, who desired promotion; the strifes of party factions and inflated politicians, as in the case of Graham and King James of Scotland, and liable to be in this country; the malignity of the irresponsible Party Press, making many persons to feel enraged against those in authority, as in the case of Law-

rence's assault on President Jackson; the real or partial insanity of persons of a cranky and ill-behaved nature, as in the case of several of Queen Victoria's assailants, and lastly and more specifically, the Passion for Slavery and opposition to true and Christian freedom, as in this late assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. There has probably never been among men a popular moral insanity so potent and with all so self-evidently absurd and contradictory as that which seized upon the Southern section of this country and wantonly waged the cruel war which just now is over; that has aforetime stolen and transported unoffending people, to enslave them and their posterity, all under the Declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men." It was such a government Lincoln died to save. He was pre-eminently the defender of Christian Liberty for our own and other lands until "the weight shall be lifted from the shoulders of all men," while the Rebellion rose professedly to build up another government within our bounds, having "slavery for its chief cornerstone." The incarnation of this rebellion was in Wilkes Booth.

I SHALL THEREFORE CALL THE MURDER OF
LINCOLN A MARTYRDOM.

He was sacrificed as surely for his devotion to the will of God as any person ever was or ever could be. "They hated him without cause." They killed him because their deeds were evil and his were right. The tragedian, trained to be untruth-

ful, slew the defender of Freedom as if in defense of liberty, and left his murderous lie indelibly on the face of history to define the genius of the Slave-Confederacy forever.

And would you see and hear how this dark deed was done? Shall we "adventure ourselves into the theater" of Lincoln's assassination? It is not, I know, a safe place for Presidents—not physically or morally perfectly safe for other men; nor suitable, even in fancy, to enter on the Sacred Sabbath. Yet the great, good Lincoln had gone there to gain a little rest and recreation—had gone in obedience to "an imperious custom;" went there that fatal night for fear the expectant populace might miss him, who had some of them come from afar in hope to see him, and would no doubt in disappointment disturb his official duties in needless efforts to behold and greet him. Though we are sorry he went there, we will not censure his mission or his motives, nor yet deride the Stage or Drama. He was there that night, and there was murdered. We do hesitate indeed to enter to-day because it is a Theater, where the high priest is hypocrisy in fact and feeling, even in tragedy—we hesitate more because the tragedy we are to witness is a real one, and the actor's use of weapons will be fierce and fatal, and the fact stranger, by far, than fiction. But we and all the world would know how and where the great benefactor fell; so follow with me into Ford's Theater, Tenth street, of this Federal City, on the fatal night of our Nation's first bereavement by assassination. The building is plain, not beautiful, nor particularly forbidding. It was once a Baptist church—I have preached in it. It was boughten by Mr. Ford and rebuilt and fitted up with box and pit and



J. WILKES BOOTH.

gallery, with platform, halls, dark places and side-door ways in abundance—in adapting which to this deed of blood Satan had been devoutly busy. He has found and fixed securely the dark corner near the entrance to the President's box, where the assassin may be secreted. He has assisted him in loosening the spring locks to the doors, so that they can move easily and without noise or friction. He has aided him in making the aperture in the door panel so the murderer, unseen, may see the unsuspecting Magistrate. He has helped him select his horse, his spurs, his poniard and his pistol, and see! he is now inspiring him, as with stealthy step he comes to the aperture to inspect the exact time when the real tragedy will be most telling and triumphant. The audience is attentive to the play, which is "Our American Cousin," and is smoothly progressing, when suddenly the door to the President's seat is opened and—as if in fiendish irony—the word "Freedom!" is shouted. Then a pistol is fired and the ball enters the President's brain and closes the door of his consciousness completely. Mrs. Lincoln, seated by him, shouts: "The President is murdered!" An attendant seizes the assassin and receives a wound from his well-trained stiletto; then, leaping upon the stage and brandishing his dagger, the real tragedian shouts, as with the expiring voice of the Rebellion: "The South is avenged! 'Sic Semper Tyranis!'" and then escapes through the halls, doors and alley, aided by an accomplice, lights upon his hired steed and rides away to some Southern rendezvous, where he, with his co-conspirators, may hide under the hateful corpses of Slavery, Treason and Rebellion!

NOR IS THIS TRAGEDY AT FORD'S THEATER ALL
THAT WE SEE AND HEAR OF.

As Lincoln's unconscious body is borne across the street to a hospitable place, news comes that the sanctity of Secretary Seward's home and the sacred stillness of his sick room have been invaded by a ruffian, who stabbed again and again the weak and overworked form of the philanthropist and statesman, who was nearest to Lincoln in life, office and affection. And then, running from various departments, come messages telling how Vice President Johnson's life has been attempted, how Secretary Stanton and General Grant have been greatly beset by persons of suspected purpose and appearance, and all night long the city is in commotion and the sensitive wires are waking all the world to weep over the wickedness that assassinated the best President of the freest and best Republic known to history. If assassins seek such men, what civil rulers can be safe? And what penalties and precautions must we henceforth employ? It's well to ask. At twenty minutes past 7 o'clock in the morning of April 15, 1865, in this City of Washington, the body of Abraham Lincoln ceased to breathe, and with lightning speed the sad message sped its way—"The President is dead!" And then is added, "Andrew Johnson is President," reminding one of the sadness and joy that have before been joined in the sigh and shout, "The King is dead! Long live the King!" You know with what hope the heart-broken people rallied to support the Vice President in his assumption of the Presidential Office, and what mingling emotions are still moving throughout the land. The repentent Rebels, realizing that they have lost the best friend the South ever had,

are freely mingling tears with us. Four million Freedmen are almost frantic in their grief that this great Liberator has been slain—good in his greatness and great in his goodness—and forty million people join with these to pray that the New President may be both kind and wise, and that his life may be prudent and safe. And here let me repeat my heartfelt lines, published the morning of the last obsequies at the Executive Mansion, three days ago, but equally appropriate here and now:

With awe profound this day
The Nation bows to pray
 In bitter grief;
All through the stricken land
The broken-hearted stand
And mourn on every hand,
 Their Martyred Chief.

Th' Almighty Ruler hears
His sorrowing people's tears
 Fall at his feet;
Makes our just cause his care,
Indites and hears our prayer,
And for us still makes bare
 His Mercy Seat.

O Thou who hast removed
Him whom the people loved—
 Thy Servant Rare—
Who gavest him strength and light
To see and guard the right,
Still grant Thy holy might
 To men of prayer,

Bless, still, our Nation's head—
Successor of the dead—

 And keep his life;
While armies cease their tread,
And those who fought and bled
Rest in their peaceful bed,
 Heal all our strife.

Comfort each stricken one,
O God, the Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost;
While in our hearts we own
That here Thy love is known,
And Thine the only throne
 Of which we boast.

Prayer and Providence.

REPORTED SERMONS AND APROPOS

Reminiscences by a

RENOWNED PREACHER

and the Press.

Suggestive Way Marks of the World's Onward Move,

For Example:

Haskell's Last Prayer In U. S. Senate,

May 7th, 1858.

It was the day of the three-fold bereavement of South Carolina. Preston S. Brooks, who assaulted Senator Sumner, and his uncle, Senator Butler, for whom he caned and nearly killed him, both from the Palmetto state, had recently died suddenly, and this morning Butler's colleague, Senator Evans, expired without a minute's rational premonition. As Mr. Breckenridge, the Vice President, led the Chaplain to his chair, he said to him: "These three sudden afflictions of South Carolina are very solemn and suggestive." Hence the appropriateness of the following

PRAYER.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." "In Thee we live and move and have our being," and "that God in whose hand our breath is we ought to glorify." Accept the homage of our sad and reverent hearts as we hear Thee say: "Be still and know that I am God!" With profound awe we listen to Thy voice thrice speaking to a Sister State of this Sacred Union, and hear

now its smitten seats in both national assemblies speaking in admonition to all the American people. We ask Thy Holy Spirit to impress upon our hearts the meaning of this chastening Providence. Why, in this perturbed period of our country, should that one of the revered thirteen Colonies that rose hand in hand through the bloody revolution as the United States of America, be now the object of this three-fold Divine Visitation? Why should her three sons most distinguished by their particular deeds and official positions be stricken down as in one instant when the wondering eyes of all the world were conspicuously upon them? When clouds of evil omen are rising and distant thunders reverberate along the darkened sky, and patriots' hearts are failing for fear of the near future, O Lord, remove the alienation of feelings which were foreboded by the Father of his Country. Restrict or take away the causes of discord among us, and may the sympathy we feel this morning renew and strengthen the old, tender, proverbial affection that bound all the Sister States in one loving, virtuous and invincible Union which shall last forever. Sanctify our sorrowing solicitude to every American citizen. Comfort them that mourn. Purify and preserve our country, through Christ our Saviour, and to God be glory forever. Amen.

[See National Intelligencer, May 11, 1858]

MR. HASKELL'S SERMON THE FOLLOWING SABBATH.

TEXT—JEREMIAH X:7.

"Who would not fear Thee, O King of Nations!"

From this text the Reverend speaker spoke on the Government of God and the duty of all men to regard him. He said this interrogative mode of presenting truth to nations and individuals is so

direct and divinely effective that it seems sacrilegious to divide this question into positive propositions; yet in order that men may define their special responsibilities, which the text makes them feel, it is necessary to state four facts which it implies:

1. God has a Government of Supreme Authority.

2. He executes that Government upon all Nations.

3. He governs all Nations by applying personally His Laws to all men.

4. Every man so related to the King of Nations should fear before Him.

Under these positive statements the young preacher clearly portrayed the Excellence of God's Moral System, as the beginning, end and glory of all His works; the Purity and Perfection of the Divine Character as seen in His Dealings with Nations and men, in exerting upon them "His higher Laws" (which Senator Seward has so lately asserted) and the fearful Personality with which God deals with Public Men now, as in the Bible times.

The whole subject, so abounding in truths of theologic, national and personal interest, was suggested by that Solemn and Mysterious Providence which, on Friday morning of last week, repeated the bereavement of one of the Sister States of this Union, and 'changed the Halls of Legislation to Houses of Mourning.' An appropriate allusion was made to the three deceased statesmen of South Carolina (Preston S. Brooks, Andrew P. Butler and Josiah Evans), and to the Moral Lessons taught at once to the citizens of that State, to all the American people and the whole civil world for-

ever, by these three sudden and solemn deaths, which seem so full of admonitory meaning.

[Continued From National Intelligencer.]

HASKELL'S FAREWELL SERMON.

"At night the young pastor preached from Isaiah xxvi., 4:

"This was intended to be Mr. Haskell's last discourse before the people of his charge in Washington City, and without alluding to the fact, his words foreshadowed his prospective departure with a deep-toned sympathy, which was mutually exhibited between speaker and hearers. He illustrated how there is no limit of time, place or circumstance where God's people should not repose in Him. The sermon ended. His labors among them had closed. He then read a carefully prepared resignation of his pastoral office in the Western Presbyterian Church, that he might accept a 'unanimous call' to a larger parish and field of usefulness in Boston. The closing services were such as to attest most tenderly the divine injunction of the text: 'Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' "

FURTHER EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

"In parting with the Rev. T. N. Haskell from this field of labor in our city, we should impose on ourselves a needless restraint were we not to say the whole course of this young clergyman's ministrations in Washington has been governed by an everpresent conscientiousness, a deep conviction of his duty to God and men, guided by the dictates of an all controlling desire to do good. In addition to his pulpit services and parochial duties, he has been indefatigable and self-sacrificing in raising

funds to build his 'Holy and beautiful House' of worship, which he has done with the co-operation of his elder brother, Dr. Sunderland, in a manner which must entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his Church and of the growing community needing the accommodations which such a neat and commodious temple of worship affords."—See "The National Intelligencer," May 11, 1858.

REV. DR. NOBLE TO PRESIDENT GRANT.

"Washington, December, 1872.

"To President Grant:

"I have known Professor Haskell many years. He came to this city from Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1854, to take charge of the Presbyterian Church nearest the Executive Mansion. His views on the subject of Slavery were in advance of most of his ministerial brethren here then, yet his ideas were so well defined, and the expression of them so ingenuous and clear, that his enemies, 'finding none accusation against him except concerning the law of his God,' charged him with being an 'Abolitionist.' This was in those days like the cry of 'mad dog!' Against this Mr. Haskell bore himself with much meekness and dignity, but it finally led him to accept a call from a larger church in Boston.

"In the field of labor which his friends are now asking for him, as Minister to the Ottoman Empire, he would find a sphere for which his high culture, his large experience and his character as a man of pure life and Christian principle eminently fit him.

MASON NOBLE, D. D.,

Pastor Sixth Pres. Ch. and Navy Chaplain.

[NOTE:—Vice-President Henry Wilson of Mass., Senators Buckingham of Conn., Logan of Ill. and Corbett of Oregon, and Gen. O. O. Howard of Washington City joined Dr. Noble in asking for Mr.

Haskell's appointment as Minister to the Ottoman Empire; but the fatal sickness of his scholarly daughter, Florence Edwards, drove him, instead, to Colorado where he started, for her memorial, the First College in the Rocky Mountain Region, and had it named after his adopted State. Since then three Legislatures, Governors and the Supreme bench have asked for the same appointment, but without success, on account of the youth of the State and Senatorial antagonisms to the Nation's Chief Magistrates. Those several Petitions may sometime be published in explanation of Professor Haskell's comparative indifference to elective offices.]



ENSIGN BAGLEY.

The Heart of War.

In '98 and '64.

“The Union Ghorus Swells Again” In our Star Spangled War with Spain.

SECRETARY LONG AND PROFESSOR HASKELL'S
Letters and Lines about
ENSIGN BAGLEY of NORTH CAROLINA.
Oft best of all are first to fall!

The Following Correspondence will explain itself and illustrate how “the better angels of our nature,” that Lincoln spoke of in his first Inaugural, “have touched the mystic chords of memory” and hope of the whole American people “to swell again the chorus of the Union” and “rally round the flag” as a most sacred emblem. Nothing like it in history can equal the restored patriotism of the Southern people, as seen in our War to free Cuba. And it is worthy of special notice that the first hero to fall in that War was the noble youth, Ensign Worth Bagley, whose father was both a distinguished officer in “the Rebel Army” and a son of “the Patriots of the Revolution.” The following is taken from the young man’s charming Memoir, Chapter xii., headed:

"TRIBUTES FROM PUBLIC MEN OF OTHER STATES
THAN NORTH CAROLINA."

"Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy,
wrote to the Ensign's Mother:

"Washington, D. C., May 17, 1898.

"My Dear Mrs. Bagley—I am in receipt to-day
of a letter from Rev. T. N. Haskell (copy of which
is herein enclosed) requesting that I forward to
you the attached verses on the death of your son.

"In forwarding you this, may I not be permitted
also to offer you my heartfelt sympathy at your
irreparable loss. Mr. Haskell's quotation of the
letter from President Lincoln seems to me especially
appropriate. You, too, have "the thanks of the
Republic and solemn pride in having laid so costly
a sacrifice on the altar of Freedom." You also have
the assurance that the whole Navy mourns with
you in the loss of your son, who died at his post
in the performance of a daring duty—one of the
bravest of the brave. With great respect. Very
sincerely yours, JOHN D. LONG."

HASKELL'S LETTER TO GOVERNOR LONG.

"1651 Emerson Avenue,

"Denver, Colorado, May 12, 1898.

"Dear Mr. Secretary Long—The news of Ensign Bagley's tragic death yesterday, off Cardenas, Cuba, with a sketch of his beautiful character and life and brave deeds—in the midst of which the enemy's shell, bursting on the Winslow, nearly beheaded him and killed also four other brave fellows at his side—has just come to my desk, and I could not refrain from impromptuing the enclosed poem for his deeply afflicted Mother, whose address I cannot learn. On the back of the slip I have copied President Lincoln's pathetic letter to Widow Bixby of Boston.

"I wish, even in the midst of your mighty deeds and many duties now, you would see that the message is sent to that Jochebed, "Glorious Woman," as soon as may be. Worth Bagley's Mother deserves well of all the world.

"T. N. HASKELL."

SECRETARY LONG'S REPLY.

"Washington, May 17, 1898.

"Rev. T. N. Haskell, Denver, Colorado:

"Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, inclosing verses on the death of Ensign Bagley. I have been very glad to forward the inclosure to his Mother, together with a copy of your letter to me. Very respectfully,

"JOHN D. LONG."

HASKELL'S LETTER TO MRS. BAGLEY.

"Very Dear Madam—I have just read the account of your noble son, Worth Bagley's, life and death, and have written, without review, the enclosed lines thereon. With deep sympathy I commend you to God, our Saviour, and copy for your comfort the accompanying condolent letter of President Lincoln to Widow Bixby of Boston, whose sons fell in battle. Your Patriotic Christian Brother,

T. N. HASKELL."

ENSIGN BAGLEY AND HIS BOYS.

(An Impromptu by T. N. Haskell, L. H. D.)

When Israel's firstlings of the flock
 (Upon Jehovah's altar laid)
 Besprinkled blood upon the rock
 On which the offering was made;
 When Ellsworth fell, like holocausts,
 And in the White House "lay in state,"
 Mankind conceived how much it costs
 Humanity to liberate.

When Ensign Bagley fought and fell,
 As the first offering of this land,
 The victim of that vicious shell
 Exploding 'mong his valiant band—
 O God! how great the human gift,
 A Widow's Son! so wise and pure,
 The Spanish tyranny to lift
 And Cuba's liberty secure!

(And must men fight, and must men fall,
 And give their lives for greater good?
 The few to fall for good of all,
 And broaden out our brotherhood?
 This problem—like God's Providence—
 Seems awe-inspiring whene'er seen,
 And we must have long ages hence
 To learn how much its lessons mean.)

O, Widow Bagley! Could you see
 Your Son's proud name—above all praise—
 Emblazoned, as 'twill surely be—
 Down to his country's latest days,
 You would thank God for such a Son,
 And that his death in such a scene,
 Doth decorate all he hath done
 And show what Martyrdom doth mean!

The Braves that fell at Bagley's side,
 Be blazoned, too, in types of blood,
 Proclaimed henceforth "Their Country's Pride,"
 To make all boys both brave and good!
 Their memory—and of the "Maine"—
 Like resurrection from the dead,
 Shall give the world their lives again,
 Where'er their names are known or read.

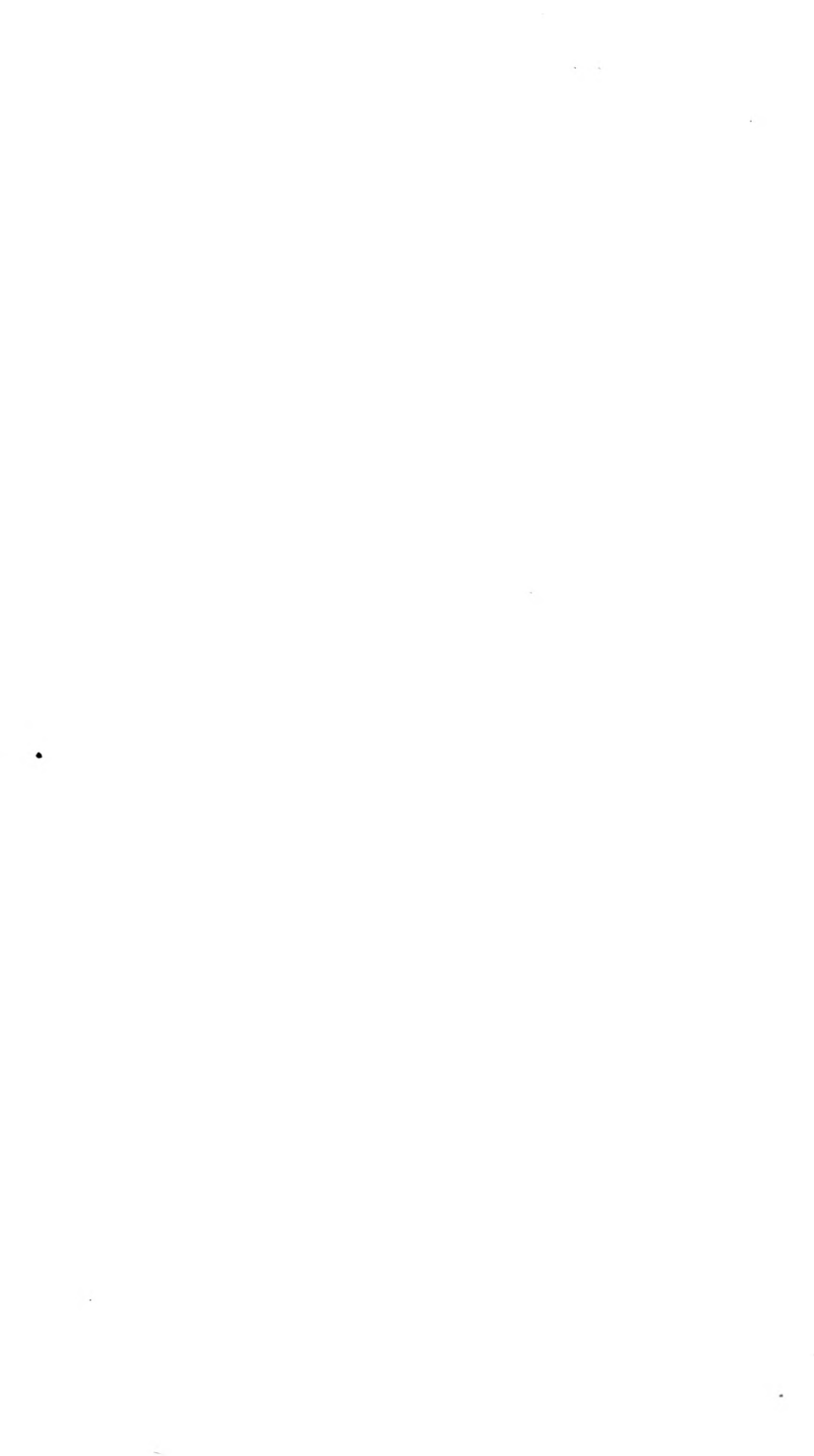
LINCOLN'S CONDOLENT LETTER.

Washington, Nov. 21, 64

To Widow Bixby of Boston.

"Dear Madam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle! I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine, which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom. Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."





Thos Nelson Haskell L.H.D.

REV. T. N. HASKELL, I. H. D.
1872.

HASKELL'S REPLY
TO
REDPATH'S EULOGY
OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS.



The Chief of the Proslavery Rebellion.

A REPLY TO JAMES REDPATH'S EULOGY OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

The distinguished French savant, Theodore Jouffroy, said: "The history of Philosophy presents a singular spectacle; a certain number of problems are reproduced at every epoch; each of these problems suggests a certain number of solutions, always the same; philosophers are divided; discussion is set on foot; every position is attacked and defended, with equal appearance of truth; humanity listens in silence, adopts the opinion of no one, but preserves its own—which is that which is called *Common Sense*." Now, strange as it may seem, this long definition of the average and ultimate opinion of humanity is as applicable to history as it is to philosophy; for the History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History present substantially the same "singular spectacle," till even *biography* has to succumb to "the Silent Common Sense of Mankind." There may be multiplied efforts to falsify historical facts, and ages, even, may suffer in silence under false systems of philosophy, but eventually the right and true will prevail. This applies even to the most extravagant eulogies of historic character, to some of which now, Bryant's often-quoted poetical apothegm is more than ever appropriate:

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers,
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Although we need not fear for the final triumph of the truth, some efforts to falsify history are in their

* For Eulogy and Answer, see *The Commonwealth* for February and March, 1890.

immediate effects upon society so hurtful, and some eulogies are so exaggerated, and injurious because so unjust to great truths and issues, that the common sense of humanity cannot afford to keep silent. Such I conceive to be some of the eulogiums pronounced upon the distinguished Secessionists, and inscribed upon their monuments. The most remarkable among these appears James Redpath's apology for Jefferson Davis, the great leader of the "American Rebellion" against the legitimate election of Abraham Lincoln, and which eulogy is entitled: "Neither Traitor nor Rebel."

This, it seems to me, is a needless affront now to National Sentiment, an almost audacious demand, amidst even funeral obsequies, for public debate of what some have long since supposed to be dead issues; and that challenge, too, when all sensitive men would rather mingle tears with them that mourn than raise to life again the old bloody contest from the new tomb of its most notable leader. No man could feel more keenly than I do the delicacy and difficulty of this unseemly contest, and the discomfort incident to such a discussion. I knew Jefferson Davis well, and esteemed highly his gentlemanly bearing and every one of his distinguishing talents and virtues, and his almost peerless opportunities to serve and honor his united, happy and glorious Country! I knew and admired some of his near kindred, with whom I daily met before our Heavenly Father's throne and around the table of his bounty. Many of my warmest friends were among this "great Statesman's" followers and comrades; and I would not needlessly wound any man, woman or child among his many worshipers, not even the enraptured admirer and lover whose surpassing attachments and pathos I am as a patriot instinctively answering. But there have been consequent upon Mr. Davis' political conduct more than a hundred million mourners, and many lands and ages must have suffered severely, if he had succeeded in nationalizing Slavery or in severing the Union. All these issues are forcibly brought anew before the American people now by his many—and often unpatriotic—eulogiums. In answering the one now before us, in a manner suited to the general subject and to the interests of humanity that "listens in silence," we need

first to ask: Who the apologist is; why he speaks as Mr. Davis' mouthpiece, and what is the import of the testimony that he brings us? We need not go beyond his own words for much of the answers to these problems, and the rest is easily found on record and ready.

Mr. Redpath himself tells us he is the biographer of JOHN BROWN, the (assistant) *autobiographer* of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and the ardent lover of them both. He begins his "Life of John Brown" by saying in its first sentence: "I loved and revered the noble old man, and had perfect confidence in his plan of emancipation—I think that John Brown did right in invading Virginia and attempting to liberate her slaves."

In the midst of his book Mr. Redpath shows how Brown had run off a great many bondmen from Missouri, and hoped by giving leadership and simple weapons of self-defense to the slaves of Virginia, he might induce multitudes of them also to escape, without a general insurrection, or the shedding of much blood. He also tells how Brown captured the National Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, was attacked by Federal troops, his son killed at his side, and his men, unbidden, fired three shots, and as many assailants fell; how Brown was then pinned to the earth by bayonets, and, when down, was smitten in his face with the sword; then weak and wounded was cast into prison, tried upon his couch in open court, condemned and hanged under the following verdict: "Guilty of *treason*, conspiring and advising with slaves and others to *rebel*, and murder in the first degree."

The memoir concludes with a quotation from a Southern correspondent, saying: "The students in the medical college at Winchester had skinned the body of one of Brown's sons, separated the nervous, muscular and venous system, dried and varnished them, and had the whole hung up as a nice anatomical illustration. Some of the students wanted the skin stuffed, others wished it made into game-pouches." "Such," says Redpath, "such is the spirit of Southern Slavery!"

Now, a little later, after the lapse of only thirty years, after less than a third of a century, during

which both slavery and rebellion have been blotted out with the best blood of near half a million of the bravest soldiers ever born of educated and saintly women, and the greatest events and issues of the civil world have been enacted and settled, this same James Redpath becomes the assistant historian, and autobiographer, even, of Jefferson Davis, the distinguished champion of slavery and instigator and leader of the "Great War of the Rebellion." This association of these two men, is one of rare and interesting significance, suggesting the greatness of the change in public opinion and in their own predilections. They seem to come instinctively together from the extremes of the country and of political convictions, to become mutual admirers, if not actual lovers, at sight. Of all the literary names laid before Mr. Davis, none was so attractive to him as that of James Redpath. He sent for him as preferred above all others, South or North, an invitation so cordial it was indeed irresistible, saying: "The sooner you come and the longer you stay the better will it please *us*." The whole household seem united in this hearty invitation, and extended to their guest the full, proverbial and elegant "Southern hospitality."

Mr. Redpath, therefore, came to *Beauvoir*, and was soon quite at home with the great secessionist, and as happy as he was welcome. He "remained nearly the entire summer," being in Mr. Davis' company all that time from six to ten hours daily. "In order to assist him with the least friction and loss of time, it became necessary that he should study the State Rights doctrines. Mr. Davis therefore gave him such of his writings on that topic as embodied his personal views, and held long conversations with him, till, Redpath says: "I felt competent to state the Southern theory without any doubt as to the correctness of my understanding of it. During the long period we were together we talked of every important event in his long eventful life and discussed almost every issue between the North and South." From first to last, evidently, they were very friendly and familiar. Says Redpath: "Before I had been with Mr. Davis three days, every preconceived idea of him utterly and forever disappeared. I never saw an old man whose face bore more emphatic evidences of a

gentle, refined and benignant nature. He seems to me the ideal embodiment of sweetness and light. I do not *like* him—I *love* him! And when I realized that he was on his death-bed, I found no sleep till my pillow was wet with tears—for the love for the good and great old man made me anxious to know more of his career, as well as to enjoy more the society of his charming household at Beauvoir."

Now let me ask, before proceeding to analyze his eulogium, Could Jefferson Davis possibly have selected and prepared a more suitable and competent apologist, or a more impassioned and eloquent eulogist, than James Redpath? Was there ever, since the days of Jonathan and David, such mutual admiration and love as existed between these two men? They seem so close, indeed, that *either* might have written the other's *autobiography*. It must be very pleasing to the Southern secessionists and planters, and interesting to all, to see such a union of souls established between the great proslavery leader and the lover of John Brown—whose "body lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!" Such facts and feelings are *very* suggestive, and such burdened yet beautiful language from such personages cannot possibly be an appeal, or bid, for popular approbation from any part or section of the literary public.

Yet these pleasing phenomena are not sufficiently interesting and surprising, even in the midst of general and tender sympathetic feeling, to justify forgetting or falsifying the most essential facts of American history. Nor have the leaders of the Rebellion generally, nor Messrs. Davis and Redpath in particular, been willing they should be forgotten; though we must think they at least greatly misinterpreted them and mean permanently to change the public mind, if it were possible, and fill it again with the old political errors that have been so dangerous and expensive. It seems as if it were as it was often before the war—political heresies are trumped up and harped about, till the chief agitators are those arguing most against agitation. Mr. Redpath says: "It is time to drop, and drop forever, the old war cant about Rebellion and Treason," and yet he makes them the theme of his eulogium; and the testimony

he brings before us upon them is professedly also that of his patron. "I will present," he says, "only such views as Mr. Davis himself maintained; the language only is mine; the statements and arguments are his." He then gives two common sensible definitions of Treason and Rebellion: "A Traitor is one who violates his allegiance and betrays his country. A Rebel is one who revolts from the country to which he owes allegiance." He then claims that our citizens owe allegiance not to the United Country but to their several States. He, however, adds: "If the fathers intentionally created a *Nation*, then it follows without dispute that the Confederates were both 'Rebels and Traitors,' for they certainly did fail in their allegiance to the Federal Government for four years, and they certainly were Rebels against its authority." From these premises, what must be their Commander-in-Chief? The Fathers *did, intentionally*, found an "Independent Nation," one that was so acknowledged all over the world. They planned, toiled, fought and prayed for this, and God so heard their prayers and helped them, that Washington said: "Every step by which the people of the United States have advanced to the character of an *Independent Nation*, seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency." And the grateful people have also prayerfully sung:

"O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and War's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land,
Praise the power *that hath made and preserved us a Nation!*"

Our history and literature and diplomacy have countless assertions of that sort. The States do not have them. Diplomacy, therefore, cannot deal with the States, but with the Nation. Washington on this matter said: "It will be worthy of (us as) a free, enlightened, and, at no distant day, a great, *Nation*, to give to mankind the too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." "The name of Americans, which belongs to you in your *National* capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

He was utterly averse to every idea of State Sovereignty and Secession. "It is of infinite moment"

(he says in his last appeal to the American people) "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your *National Union* to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may *suggest a suspicion* that it *can* in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest."

Now Redpath says: "Mr. Davis maintained that the vindication of the South (in the late war of secession) rested on these two considerations—The rightful power to secede; and the causes that justified the exercise of that power." As to the first of these, Mr. Madison, "The Father of the Constitution," as he is called, wrote to Alexander Hamilton that New York could not ratify the Constitution conditionally, reserving the right to withdraw in case a certain amendment should not be made; for, said he: "The Constitution requires an adoption in *toto and forever*." In another letter he wrote: "The idea of reserving a right to withdraw was started in Richmond, but was abandoned as worse than a rejection"—this in part because it militated against "the perpetuity of the Union" already plighted by all the States and thoroughly established. The States emerged from the Revolutionary War as a consolidated Nation. The first of their Articles of Confederation named that Nation "The *United States of America*." The last one said: "Whereas, it hath pleased the Great Governor of the world to incline the hearts of the Legislatures we represent to approve and authorize us to ratify the said Articles of *perpetual Union*, know ye that we, the undersigned delegates, do fully and entirely ratify the said Articles of *perpetual Union*, and we *plight the faith of our constituents that the Union shall be perpetual!*" This was done in 1778. In 1787 the Constitution was adopted on the basis of that imperfect but enduring compact. It declares "We the people of the *United States*, in order to *form a more perfect UNION, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for*

the *common* defense, promote the *general* welfare and *secure the blessings of liberty* to ourselves and *our posterity*, do ordain and ESTABLISH THIS CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

Now in the face of these organic facts, need I take the time of intelligent people to discuss the absurd proposition that a part is greater than the whole; the State superior to the Nation, the county to the State, the town to the county, and the precinct supreme over all, having a right to secede at will? In 1860 Mayor Wood, of New York, reasoning so, urged that city to secede and imitate South Carolina; but the people saw that instead of becoming "a free city" it would emerge from freedom into bondage to Europe, or become simply an object of pity and plunder. Edmund Randolph fitly represented the absurdity of the State Sovereignty doctrine when he suggested how silly it would seem for the General Government to say: "May it please your high mightinesses of Virginia to comply with your Federal duties! We implore, we beg your obedience!" Then, on the other hand, he showed the Virginia Convention that ratified the Constitution the true dignity of patriotism. "I have labored," said he, "for the continuance of this Union, as the rock of our safety. I believe as surely as there is a God in Heaven, our political happiness and existence depend upon the UNION OF THE STATES. The *American spirit* ought to be mixed with *National pride*—pride to see the Union magnificently triumph! Let no future historian inform posterity that we wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in the establishment of an *efficient Government*. The National Government *ought* to be fully vested with *power to preserve the Union*, protect the interest of the UNITED STATES and defend them from external invasions and *internal insurrection*." He believed with Madison and Washington, that they were making a great and mighty NATION, and that the people and the States alike, who adopted the Constitution, "adopted it in toto and forever," with its inherent powers of amendment and of execution, and that they surrendered their own sovereignty to the Nation to that extent, giving it a self-perpetuating existence and power. The speech of Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, January, 1861, to that effect, and claiming

that "Secession is *Treason* and nothing but *Treason*," is forever unanswerable. Therefore "the rightful power of the States to withdraw from the Union of 1787 (claimed by Davis) has *not* been conceded by successive generations." Nor have "the *causes* which led to the act been admitted to be an all-sufficient justification." Far from it.

"Mr. Davis submitted as a justification of the withdrawal of the Southern States in 1861: (1) The destruction of the balance of power which existed when the Constitution was adopted. (2) Subsequent legislation for sectional advantages rather than the general welfare. (3) Persistent violation of obligations which the States had assumed in the formation of the compact of Union, and (4) Incessant hostility culminating in *Invasion*, showing the Union was no longer one of the heart." In answering in their order these assertions, we ask, First: "The balance of power" was what? and *between what?* The equipoise sought by the founders of the Government was the equal distribution of wholesome National authority throughout the body politic, for its benefit in all its parts. The balance of power to which Mr. Davis refers was between slavery and freedom, the Slave States and Free States; the rivalry between the South and North, against which Washington warned the whole country in most eloquent words. The South began this contest before the Constitution was formed, and warmly kept it up till the end of the late war. All the causes of complaint lie justly against the South. To secure equal representation in Congress, the Slave States demanded in the Constitution the right to import slaves and cast three votes for every five slaves they might import or raise, counted with true "Southern generosity." This of course was even supreme "legislation for sectional advantages" to begin with, but it was on Davis' side. By this excess of power the Slave holder secured sixty years of the Presidency to the Free States' twenty; eighteen judges of the Supreme Court to the North's eleven; twenty-four Southern Presidents (pro tem) of the Senate to ten; twenty-three Speakers of the House from the South to twelve from the North; fourteen to five Attorney Generals; eighty-six to fifty-four Foreign Ministers; while the Comp-

trollers, Auditors and Chief Clerks, etc., were largely from the South; as were also the officers of the Army and Navy, with soldiers and sailors mostly from the Free States. The "legislation for sectional advantages" was so generally favorable to the South, that Hon. Alexander H. Stevens exclaimed in the Georgia Convention, January, 1861, "The Government at Washington has always been true to Southern interests!" and asked: "What Southern right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? Can anyone to-day name one act of wrong by the Government at Washington of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer!"—"Then, leaving out of view the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle and offered up as sacrifices to your ambition—I ask for what would you secede? Is it to overthrow this American Government—that has done you no wrong—which was established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of Right, Justice and Humanity? As I have often said before, it is the freest Government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of man, that the sun ever shone upon. For you to attempt the overthrow of such a Government as this, is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote!"

Such was the patriotic feeling then of a majority in the South. The *Raleigh* (N. C.) *Banner*, said: "The big heart of the people is still in the Union! Less than a hundred thousand* politicians are endeavoring to destroy the liberties and to usurp the rights of more than thirty millions of people. If the people do not prevent this, they deserve the horrors of the Civil War which will ensue; they deserve the despot-

* Out of these 100,000 politicians only forty-two came together February 4, '61, at Montgomery, Alabama, assuming to represent the seven States, and adopted the new Constitution, elected Jefferson Davis, its deviser, for President, and put the new Government at once in running order.

ism under which they will be brought, and the hard fate which will be their lot." But the original case was far worse than this. The French Revolution, Warville tells us, was carried by not more than twenty men: The Southern Rebellion was organized by *ten* from seven States, met in secret conclave at Washington, on Saturday evening, January 5, 1861—the same week of Stevens' and Johnson's great speeches against Secession. Those ten Senators, still holding seats under allegiance to the United States, agreed upon the following plan (published in *National Intelligencer*, by some informer, the following week, but not generally believed): "Assume as Senators, as far as possible, the political powers of your several States, devising immediate measures to forestall regular elections by the people; inaugurate at once a Provisional Government, by the following means: Urge by mail and telegraph the several Cotton State Conventions, now and soon to be in session, to refer no acts for ratification to their constituents, as contemplated in their appointment, but pass as near as possible, one and the same Acts of Secession, and another calling a joint convention of all the States seceding, ostensibly to devise measures suited to their common welfare, but really to assume the immediate functions of the Provisional Government. In defense of this scheme urge the several Governors (or if necessary irresponsible men) to take possession of the United States Forts and Arsenals, Mints and Custom Houses, in the name of their respective States, till the Provisional Government may safely assume them to itself, and even the Post and Telegraph offices, allowing the United States to carry still the expensive Southern mails; urge the Legislatures of Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia into unanticipated acts or quasi resolutions of Secession, or at least to call conventions which may so resolve; make sure of the sympathy of Army officers by personal influences, such as will best secure the end; retain seats in the United States Senate, unless positively recalled, till at least the fifteenth day of March, in order to tie President Buchanan's hands, prevent enabling legislation, and keep the North and National Government in doubt; and if the way be clear and exigencies demand, instigate and

aid daring men in Baltimore to kidnap (kill?) the incoming President in transit of Maryland."

This plan was adopted without a dissenting vote and its perjured author was put at the head of its executive committee to begin at once to carry it out. At his instance United States Senator Yulee wrote on the Sabbath, but dated on Monday, the following letter to a Florida Secessionist:

WASHINGTON, January 7, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—On the other side is a copy of resolutions adopted at a consultation of Senators from the Seceding States, in which Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi and Florida were present. The idea of the meeting was, that the States should go out at once, and provide for the early organization of a Confederate Government, not later than the fifteenth of February. This time is allowed to enable Louisiana and Texas to participate. It seemed to be the opinion, if we left here, force, loan, and volunteer bills might be passed, which would put Mr. Lincoln in immediate condition for hostilities; whereas, by remaining in our places till the fourth of March, it is thought we can keep Mr. Buchanan's hands tied, and disable the Republicans from effecting any legislation which will strengthen the hands of the incoming administration. In haste. Yours truly,

D. L. YULEE.

Were ever conspiracy, treason, rebellion and *perjury* more foul? It were a sin to *suggest* that Washington or Lincoln or Lee *could* ever have joined in such conspiracies. But here the real *cause* of this Treason and Rebellion comes conspicuously into view. Redpath says: "The South did not fight for Slavery?" What did they fight for? For State Rights? Absurd! The doctrine of State Rights would have disintegrated the Rebel Confederacy itself in the midst of the war if its President, Davis, had indulged the idea. No; the contest was for Slavery all the way from the beginning! Said Stevens: "When we of the South *demand*ed the Slave trade, did the North not yield it for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our Slaves, was it not granted? When we demanded the return of fugitives, was it not incorporated in the Constitution and made effective by the Fugitive Slave Law? When we asked that more territory should be added that we might spread the institution of Slavery, have they not yielded to our demands and given us Louisiana, Florida and Texas?" Yes; all these successive wars of words in the Legislative Halls of the Nation were

waged over Slavery and won entirely in its behalf. The brutal assault upon Senator Sumner was for words spoken in debate against the extension of Slavery. The sectional animosity was on account of Slavery only. Senator Iverson, of Georgia, said: "Slavery must be maintained—in the Union, if possible; out of it if necessary; peaceably if we may; forcibly if we must." A little later he said: "There is but one path of safety to the South, but one mode of *preserving Slavery*, and that is a Confederacy of *Slave States* alone. The fifteen *Slave States* would present to the world the most *free*, prosperous and happy nation on the face of the earth."

Hon. L. W. Spratt, of South Carolina, said before the Montgomery Congress: "The contest is not between the North and the South as geographical sections, nor between the people of the North and the people of the South, for our relations have been pleasant, and on neutral grounds there is nothing to estrange us; but the real contest lies between the two forms of society. The one is bound together by the two great social relations of husband and wife, parent and child; the other by the three relations of husband and wife, parent and child, *and master and slave*. The one embodies the principle that equality is the right of man; the other that it is the right of equals only. The South is now engaged in the formation of a free Slave Republic."

The Confederate Constitution also said: "No law denying or impairing the right of property in Slaves shall ever be passed. In all Territory actual or acquired, the institution of Negro Slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be protected by Congress and the Territorial Government." The vice-President of the Confederacy said: "The new Constitution has put at rest forever all the agitating questions relating to Slavery which was the *immediate cause* of the late rupture." He also said that slavery is "the chief corner stone" of their new *free* Republic. This was understood both at home and abroad. Professor Cairnes, then the distinguished economist in Dublin University, wrote in 1863: "While the North has arisen to uphold the Union in its integrity, *Slavery* is yet the true cause of the war, and the real significance of the war is its relation to slavery."

Lord Palmerston said to Mr. Mason: "England could not recognize the Southern Confederacy because they were fighting to found a Slave Empire, which was obnoxious to the sentiments of Her Majesty's Government," and the Confederate Ambassadors confessed that fact was fatal everywhere to their recognition. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation put that issue still more clearly, and in his last inaugural he said: "All *knew* that the Slave interest was somehow the cause of the War. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend that interest the insurgents would rend the Union by War." And then he utters that sublime passage—which may have suggested to Mr. Davis the picture from his former plantation scenes when he said to Redpath: "The power that holds the *whip* by the handle never does recognize the need of the groans and kicks that come from the body that stands at the other end." Mr. Lincoln's solemn words were: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that the mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood *drawn with the lash* shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are righteous altogether."

Mr. Redpath says Mr. Davis, the invader of Pennsylvania, where Meade lost 23,186 and Lee 31,621 valiant men, the flower of the Nation, gave the invasion of Virginia by John Brown in which five were killed, as one cause of secession! Surely that was a very significant event—but does not Mr. Davis over-do the matter a little by that allusion at this late day! That event was at most a mere omen.

He ends with the complaint that there was "a want of *heartly* reverence for the Constitution and the Union." Yes, that was so, sadly so! But as in all other complaints, the wrong was on the wrong side. I remember Preston S. Brooks, for his assault upon Senator Sumner, had a Southern reception at which he said: "I tell you, fellow citizens, *from the bottom of my heart*, the only way to meet the issue upon us is, just tear the Constitution of the United States, trample it under foot, and form a Southern

Confederacy, every State of which shall be a slave-holding State." And his colleague, Mr. Keitt, who in his eulogy of Brooks said, "Heaven never opened to receive a purer spirit," exclaimed to his constituents: "Take your destiny in your own hands and shatter this accursed Union. Carolina could do it alone; if not, she could at least throw her arms around the pillars of the Constitution and involve all the States in a common ruin!" It is said "this was greatly applauded." But Redpath declares: "I never met any public man who revered the Constitution *as* Jefferson Davis revered it." I never did either. Why, I have here Davis' own published opinion, also "that he and his secession army were fighting for the Constitution and Lincoln and his hordes were waring against it." "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it;" I must simply submit it to the Common Sense of Mankind!

Finally, the eulogist ends by saying, "for the benefit" of foreign lands and guests: "There are two Jefferson Davises in American history. One is a conspirator, a rebel, a traitor, and the fiend of Andersonville—he is a myth evolved from the hell-smoke of cruel war—as purely imaginary a personage as Mephistopheles or the Hebrew devil. The other was a statesman with clean hands and a pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without a thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his great ability; *he* was a man of whom all his countrymen, who knew him personally, are proud."

Here "humanity listens in silence" to learn *how* these two contrasted characters came into American history; and Common Sense answers: They are the embodiment of real facts and deeds, as seen by both his foes and followers. Look first at the former personage in the light of historic facts and see whether he be wholly imaginary: He is called a Conspirator, Rebel, Traitor, and responsible for the fiendish treatment of the Federal troops who were made his prisoners of war. A Conspirator is one who conspires or engages with others in plotting treason against their government. The ten Senators who sat by day under oath in the Councils of the Nation, and by night planned the Rebel Confederacy within the

boundary of the United States, were Conspirators, or there never were men guilty of conspiring to commit treason. The chosen leader, acting freely and from choice, was the Chief of Conspirators. The United States Senator who advised Secretary Floyd, his successor, to send South the munitions of war in the North, Secretary Cobb to send the subtreasury and Secretary Thompson to telegraph that the Star of the West was bearing food to our beleaguered garrison in Forts Moultrie and Sumpter, so that their supplies might be fired on and cut off—that Senator and those Secretaries were all perjured Conspirators, Traitors and Rebels, or there never were Rebels, Traitors nor Conspirators—they are indeed in American history as such, and as such they will remain there forever! I do not say this of all those who enlisted in the Rebel Army, after they supposed the Rebel Confederacy was really a new Nation that urged on them a claim for their allegiance, but those above named, of whom Jefferson Davis was Chief, were not imaginary, but actual, treacherous, rebellious Conspirators. They originated and urged forward what Lincoln afterwards pathetically called “a Needless and cruel Rebellion,” and they did it expecting great blood-shed, but hoped it would be in the North. Ex-President Pierce had written to Mr. Davis (January 6, 1860): “My Dear Friend: I have never believed the disruption of the Union can occur without blood; but if the dire calamity must come, the fighting will not be along Mason and Dixon’s line merely; it will be within our own borders and in our own streets.” The next year, however, President Buchanan said (see B’s Administration p. 98): “The first shot fired at Moultrie and Sumpter will arouse the indignant spirit of the North and unite the people as one man to support a war rendered inevitable by such an act of Rebellion.” They anticipated this; they conspired against the Government; they betrayed their country both at home and abroad, and they deliberately brought on and waged with desperate energy what history has called and will so name forever—“The Great War of the Rebellion.” During that war they destroyed in one battle fifty-four thousand and eight hundred of their own brothers, and captured in all one hundred

and eighty thousand patriot soldiers and put them in pens and gave them food unfit for cattle. The stockade at Andersonville, Georgia, stands as a type of them all—and I will not say that the Jefferson Davis who was there, once at least, is “the fiend of Andersonville now in American History;” but I will call on an excellent Christian neighbor who was there, to be duly sworn and under oath tell you what he saw there and suffered.

THE AFFIDAVIT OF STEPHEN HOPKINS’ DESCENDANT:

My name is James H. Hopkins. I was born in Hillsborough, Highland County, Ohio; am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and reside with my family at No. 2041 LaFayette Avenue, Denver, Colorado; am by trade a brick mason and builder. My father, John W. Hopkins, was Second Lieutenant in the same regiment in the Mexican War with Major Winder, under command of Colonel Jefferson Davis, and they were warm friends. (The Ohio and Mississippi boys and Winder’s Artillery fought together.) My grandfather, Shelby Hopkins, served under General Winfield Scott in the War of 1812-15; and his father was Stephen Hopkins, Chief Justice of Rhode Island and signer of the Declaration of Independence. I enlisted as a volunteer in the Forty-eighth Regiment, Ohio Infantry, in the Federal Army; was in thirty battles, and was made prisoner at Chikamauga, was taken to the Rebel prison at Florence, Alabama, thence to Andersonville, Georgia, and detained there eleven months, in all nineteen months and four days. There was an average of twenty-seven thousand prisoners on an area of fourteen acres, and our privations and sufferings surpassed the power of words to describe. Our food some days, with no fire, was corn meal, cob and all; others a stalk of sugar cane, and on others a little black bean, etc., many days nothing. In a region of great fertility and a time of abundant harvests cultivated by slaves, we were fed upon rations so unpalatable and scanty that thirteen thousand nine hundred and twelve patriot soldiers died in eleven months—apparently starved to death by design of the Rebel authorities. Captain Wurtz told Davis in my hearing: “Send the soldiers down to me; I can kill more than Bob Lee can.” The intentional alternative was, starvation, or enlist against the United States. Once Jefferson Davis, accompanied by General Winder, visited the prisoners to get them to become Rebel soldiers, and be released. They appealed to me, in my emaciated condition, to organize a regiment out of my comrades, have the command and prospective promotion in the Confederate Army. To this offer I replied that I prefer death to dishonor, and would sooner perish by starvation than bear arms against the stars and stripes of the United States. Mr. Davis said: “All right; you will die then!”—for he preferred we should all starve to death, rather than live to fight against the Confederate States! Thus my father’s old war comrades closed abruptly the conference. We all suffered indescribable hunger, heart-ache, bodily discomfort from vermine, and pain consequent upon the famine and cruelties

purposely imposed; in the midst of which the alternative urged upon us to become rebels was the most horrible and tantalizing.

JAMES H. HOPKINS.

Duly certified and sworn to before David Keith, Notary Public, Denver, January 29, 1890.

I do not know how mythical Mephistopheles and his Satanic Majesty are, but Jefferson Davis was real, and the chiefly responsible personage at Andersonville, then; he threw open, also, the prison gates to the one hundred and eighty thousand patriot prisoners, on the terms above given. But with the slow tortures to death by starvation staring them in the face, not two per cent of the heroic martyrs accepted the dastardly and diabolical offer. O, my countrymen, was there ever before such courage and love for your country! But it was worthy of it! or it would not have such sons that could so suffer!

Though Captain Wurtz was subsequently hanged for murders in the first degree on testimony of the Confederate guards and surgeons, he said to me just before his execution: "Sir, I was obeying orders." And I believed him.

Jefferson Davis returned to Richmond, and while the prison was still ruled with such relentless rigor that the starving patriots picked even the kernels of corn from the offal of the mules kept busy in carting away the dead to their trenches, he issued (October 26, 1864) this "Proclamation of Thanksgiving" which I hold in my hand and in which he said: "Let us in temples and in field unite our voices in recognizing with adoring gratitude the manifestations of God's protecting care—in *the fruitfulness with which our land has been blessed!*—and (further) let us not forget that many of our best and bravest have fallen in battle and that many others are still held in *foreign* prisons."—"Foreign prisons!" Alas! what narrow, insane and needless *alienation!* The largest, finest, most enlightened, most historic and most happy part of his native land, that educated, honored, loved him, that part containing Princeton, Trenton, Saratoga, Niagara, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill—all cast off forever, to be henceforth to him as a *foreign* country! And while *his* captured troops are treated kindly as erring fellow countrymen and conferred with as kindred, so that those in Fort Warren in full

view from my Boston window, even boasted that they "fared sumptuously every day," with Jefferson Davis' colleague one of the witnesses, *our* troops in *his* prison were perishing with hunger, in regions which they knew belonged still to their own indivisible Republic!—But enough of this! It is too bitter to remember! God knows I wish to forgive and forget it, and would not have spoken unless forced by denials of the facts to expose them. Was there ever such forbearance and forgiveness as that shown after the war by the Federal Government, which said to the insurgents, like Joseph to his brethren who had sold him to bondage and to prison: "Fear not ye: ye meant for evil what God meant for good, as it is at this day, to bless many peoples!"

Leaving Redpath's second personage for his eulogists to portray according to their pleasure, I will draw in conclusion a few inferences from the *facts* already before us—which are stubborn things and will remain in history forever established. "The War of the Rebellion" was for *slavery*; and yet it resulted in the abolition of slavery forever. Jefferson Davis was the indispensable cause and Commander-in-Chief of that Rebellion, and was by far, as I believe, the ablest of all the Secession Leaders and Generals; and yet he was so greatly changed that he chose at last as his helper and bosom adviser the Biographer of John Brown, the mystical sign of the slaves' manumission. The great Republic that Davis sought to destroy by division, remains more consolidated and merciful than ever, so that he lived on unmolested in his Family Mansion, most "Beautiful to Behold," and possessed to the last of his countless unconfiscated acres. He was also protected in every possible enjoyment, reflecting the "beneficence, the light and the sweetness" of our free institutions in his countenance, and finally died in peace among his own worshipping people. Was there ever given to man before so gracious a Government, through which God revealed so much of his long suffering with men, and His sovereignty of wisdom, of justice, and goodness, and mercy? As the past, present and future move on in one bright and overwhelming panorama before me, I see His Sovereign Majesty serenely seated above it all; in every stormy war I understand the

voice of His thunder, and on the late dark retiring cloud that still reverberates, I behold the bow of hope hung up in the light of His countenance, and I dare believe our beloved land shall now remain peaceful, united, prosperous, and never again suffer from a bloody deluge. To this end, let the warnings of history have always a reverent hearing, and the rising generations pay due heed to the judgments of Jehovah.

Jefferson Davis is dead! I see his monument rising before the American people. It is the most imposing that chivalry, art, wealth and affection can furnish. It bears not merely the name, like those of Mount Vernon, nor is it a simple shaft, like the loftiest cenotaph the sun ever illumined, in honor of the Father of his Country; but it is heavily inscribed with both elegy and eulogy, expressing only what his friends would hand down to the future. But humanity looks on and listens in silence and preserves its own opinion—the enduring conviction of the country saved through so great conflict and suffering; and the Common Sense of Mankind will continually come along and read between the lines the epitaph as it should have been written. And when the relentless fingers of Time shall have rubbed out every inscription, and his mighty hand shall have thrown down the monument, there will still be written in history and upon the heart and memory of humanity, also, this simple, solemn memorial, more enduring than Time, and more eloquent than eulogy: Wrong—though overruled and forgiven—is wrong forever. Jefferson Davis betrayed, at home and abroad, the unity, life and glory of his country that bore and blessed him; he revolted from the best Government ever given to humanity and rebelled against its most benign ruler, Abraham Lincoln, and did this in behalf of human bondage, nor retracted his errors; and so, for the warning of the future, let there stand by the name of Jefferson Davis this indellible stigma:

BOTH TRAITOR AND REBEL!

March 1, 1890.

T. N. HASKELL.

British Reviews of Haskell's Books.

The Rev. Fergus Ferguson, D. D., of Glasgow, a noted Scotch author and critic, in a three column "Review of Haskell's Konkaput and Occasional Poems," says: "They are most entertaining and useful volumes. The romance entitled 'Young Konkaput, the King of Utes,' begins with an exciting 'Indian Legend of Twin Lakes,' and has its principal scenes laid among the Rocky Mountains. Although professedly a work of fiction, it may be considered as an imaginary embellishment and poetical exaggerations of facts which really were or might there have been. Its heroine, Susan, or Shawsheen, is a real personage, like Pochahontas, and the hero is the supposed son of a famous Sachem, Colorado I., whose twin sisters were seized by invading savages and driven with their captors into the 'Upper Twinlake' and drowned. (An excellent frontispiece engraving represents this scene.) In this beautiful region 'King Konkaput' was born, and in the neighboring 'South Park,' he met and wooed his dusky maid, whom he meant to make the Queen of Utes, when his mother, Piesse, shall have passed away. He is, however, tempted to enter upon a long trapping and hunting expedition, and never sees either of them again; for during his absence an Indian war broke out, his betrothed, Shawsheen, is carried away captive, and both his parents perished.

"After his return, the principal part of this romantic poem is occupied with Konkaput's wanderings among both savages and civilized people to find the captive squaw. He hears that she had been rescued by the whites from the burning stake and taken to the Pacific Coast; but there he is told she was carried East to be educated. Thither he goes and gets an education

himself, but nowhere has any trace of his prospective queen. As Longfellow's Evangeline searched for Gabriel, so young Konkaput has wandered from tribe to tribe and sea to sea without finding the object of his search; but in his lonely journeyings he surveyed the whole Indian subject and sets it forth

'In thoughts that breathe and words that burn.'

"At length he hastens back again to his tribe to help them into civilized life, and there learns that Shawsheen was restored to the Utes, and, supposing he was dead, has married a famous medicine man, and so can never be his wife. This makes him all the more devoted to his ennobling mission to raise savages into saints and citizens. But alas! like our Lord, 'he came unto his own and his own received him not!' Shawsheen's brother, Arrow, had usurped the headship of the Utes and connives at Konkaput's death, but finally felt such compunction for this murder, heightened by certain papers found on the martyr's person (which a white man interpreted) that he often visits the dead king's grave to confess this sin, and enters even upon the very course of reform among his people which the enlightened Konkaput had planned.

"Such," says the Scotch reviewer, "is an outline of the story that Professor Haskell tells in such a way as to make it very interesting and beneficial, too. There is a fine breeziness about the book, as if it breathed forth constantly the mountain air of freedom. The author everywhere evinces sympathy for the oppressed and weak of every race, and admiration for all liberators, of whatever clime; still he is not blind to the faults of the American aborigines, whom he represents as being often savage in their cruelty, as seen in *The 'Key to Konkaput, or, The Fate of the Philanthropic Meeker Family.'*"

"We are very unwilling," continues the critic, "to find fault with so interesting and valuable a poem, but we venture a suggestion: There are five pages—(42–47) written in the measure of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' which are so admirably expressed that we fancy it would have been a decided improvement if the whole poem had been in that rhythm, instead of what musicians call the 'long metre' of Scott's poetical works. It could have been, even, in the measure of *Evangeline* and retained its original and unique character. Either of Longfellow's popular measures would have fitted the Legend of Konkaput well, and still left the author the imitator of none but himself. Homer did not copy Hesiod though both wrote hexameters, and no style is any one man's exclusively.

"This criticism does not, of course, apply to the odes and addresses which the author, every here and there, puts in the lips of his principal characters. Thus 'Konkaput's Apostrophe Upon Pike's Peak' (p. 177), in the French *Alexandrine*, is truly sublime, and we are sure our readers will like the young king's hymn upon 'The Mount of the Holy Cross,' beginning with this heaven-born assertion, (p. 183)

"The loftiest thing in human thought
Is God's redeeming love!"

"As to HASKELL'S DOMESTIC POEMS, we should have mentioned sooner, that one attractive feature of these books is their admirable pictorial illustrations; and here, after a modest, frank preface, which fully justifies the author's family feeling of friendship with his readers, we have a fine cut, called 'Courting on Horseback,' in which the equestrians meet in a sequestered grove near the Andover lakes, and the likeness and posture of Mrs. Haskell (Miss Edwards, then), are so very sweet and graceful that we do not wonder that the Professor fell in love with her.

"In another engraving the countenance of their dear daughter Florence, who died in Denver at the age of 14, and yet in what seems the maturity of womanhood, is so sedate and winning we do not wonder at the beautiful tribute to her memory, 'The Second Anniversary of Sorrow.' The other domestic pictures of both parents and children, and the types of women and maidens and martyrs and Susan are delightfully apropos, suggestive and eloquent, while the rougher 'chalk sketches,' like Konkaput with his sledge drawn by jubilant deer, are delightful for children and inspiring to all.

" 'THE OCCASIONAL POEMS ' Foreign, Patriotic and Juvenile,' are also worthy of the beautifully printed book in which they are bound. We had no thought when we were once traveling in Palestine with Professor Haskell that he was writing a poem every day on passing scenes and events; but here the spontaneous compositions are in terse and rythmical form upon topics of interest all the way from Egypt to Athens and the Alps, via Jerusalem, the Jordan, Damascus, Smyrna, Mars Hill and *Firenzi*, or Florence on Arno's fair and classic banks, till finally on Switzerland's Alpine pinnacle he sings:

" On the top of Mt. Rhighi this Fourth of July,
The year of our Lord eighteen sixty and two,
I swear in Christ's name I were willing to die
To make my dear country immortal and true!"

"Soon after this consecration to his country's cause Mr. Haskell came to Scotland and here published in the *Glasgow Christian News* an important International Letter upon 'The Origin, Issues and Prospective End of the Pro-Slavery War then Waging in the United States.' Opinions were much divided here then in regard to that war; but his instincts and predictions proved eventually to be correct; for the

Union cause triumphed and the slaves became free. Subsequently Mr. Haskell was Professor of Logic, Literature and Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin, but moved to Denver, Colorado, in the hope to save the life of his child, the beautiful Florence before described. We have occasionally exchanged letters from afar, and will be glad to meet our old fellow-traveler again in the fields of poetry or prose, and if not once more in the Palestine of earth will greet yet again in the Paradise of heaven."

ANOTHER BRITISH REVIEWER SAYS :

"I have found much amusement and profit in reading 'King Konkaput and Other Poems,' by Professor Haskell of Denver. The first is a rythmical romance suggested by the terrible 'Meeker Massacre,' and seems to give the true solution of the vexed Indian problem in the United States. Having glanced, here and there through these neatly bound volumes, I was struck with their unique, original and highly picturesque character. Perceiving some most beautiful poetic gems of the first water therein, I said to myself: Here I shall find real mental recreation and rest.

"But after a little more desultory reading, I became so fascinated with Konkaput that I could not lay it down. Even my mea's seemed intruded upon me. Yes, 'Young Konkaput' *is indeed a fascinating book*, handsomely bound and elegantly illustrated. Its style is easy and perspicuous, rich in the sublime, flowing full of nature's charming scenes as they pass before the eyes like a panorama of the rocky crest of that great land, and each scene is photographed on the reader's mind by the pure and lucid style of the author.

"It must enhance the pleasure of tourists through

the Rocky Mountain scenery to read Konkaput before starting on their trip. It would add good sauce to a rich feast. The rhythmic and graphic style of this romance reminds one of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, though its tone and sentiments are purer and more ennobling. The lines are clearly drawn between savage and civilized Christian life. It is a book that is bound to live and become popular with lovers of nature and good poetry. While the whole book is a casket, still some of its gems are richer and more radiant than others.

'How simply beautiful are the four stanzas entitled 'The Holy Cross, by Konkaput.' There is a precious gem that *ought to be set in letters of gold*. The thoughts reach the infinite, while the words are so meek! What lofty inspiration is breathed forth, also, in that graphic piece, 'King Konkaput's Apostrophe Upon Pike's Peak.' Another brilliant gem is 'The Last Lone Indian's Soliloquy' by the Sunset Sea, page 121, and Zinziba's last letter to Konkaput, page 201, is as compact heroism as can be conceived, while the 'Paraphrase to Pushmata's Address to La Fayette' is even better than Chief Logan's Hebraic rhythm, so famous for its eloquence.

"'HASKELL'S OCCASIONAL POEMS' are also refreshing to the mind and do it good like a medicine. In reading them, I experienced the truth of Dr. Carpenter's teaching in his mental physiology, concerning the mutual influence of the body and the mind. The humor of the 'Quack Doctor and his Hypochondriac Case,' the playfulness of the 'Boy's Visit to the Moon,' and the solemn beauty of the 'Seer-like Song of Sixty-One,' will suggest the pleasing variety that pervades all of Professor Haskell's books."

Rev. WM. ANDERSON, A. M.

(Of Trinity College, Dublin.)

OTHER TESTIMONIALS.

TWO BOOKS THAT ARE BEAUTIES.

"Collier & Cleveland are publishing a new holiday issue of Haskell's Romance and Poems entitled 'The Legend of Twin Lakes—Konkaput and Key,' and 'Occasional Poems at Home and Abroad.' These Vols. I. and II. are elegantly bound, gilt-edged and stamped for both shelf and center table. In matter and appearance they are twin beauties, and entitled to a place in every household library in the land. The books contain also two British Reviews and other opinions of the press that show a high appreciation of them as standard works that are in the literature of America to live and hold an honored place."

Colorado Patriot.

"Haskell's beautiful poems have won much praise here and elsewhere for their author. Mrs. Condit (who is a reader of fine literary taste) pronounced Konkaput 'fascinating and masterly.' She read, then re-read, and loaned to our friends.

"PROF. P. M. CONDIT,

"(Supt. of Schools, Delta Co., Colo.)"

"Thomas Nelson Haskell is one of the true poets. His Legend of Twin Lakes has not only poetic value, but its descriptions of natural scenery are excellent." —*Milwaukee Herald*, (German).

"Mr. Haskell not only deals with the Indian Question, but touches also our duty to the Colored People of the South, and writes with special facility when dealing with western scenes and themes. His Occasional Poems have a marked variety and merit." —*Chicago Interior*.

"Of Haskell's Poems indicating high water mark, we single out the one 'On Leaving Jerico.' There can be no hesitation in ranking this with Ray Palmer's best." —*Geo. McClurg in Pike's Peak Herald*.

“‘The Story of Konkaput,’ the King of Utes, and Shawsheen, his maiden Queen, is of thrilling interest and holds the reader’s rapt attention from the opening verse to the closing line.”—*Hon. Arthur E. Pierce, in Denver Eye.*

“In Konkaput the author rises to unusual poetic altitudes, his plan is subtle and artistic, and the enthusiast ever prevails throughout its fascinating pages.”—*A. Kauffman in Commonwealth.*

KIND ESTIMATE OF A COLORADO AUTHOR.

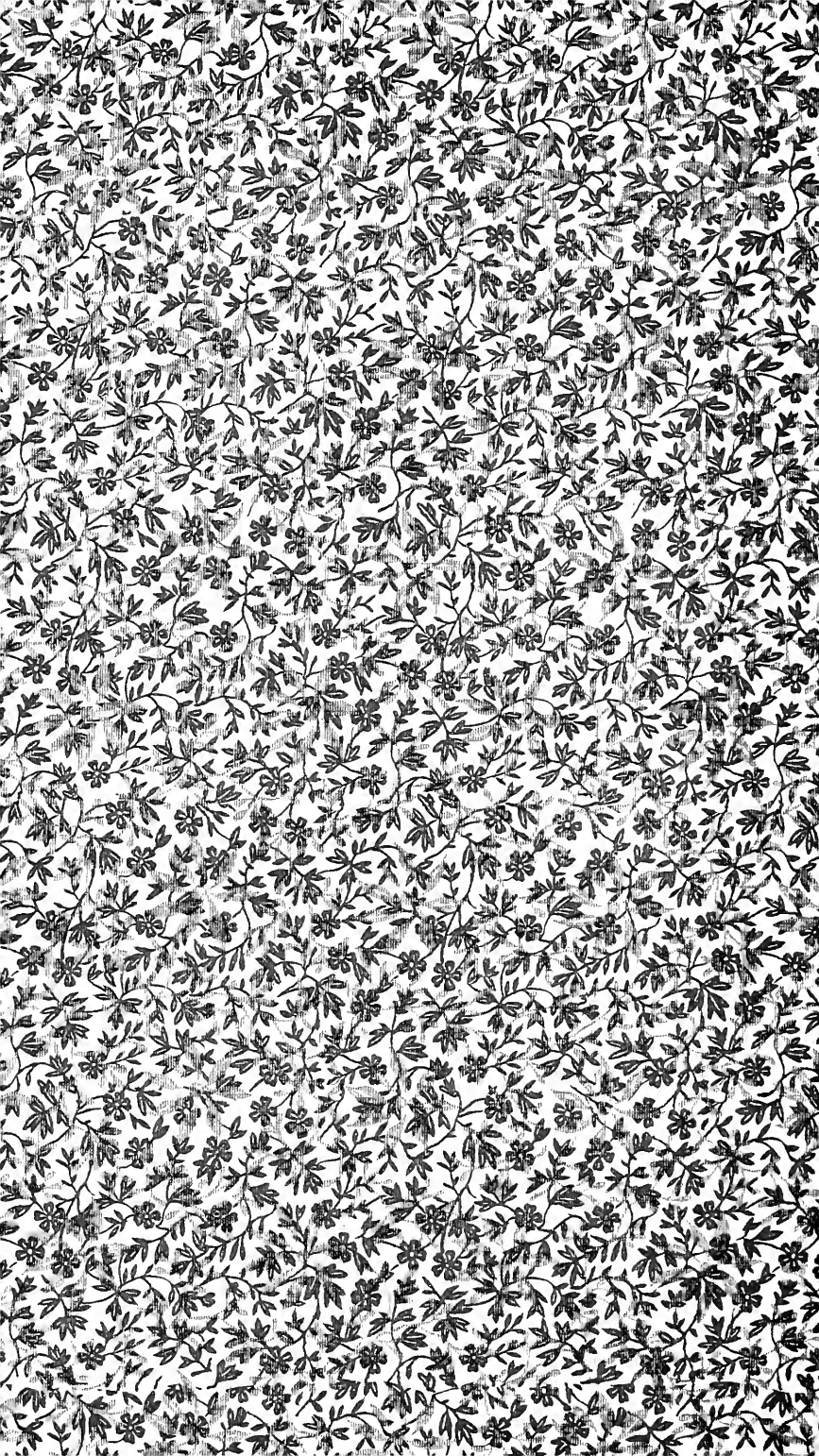
“Hon. Charles Townsend of Ohio, in speaking of Western authorship, says: ‘I read with great satisfaction Prof. Haskell’s Review of Redpath’s Memories of Jefferson Davis. The arraignment of the great Confederate leader’s conduct is the essence of law and reason, so vigorously and clearly stated as to be unanswerable. I have never read an abler review.’ This literary statesman also writes concerning ‘Haskell’s Legend of Twin Lakes:’ ‘I read Konkaput with intense pleasure. Sweet and pleasing is the current of the rhythm, and elevating and instructive the lesson. So graceful, indeed, in manner that it carries the reader along on easy and noiseless wings. I would rather be the author of this poem than hold any place of official distinction within the reach of reasonable ambition.’—*Denver Republican.*

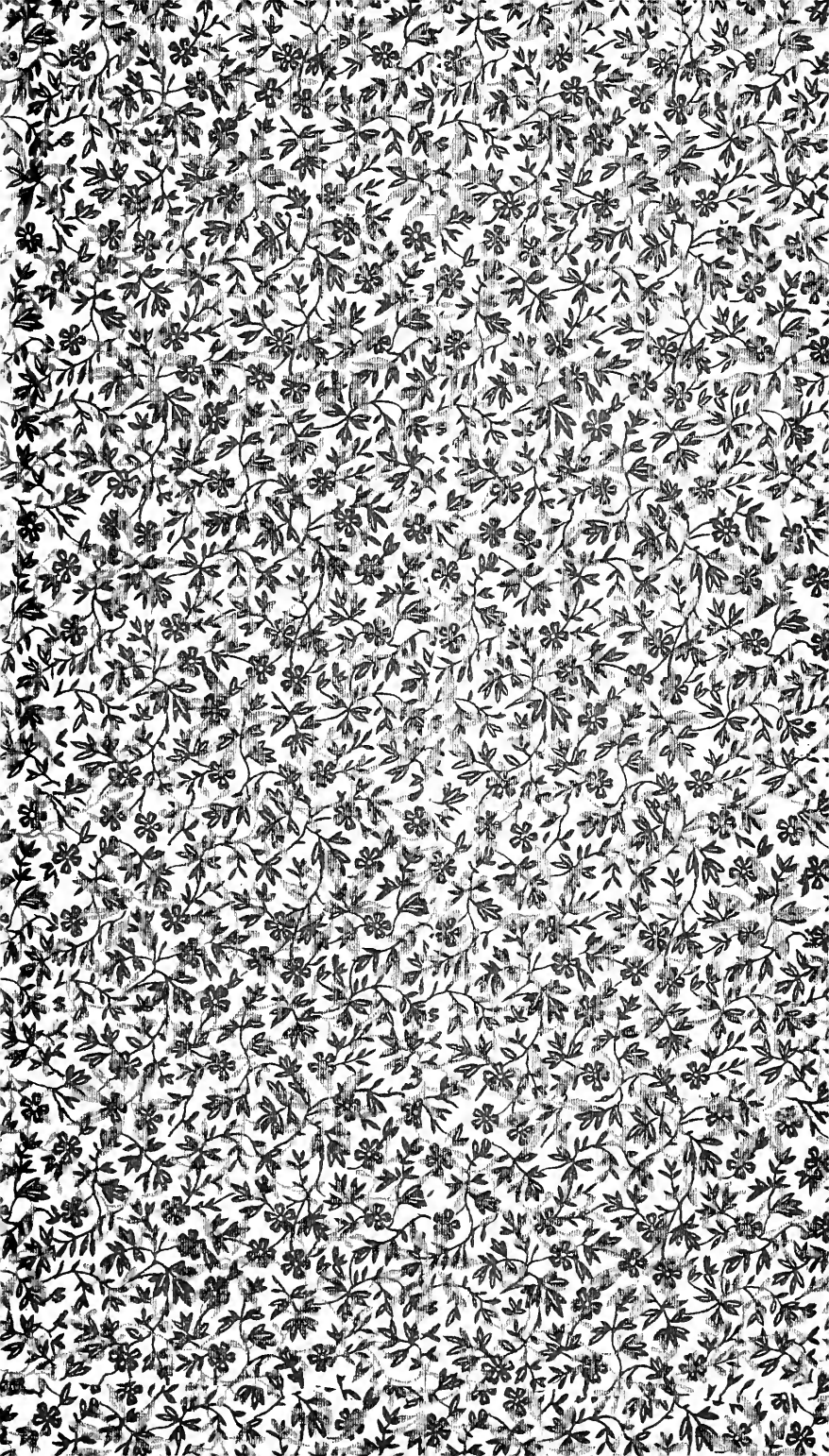
“Professor Haskell mailed to Mr. Gladstone a copy of his ‘Young Konkaput, the King of Utes’ not expecting any notice of its reception, but the Grand Old Man sent a very cordial and grateful autograph acknowledgment and appreciation of the work, signed, ‘Yours, very faithful and obedient, WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.’—*Rocky Mountain News.*

For other “Opinions” of the book see notices in the back part.









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